

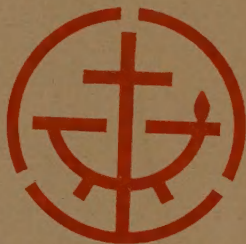
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JOURNAL  
of DAVID BRAINERD





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THE  
DIARY OF DAVID BRAINERD



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# THE DIARY OF DAVID BRAINERD



VOLUME I

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TO  
DUNCAN CAMPBELL MACGREGOR  
AND  
WILLIAM M. MACGREGOR  
MY COMRADES



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## INTRODUCTION



THE *Diary* and the *Journal* of David Brainerd—the former being the delineation of his own innermost life, and the latter the narrative of his missionary work among the Red Indians—are full of interest, for many reasons. But this surely is their principal attraction, that they set before the reader a consummate picture of the saintly character. As he passes from page to page, he feels with a constantly increasing conviction that he is in the company of a man of God. Mr. William James, in his brilliant and yet somewhat inadequate book on *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, has recently analysed that gracious and queenly composite which we call Saintliness. One of its ingredients, he says, is the surrender of the will to the Ideal Power, a surrender often so thoroughgoing that it becomes sacrifice and asceticism. Another feature is the strength or equanimity or fortitude, which enables the nature to soar far above both selfishness and fretting anxiety. To these must be added a heavenly

purity that cleanses the man from whatever is low and earthly, and transmutes him more and more into a child in the blameless family of God. There is a fourth essential—the charity, the Christian love, which flows out in an irresistible tide even to enemies, and which extends its welcome to the beggar in his rags as well as to the comrade who is chosen and tried. We are thankful to the philosopher for his dissection of the many-coloured endowment. But those of us who walk and talk with David Brainerd are permitted to see Saintliness, not in the abstract but in the concrete, clothed in our human flesh, breathing upon us with warm breath; and how much better is this representation than the other! For “ideas,” as George Eliot wrote in one of her earliest stories, “are poor ghosts”: it is when they are embodied in living men and women, kinsfolk of our own, that they “move us like a passion.”

Let us remember that Brainerd was no veteran in the sacramental host. He died young, before he had completed thirty summers. His course was finished, when many of us are still engaged in girding ourselves for the race—finished in the noblest sense; for, although he had tarried through eighty slow-moving years, he could scarcely have bequeathed a more impressive example to the Church of Christ. It was as if he compressed into the briefest space that which in other cases is accumulated through the meditation and the ex-

perience of a protracted life, and even then is not so perfect in its sweetness and grandeur. When the dragon-fly rends his old husk, and harnesses himself in "clear plates of sapphire mail," his is a pilgrimage of one or two sunny days over the crofts and pastures wet with dew. Yet nothing can exceed the marvellous beauty in which he is decked. "No flowers on earth," a careful observer has told us, "have such a blue, heightened as the pure colour is by the metallic shine of the insect's cuirass." So it is sometimes in the higher sphere. The completest spiritual loveliness may be attained in the shortest time, and the stripping may *die a hundred years old* in character and grace. David Brainerd is a conspicuous and inspiriting instance of the truth.

There is no need to retell, in these opening pages, the outward events in a biography which hastened down to death and up to heaven at so rapid a pace: these are sufficiently recorded in the *Diary* and the *Journal* themselves. But we may make some attempt to understand the features in this man's Saintliness. The effort will rebuke our own too easy contentment with a meagre second-best. It will perhaps set our feet and our faces towards those mountain-summits on which he had his habitual home. It ought to stir in us the eager prayer for a consecration as unmistakable and as winsome.

One can see that, after the memorable Sabbath

evening in the July of 1739, when Brainerd "felt himself in a new world and everything about him appeared with a different aspect from what it was wont to do," he retained still the strong human emotions of his nature. For proof of the fact, it is enough to point to the conviction which he never lost, and which most of us must share, that he was over-harshly treated in his expulsion from Yale. The College authorities did not, of course, dream that they were driving from their precincts one to whom succeeding generations would turn as a white-robed priest in the hierarchy of God; and no doubt it is difficult for University dons to forgive a young man who has spoken contemptuously of his tutor. But they might have tempered their judgment with mercy, especially in the later days when the delinquent made humble acknowledgment of his fault. Certain it is that the severity to which they clung with strange persistence inflicted a painful wound, that the lapse of time did not altogether heal; and Brainerd, supreme as his meekness was, could not persuade his conscience that a punishment so excessive was quite deserved. The lingering regret—for in the end it was scarcely anything more—is a token that, side by side with his transcendent Christliness, he continued a man of like passions with ourselves; and we are thankful to find him touching us with one hand, while the other lies with brother-like intimacy in the grasp of his divine Master and Friend.



But how transcendent the Christliness was! Some of its qualities stand out in vivid relief, so that we cannot fail to remark them and to catch their message to ourselves.

## I

In company with all the saints, David Brainerd regarded the inner life as of much greater consequence than the outer, and eternity as immeasurably more important than time. The spirit within him, the God above him, the future towards which he was travelling straight and fast,—these were the realities of his existence, and other things were but mists and shadows. Once, in a friend's house, when they had been kneeling in prayer, the present with its sights and sounds, its distresses and delights, vanished entirely from his thought. "I launched," he says, "into the eternal world. I got so far out on the broad ocean that my soul with joy triumphed over all the evils on the shores of mortality. Time, with its gay amusements and cruel disappointments, never appeared so inconsiderable." But this was only a more emphatic moment in what was his customary temper and mood. Like him of whom Karshish, the Arab physician, writes wonderingly, "His heart and brain moved there, his feet stayed here."

Thus his chief passion was to be worthy of the

citizenship in the Heavenlies which sovereign and unspeakable grace had bestowed on him. He hated that desperate evil of disposition and conduct which, as he bewails in confession after confession, haunted him, and stole the delicate bloom from his religion, and broke his familiarity of communion with God. "I am all sin," he mourned; "I cannot think nor act but every motion is sin." He saw himself pursued by unearthly adversaries, who were resolved, if they could, to rob him of his guerdon; and he knew that he could never quit his armour, and must "lie down to rest with corslet laced." "Thus I have ever found it," he avows; "when I have thought the battle was over and the conquest gained, and so let down my watch, the enemy has risen up and done me the greatest injury." Again and again he lamented his "fiery and intemperate zeal." Again and again he experienced "a sweet season of bitter repentance." To him, as to Juliana of Norwich, there was "showed none harder hell than sin." The stains which marred the perfection of his lustrous dress, the spots of rust on the gleaming shield of our Red Cross knight, are almost imperceptible to our duller vision; but there was hardly a day in which they did not disturb his own peace of mind, and sting him into sorrow and self-abasement and ardency of yearning.

We may read the inscription, *Holiness to the Lord*, carved in the plainest letters over everything

in Brainerd's history. He had no liking for conversation which did not transport him into the sacrosanct presence of his God, and which was not seasoned with the salt of the better country. Speech that contented itself with sailing round the coasts of the spiritual realm, but shrank from disembarking and penetrating into the deepest heart of the goodly land, was devoid of relish for him, and seemed little better than a mockery. "In the evening," the *Diary* says on one page, "I was visited by a dear Christian friend, with whom I spent an hour or two in conversation on the very soul of religion. There are many with whom I can talk about religion; but, alas! I find few with whom I can talk religion itself. Blessed be the Lord! there are some that love to feed on the kernel rather than the shell." It was the same with the recreations of walking and riding, to which, in his last years, it was needful for him to have recourse. These, too, were sanctified—transmuted by the alchemy of his single-hearted devotion from dull lead into fine gold. "Here is the difference," he writes on an April day in 1745, "between my present diversions and those I once pursued when in a natural state. I then delighted in them, to the neglect of God, and drew my highest satisfaction from them; now I use them as means to help me in living to God, fixedly delighting in Him and not in them, drawing my highest satisfaction from Him. Then they were my all;

now they are only means leading to my All. And those things that are the greatest diversions, when pursued with this view, do not tend to hinder but promote my spirituality; and I see now, more than ever, that they are absolutely necessary." It would solve many of the troublesome questions with which we puzzle ourselves as to what is, and what is not, permissible to Christian men and women, if we cultivated the habit of bringing all our occupations and pleasures to Brainerd's touchstone.

A friend who visited Richard Hooker when he lay dying was told by him that he was meditating on the number and order and obedience of the happy angels, and was himself aspiring to a service as unbroken as theirs. It was the aspiration which throbbed perpetually in David Brainerd's soul. "I thirsted and pleaded to be as holy as the blessed angels," he declares at one time, and, at another, "How I longed to be employed in the glorious work of angels, and with an angel's freedom, vigour, and delight!" So he lingered for a little immediately outside the gates of the Celestial City, enrolled already among its denizens in feeling and spirit, in faith and hope and love.

## II

Sometimes he was almost too impatient to cross the threshold and to stand within the gates. If ever

any one lived *ut migraturus*, it was Brainerd. While he was yet young in his sonship to the divine Father, he "found some satisfaction in the thoughts of bidding a dying farewell to this tiresome world"; and in subsequent years he reiterates frequently the hungering desire to be up and away. He "beseeches the Lord that he may not be too much pleased and amused with dear friends and acquaintances in one place and another"; for the ties which link him and them must be snapped and sundered so very soon. He fore-fancies his departure from earth, the foreign land, the scene of his exile. "I know not that death ever appeared more real to me, or that I ever saw myself in the condition of a dead corpse, laid out and dressed for a lodging in the silent grave, so evidently as at this time. Yet I felt exceeding comfortable; my mind was composed and calm; and death appeared without a sting." One spring evening he stood in the fields near Ripton, and viewed the lights of the Aurora Borealis; but they spoke only of a better and more lasting radiance, and he was "delighted in contemplation on the glorious morning of the resurrection." He had his favourites among the heroes of the Bible, and it was an ineffable gladness to anticipate his meeting with them and the matchless exhilaration of their fellowship. "My soul," he says, "was exceedingly united to the saints of ancient times; especially it melted for the society of Elijah and Elisha"—the

prophet of the earthquake and the fire and the rushing whirlwind, and his successor of the still, small voice. In varying modes, but with unvarying intensity, David Brainerd utters the pilgrim's passion to have the journey ended and the goal attained.

There are teachers of our modern time who insist that death, instead of being dreaded and denounced, ought to be welcomed by our hearts. Mr. William Morris argues with us, or rather, let us say, with himself, that it will be soft and kind—

This rest from life, from pleasure and from pain,  
This rest from bliss we know not when we find,  
This rest from love which ne'er its end can gain.

But he does not succeed in quieting the imperious opposition which stirs rebelliously within his own breast, and the attempt at resignation fails.

How can we have enough of life and love?

Mr. Swinburne is bolder. With inimitable music and defiant scepticism he exults in the approach of death, because it will rid us at once of the delusive hopes and the baseless alarms which are engendered by religion.

We have drunken of Lethe at last, we have eaten of lotus ;  
What hurts it us here that sorrows arise and die ?  
We have said to the dream that caressed and the terror  
that smote us,  
“ Goodnight and goodbye ! ”

Brainerd's accent has nothing whatever in common with the paganism, more timorous or more outspoken, of Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne. But here is George MacDonald, who will assure us that, if we are sons and daughters in the household of God, death is the homeliest of homely things, and we are foolish to recoil from it.

Little one, you must not fret  
That I take your clothes away;  
Better sleep you so will get,  
And at morn awake more gay—  
Saith the children's mother.

You I must unclothe again,  
For you need a better dress;  
Too much worn are body and brain,  
You need everlastingness—  
Saith the Heavenly Father.

I went down Death's lonely stair,  
Laid My garments in the tomb,  
Dressed again one morning fair,  
Hastened up and hied Me home—  
Saith the Elder Brother.

Then I will not be afraid  
Any ill can come to me;  
When 'tis time to go to bed,  
I will rise and go with Thee—  
Saith the little brother.

And here, again, is Christina Rossetti, who, in one exquisite verse after another, sings of the rich blessedness of dying, passing beyond George

MacDonald's cheerful acquiescence into a positive eagerness and rapture.

Man's life is but a working day,  
 Whose tasks are set aright:  
 A time to work, a time to pray,  
 And then a quiet night;  
 And then—please God!—a quiet night,  
 Where palms are green and robes are white,  
 A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,  
 And all things lovely on the morrow.

She beholds with unveiled face the triumphant life which lies on the farther side of death, and therefore she runs to greet that which is its herald and harbinger. Among all the poets of the latter day she it is who has most sympathy with David Brainerd. "O death, death!" he cries, "my kind friend, hasten and deliver me from dull mortality, and make me spiritual and vigorous to eternity!"

But he recognised that it was apt to become overweening—this world-weariness, and insatiable thirst of the spirit for God's incorruptible inheritance. As he advanced in the holy life, he set himself to moderate it as best he could. "When I am in a sweet resigned frame of soul," he wrote, "I am willing to tarry awhile in a world of sorrow; I am willing to be from home as long as God sees fit that it should be so." There is pathos in such enforced and deliberate submission to the lot of the banished; there is indisputable bravery too.



And the bravery is more and more displayed as the narrative moves forward ; until, in the ebbings and flowings of the last illness, we listen to the sufferer repeating at different moments his perfect readiness to remain on earth that he may accomplish a larger work for God and man. Yet even then the harder alternative for David Brainerd was that which, to nine Christians out of ten, seems much the easier and the more enviable—the alternative of staying rather than of going. In his reckoning, to stay was to be detained in the outer court of the Temple, whereas to go was to enter the Holy of Holies itself—to be *with Christ, which is very far better.*

## III

With what an unflagging diligence he filled the period of waiting! There are servants of God who surprise and rebuke us by the amount of their labours. John Wesley is one of them, and Henry Martyn is another, and Catherine Booth is a third. But the most tireless among these dedicated souls does not surpass David Brainerd in fervour and zeal. He is always journeying, always studying, always teaching, always writing, always praying; there is many a day when, like his Master in Galilee, he *has no leisure so much as to eat*; more than once we hear him grudge the few hours which he must devote to sleep. "I was exceedingly restless and perplexed," he tells us,

“under a sense of the misimprovement of time. I mourned to see time pass away. I felt in the greatest hurry. I seemed to have everything to do, yet could do nothing, but only grieve over my ignorance and unprofitableness.” We may be sure that the heaven for which we have seen him panting with such avidity was no “uniform universe of Rephan,” whose placid hills and valleys and seas are unacquainted with “strife bright, brisk.” It would be like Earth, in this respect at least, that, there as here, he must “burn and not smoulder.” For he counted it a sin to squander a moment or to let slip an opportunity.

If we leave the *Diary* for the *Journal*, can we imagine a missionary of the Person and the Cross and the Throne of Jesus Christ more absorbed in the work of his high calling? He rides four thousand miles in a year; and many of them are through forest, and over mountain, and up the trackless gorge along which the torrent tumbles and plunges on its way to unite its waters with those of the mightier river. At nights he lies out in the open woods. When he comes to a settlement of the Red Men, he must spend time and patience in striving to answer their frivolous questions and to allay their jealousies, before ever they will accord him permission to unfold the first principles of the Gospel. He preaches in the wigwams in the coldest and windiest weather, when the huts are full of smoke as well as indescribably filthy. One

or two listen, but the majority laugh and mock ; some are playing with their dogs, some whittling sticks ; all of them wonder what the strange visitor can mean. Yet these initial difficulties never daunt him ; and, little by little, he gains the confidence of the tribes that have learned to suspect the white man and wish to have no friendly intercourse with him and his. Four times over, at different places, he builds for himself a humble house of logs and turf ; he has conquered the distrust of his neighbours, and can live amongst them with their hearty goodwill.

And then, gradually and gently, he leads them from stage to stage in the knowledge of themselves and of the Saviour. He finds "no foundation in their minds to begin upon" ; it is a territory wholly unexplored by them—indeed, altogether undreamt of—through which he has to guide their steps. He must instruct them as to the distinction between body and soul, between present and future, between a plurality of gods and the one God who is living and true. He must endeavour to create an adequate sense of sin. Only then are they prepared to hear of the supernatural remedy and of "the undertaking of Christ." This, too, is brimful of mysteriousness. They "know of no such thing as one person's being substituted as a surety in the room of another, nor have they any kind of notion of civil judicatures—of persons being arraigned, tried,

judged, condemned, or acquitted." Nor do they comprehend how the obedience and suffering of a solitary Sin-bearer can possibly atone for the transgression of multitudes. It is all most novel, most perplexing, most unprecedented. But their teacher gives them line upon line and precept upon precept; and the Spirit of God stands in the shadow, and speaks through his lips and life. By and by, some believe his tidings. But, while his heart is abundantly cheered when this happens, his tasks are by no means concluded. These children must be educated in the faith once for all delivered to the saints. He composes such simple forms of prayer as will be adapted to their circumstances and capacities. He translates several of the Psalms into their language, that they may be able to sing them in the worship of God. There is nothing which he does not plan for them, nothing which he will not do.

Such laboriousness of love could not be futile. It would not have been thrown away, even if the husbandman himself had not seen its harvest so long as he tarried here. But, before He bade him come up higher, God granted him the joy of reaping many golden sheaves from the fields which he had sown with weeping. It is a touching and enthralling recital—the story of the revival at Crossweeksung. We know, when we read it, that, although David Brainerd had but twenty-nine years in this world, his life was complete and

perfect, and that, as the Talmud says, he “fulfilled a long time in a short time.” He had the reward which he coveted most,—that of capturing men and women for his good Physician and his peerless King. If, more than most, he had been conformed to Jesus in toil and in suffering, he was a partaker in the triumphs of Jesus also; for he had glorified God, and had sought and saved that which is lost.

## IV

The steadfast and unremitting exertion was fed from secret fountains. “We enjoyed,” Jonathan Edwards writes, “the comfort and advantage of hearing him pray. He expressed himself with the strictest propriety, with weight and pungency; and yet what his lips uttered seemed to flow from the fulness of his heart, as deeply impressed with a great and solemn sense of our necessities, unworthiness, and dependence, and of God’s infinite greatness, excellency, and sufficiency, rather than merely from a warm and fruitful brain pouring out good expressions.” It may not be our comfort and advantage actually to hearken to these well-ordered and pregnant petitions—perhaps, if we did, they might prove stings and scourges rather than balm and dew and cordial; but, wherever we choose to open this biography, we see its subject on his knees. “One hour with God,” he maintained, while he was still a youth at College, “exceeds

all the pleasures and delights of this lower world." It was a belief which he never abjured or revised, and which he translated into his constant practice, until prayer was exchanged for praise, and he who had been a lifelong pleader with the invisible God was lifted into His very presence.

When we look at Brainerd in the attitude of suppliant, there are at least two aspects of his prayers which compel us into admiration and amazement and self-reproach.

One of these is their unselfishness. Edwards remarked the characteristic. "He dwelt much," he says, "on the prosperity of Zion, the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and the propagation of religion among the Indians." He was a master in the rare and blessed art of intercession, and he loved to turn his interviews with his Lord to the best account for every one whom he carried in his heart. Not *mine* and *me*, but *our* and *us*—the plural pronouns of the Master's pattern prayer were the pronouns most congenial to his soul. There is many an occasion when he relates the overflowing satisfaction which he felt in bearing to his wealthy and liberal Friend in the skies the names of godly ministers whom he knew, of converts and enquirers in his congregation, and of individual saints and sinners. And his anxiety for the promotion of Christ's cause, his solicitude for the welfare of the whole family of faith,—it burned with a glowing and undecaying flame.

Even in the upper sanctuary of God, he thought, it would be impossible for him to forget the fellow-soldiers, battle-stained and weary, who were still prosecuting the Holy War below. "O, when I go there," he exclaimed, twelve days before he died, "how will God's dear Church on earth be upon my mind!" It is a large-heartedness which is as unusual as it is beautiful.

But even more astonishing is the importunity, the perseverance, the noble and invincible violence, of his prayers. He would take no denial. *In his manhood he had power with God; yea, he had power over the Angel, and prevailed; he wept, and made supplication unto Him.* Three or four times he speaks of being "quite wet with sweat," though the air was cold and the winds were keen, when he came forth from his agonies of entreaty in the depths of the woods; again we are irresistibly reminded of another and a diviner Petitioner under the sombre screen of the trees, and of the ground reddened with the drops of His bloody sweat: Brainerd drank of His cup, and was baptized with His baptism. Let us recall one of those seasons of masterful wrestling. He had heard that next day the Indians intended to meet together for an idolatrous feast and dance. "My soul was as much drawn out as ever I remember. I was in such anguish, and pleaded with so much earnestness, that, when I rose from my knees, I felt extremely weak and overcome. I could

scarcely walk straight; my joints were loosed; the sweat ran down my face and body; and nature seemed as if it would dissolve. So far as I could judge, I was wholly free from selfish ends in my fervent supplications for the poor Indians." And, all that night, the solemn transaction went on. "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but win souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I wakened, as I frequently did, the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan." *Quel colosse en prière!*—it is Adolphe Monod's awestricken comment on St. Paul; and the tribute has its application to Brainerd too.

It is no marvel that he was successful. In one of his books Mr. Neil Munro draws the portrait of Baron Lamond of Doom. He was a poor Highland nobleman, a man with all the sensitive and romantic sympathies of the Celt, who lived in the years immediately following the Forty-five. He had perforce to submit to the government of King George. That he might demonstrate his loyalty, he had to wear the hated dress of the Saxon. But, night after night, when his household was asleep, he climbed to one of the highest rooms of his castle, and took from an old chest a suit of Highland clothes. He substituted the kilt, the plaid, the bonnet, the gay tartan of his fathers, for his own dull Sassenach garments. It was, Mr.



Munro says, the creation of a man from a lay figure. He was no longer the Baron of doleful days and melancholy evenings and sour memories. He was a soldier alert and resourceful. He had become a hero, in the poise of his body, in the set of his limbs, in the sparkle and spirit of his eye. This was the enriching metamorphosis which befel David Brainerd when, it may be during the time that others were sleeping, he "got alone among the bushes," where his Lord and he met face to face. He put on in his solitude *the whole armour of God*—the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, the sandals of preparedness and alacrity, to proclaim the Gospel of peace. And, when he emerged from the thick darkness where Jehovah was, he had gained and risen a hundredfold, *in wisdom and in stature and in favour with God and men.*

## V

Was there any shortcoming in this full and inspiring spirituality, any less melodious note in such a concord of sweet sounds? Far as a Christian so mature and accomplished excels most of us, we may perhaps detect a blemish in his piety. *Sorrow*, the Preacher avers, *is better than laughter*; and yet the sons of God may be swallowed up of over-much sorrow. We think of some in the

goodly fellowship, and these amongst the foremost, who loved the twilight too well, and did not sufficiently rejoice in the splendour and warmth of the noonday. David Brainerd was one of them. He was dogged by persistent melancholy. He lived much under those skies which are "low and positive," instead of pitching the tent of his earthly sojourn beneath "God's celestial crystals." There are few weeks of his *Diary* in which we do not see him busy framing the sharpest and heaviest indictment against himself.

Not that he doubts his personal interest in the love of the Father and the grace of the Son and the communion of the Holy Ghost. That is not the source of his trouble. Once he has found his dwelling-place in God, he is free from tormenting misgivings regarding the reality of his own salvation. The uncertainty whether or no the soul has reached the land of corn and wine, the dread lest at the last it should miss the crown of life and should be doomed to the blackness of darkness,—a dread and an uncertainty which have kept many of the saints *all their lives subject to bondage*,—do not harass him. His poignant pains are traceable to another fountain-head. It is the conviction of his own shameful unworthiness which chases Brainerd, as in the Greek legend the Furies chased Orestes. He to whom we have been looking up as the singular embodiment of those things which are true and honourable and just and

pure and lovely and of good report, is perpetually pronouncing himself ugly and hideous. We may cull one or two of the uncompromising verdicts which his too lively and argus-eyed conscience forces him to set down. "Was exceedingly pressed under a sense of my pride, selfishness, bitterness, and party-spirit, while I attempted to promote the cause of God. I saw how poor souls stumbled over them into everlasting destruction. I saw my desert of hell on this account." And, five days later: "My heart was overwhelmed within me; I verily thought I was the meanest, vilest, most helpless, guilty, ignorant, benighted creature living." And, within three weeks: "I dared not look any one in the face, for it verily seemed as if they saw all the sins I had ever been guilty of. And if I had been banished from the presence of all mankind, never to be seen any more or so much as thought of, still I should have been distressed with shame." And, once again, two months subsequently: "Sometimes I have been in a kind of horror to find myself so unlike the blessed God, and have thought I grew worse under all my trials; and nothing has cut and wounded my soul more than this. O if I am one of God's chosen, as I trust through infinite grace I am, I find of a truth that *the righteous are scarcely saved.*"

Let us grant that it is always the most advanced in holiness who is most profoundly conscious of

his imperfection and most grievously saddened by it. There are no light-hearted optimists in the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn. But, now and then, the self-abasement is allowed to go to harmful lengths. Henri Lacordaire would come from the exaltation of preaching, his features still lighted up with gladness, and would seek the concealment of his cell, and there would kneel down before a brother-monk, and, baring his shoulders, would beg for the cruellest severities of discipline. Rising all bleeding, he would kiss the feet of the man who had scourged him. Occasionally he could not be satisfied unless he was spat upon and ordered about like the most menial slave. There is something morbid in such torture of one's own nature. And Brainerd's pangs were worse, for the penance and the anguish of the soul are incalculably more awful than the humiliation of the body; prison and rack and faggot and stake are not so terrible. He ought not to have lacerated himself so mercilessly as he did.

How shall we explain it? His ill-health was partly the cause; the weaknesses and sufferings of the outward man broke in upon the quietude of the spirit. Then, too, it was not good for him, as he admitted ere the end came, that he was left so much alone; he should have had one friend at least beside him, "to lift him when he tottered down, to strengthen while he stood." And his manner of life was sure to beget depression and *accidie*:

“I was not a little distressed for want of suitable food,” he writes in August 1743; “I had no bread, nor could I get any; I am forced to go or send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat, and sometimes it is mouldy and sour before I eat it.” But, over and above these external reasons, we shall probably feel that he carried the wholesome habit of introspection and self-examination to an unwholesome extreme. He was continually thrusting the surgeon’s knife into the imaginations and purposes and affections of his heart, and continually discovering something poisonous and diseased and deadly. He should, as Dr. Andrew Bonar hints, have looked in less and looked out more—out to Jesus Christ, who is made unto us Sanctification as well as Righteousness.

He was cognisant of his own danger, however, and by God’s help he struggled against it, until the foe was, if not entirely yet in great measure, driven away. Thus we hear him praying to be prevented from yielding to “sinful dejection, which may hinder my usefulness.” “I find discouragement,” he says again, “to be a great hindrance to spiritual fervency.” And nothing is finer than to watch him when he is confronted by the last enemy. There are no clouds then, no sighs, no self-accusations; he knows Him whom he has believed. “God was pleased to afford me clearness of thought and composure of mind, almost continually, for several weeks together.” Mr.

Despondency, no less than Mr. Standfast, had his victorious crossing of the waters which are "to the palate bitter and to the stomach cold"; his final words were, "Farewell Night! Welcome Day!"

## VI

We have kept until the close that which seems the peculiar and distinguishing mark of David Brainerd's Saintliness. It is the height and sublimity of his love for God.

That morning beside the Sea of Tiberias, when Jesus and His seven apostles had broken their fast, and when the Good Shepherd spoke to the one among the seven who had denied Him thrice, asking Simon Peter three times over, *Lovest thou Me?*—two different words were used by the disciple and by the Lord to express this master-motive of love. There was a loftier term and a lowlier, one which is more heavenly and one which is more human. First, there is the *Agape*—that high and serene affection of the soul which is deliberate, judicial, voluntary, decisive. It has carefully considered God in Jesus Christ. It has weighed His perfections and His claims. It has come to the conclusion that, on earth and in heaven, there is none who deserves such reverence and worship, such fealty and obedience. It is clear, calm, exalted, no passing whim, no turbulent and ill-regulated upheaval of the spirit. It ponders

its Lord with utter humility and yet with holy boldness. It scans His countenance. It subjects Him to every conceivable test. It is determined that it will make no mistake. And, having done all this, it protests, "I never saw His like; I am His vassal and slave for ever." But then, too, there is the *Philia*: and it is the word to which Peter clings, and which he persuades Jesus to accept before the colloquy has terminated. And *philia* portrays a relationship more intimate, dearer, more satisfying to an affectionate heart. It is a love tender and personal, such love as we reserve for our nearest, our most precious, our best. It tells the Father and the Son that we clasp Them in our embrace. *Lord, it cries, to whom shall we go? We cannot live without Thee. Thou art Friend of friends. Thou art All in all. Leave us not, and forsake us not.* This is something more spontaneous and less deliberative, no irrational enthusiasm certainly, but yet too intuitive and too eager to pause for the purpose of defining and expounding its validity. It is instinctive, irrepressible. It hastens to its Centre as unavoidably as the iron filings to the magnet. It yields to its royal and unmatched King as naturally as the flowers to the sun. It sings the praises of its Beloved, simply because it must.

Where the one is found, both are likely to be. But there have been children of God in whom the *agape* was more conspicuous, and others in His

house who had more of the *philia*. Samuel Rutherford belonged to the latter class—the class of impetuous, familiar, personal lovers. “Since He looked upon me,” he confessed about his Lord, “my heart is not my own; He hath run away to heaven with it.” “It were a well-spent journey,” he declared, “to creep hands and feet through seven deaths and seven hells, to enjoy Him up at the well-head.” “I am still upon this,” he wrote at another time, “that there is a hoard, a hidden treasure, and a gold mine in Christ you never saw.” “He is a Rose that beautifieth all the Upper Garden of God,” he tells one of his correspondents in that musical prose-poetry of his; “one leaf of that Rose of God for smell is worth a world.” “Welcome, sweet Jesus!” we hear him sing in his rapturous way, “Thou hast gained and gotten all my love from me; keep what Thou hast gotten.” Rutherford has the leaping and palpitating devotion of Simon Peter.

But Brainerd is different. It is the *agape* which holds him in thrall. Who that reads the pages of this book is not judged by the depth and the resolution and the unshakable continuance of his satisfaction with his God? His love is securely based. It is deep-laid in thoughtful faith and full surrender and sober reflection. There is a stateliness, an austerity, about it, such as we encounter in the theologians and saints of New England as much as in any others. He gazes



upward, as it were from a great distance, to the majesty and the worshipfulness of his adorable Lord. He reveres Him. *He puts off his shoes from his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.* Like a ship calling at the harbours of a vast continent, and everywhere meeting new wealth and delightsomeness and profusion, until there is no more spirit left in the voyagers, so he comes back daily to the inexhaustible grace, the endless and fathomless worth, of the King of kings; and daily he venerates Him more. He glories in Him, not for His gifts nearly so much as for Himself—His dazzling excellence, His august perfection. From the heart he repeats the answer to the Fourth Question of the Westminster Catechism: "God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth." Never will he explore all the beauty of that One Face which is his universe; never will he interpret all its significance; but through this world and the next he desires nothing so much as to press forward in the quest. "God keeps my soul hungry," he says, "so that I am filled with a kind of pleasing pain."

Even in his conversion it is the magnificence of the divine character which draws him, and he cannot choose but obey. Walking in a dark thick grove, he sees unspeakable glory open to the view and apprehension of his soul. He stands still, and

wonders, and admires. He knows that not in all his life has he beheld anything comparable to this. He is captivated by the loveliness and the greatness of God, and has no thought at first about his own salvation, and scarcely reflects that there is such a creature as himself. It is not the path by which all seekers and finders arrive at the quiet resting-place; but what a strangely noble path it is! *Qualis ab incepto*; the beginning is the pattern of all the sequel. "I had rather be a beast," he maintains, "than a man without God." "It is heaven to please Him," he calls to us who lag long miles behind; and then his mind reverts to the cherubim and seraphim, who are his exemplars and friends—"O ye angels! do ye glorify Him incessantly, and, if possible, prostrate yourselves lower before your blessed King. I long to bear a part with you, and to help you. But when we have done all we can to eternity, we shall not be able to offer Him the ten-thousandth part of the homage that the glorious God deserves." And why is he so anxious for the ingathering of the Indians to the Church of Christ? Not assuredly that he may gain credit to himself by the success of his labours. Not even—first and mainly—that his converts may be ranked amongst the happy multitudes who are washed and sanctified and justified. No, but that fresh revenues of praise may accrue to Him in whom alone he boasts. "I could appeal to God with the greatest freedom that He

knew it was His dear cause, and not my own, that engaged my heart; and my soul cried, 'Lord, set up Thy kingdom, for Thine own glory! Glorify Thyself, and I shall rejoice. Get honour to Thy blessed name, and this is all I desire.'" A famous English thinker of the nineteenth century wrote of his dead wife, "Her memory is to me a religion." But Brainerd had a better anodyne. "Towards noon," he narrates, and the morning had been one of his days of gloom, "I saw that God is the supreme good, and that in His presence is life. O how a small glimpse of His excellency refreshed my soul!"

There is no evidence of his stable and immeasurable and reverent love more convincing than this, that for the sake of his God he gave up the joys of home and wedlock. He was engaged to Jerusha Edwards, a young girl whose heart was as diamond-clear and Christ-possessed as his own—

From her mother's knee  
Faithful and hopeful, wise in charity,  
Strong in grave peace, in pity circumspect.

A time came when the longing to marry her and to stay among his converts in Crossweeksung, where he had seen such an *acceptable year of the Lord*, grew strong within him. He determined to think the matter out and to have it laid to rest. The inward debate ended in his "total renunciation" of the dear allurements and hopes. "The

quiet settlement, the certain place of abode, the tender friendship which I thought I might be likely to enjoy in consequence of such circumstances, appeared as valuable to me, considered in themselves, as ever before; but, considered comparatively, they appeared nothing. Compared with the preciousness of an enlargement of Christ's kingdom, they vanished like the stars before the rising sun." David Brainerd's consecration soars to ethereal altitudes, and it strains our eyes to accompany him in his Godward flight.

The death which had so many charms came to him very early. The Indian tribes on whom he lavished such an exuberance of love and toil have disappeared long since from the fields of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. But he lives on, to shame us out of our listlessness, to summon us to secret prayer, to commend that holiness without which none of us can see our Lord, and to urge us to enthrone God above our chiefest joy.

## JONATHAN EDWARDS'S PREFACE

—♦—

THERE are two ways of representing and recommending true religion and virtue to the world, which God hath made use of: the one is by doctrine and precept, the other is by instance and example; both are abundantly used in the Holy Scriptures. Not only are the grounds, nature, design, and importance of religion clearly exhibited in the doctrines of Scripture, and its exercise and practice plainly delineated, and abundantly enjoined and enforced in its commands and counsels; but there we have many excellent examples of religion, in its power and practice set before us, in the histories both of the Old and New Testament.

Jesus Christ, the great Prophet of God, who came to be *the Light of the world*, to teach and enforce true religion, in a greater degree than ever had been before, made use of both these methods. In His doctrine He declared the mind and will of God, and the nature and properties of that virtue which becomes creatures in our circumstances,

more clearly and fully than ever it had been before, and more powerfully enforced it by what He declared of the obligations and inducements to holiness; and He also in His own practice gave a most perfect example of the virtue He taught. He exhibited to the world such an illustrious pattern of humility, divine love, discreet zeal, self-denial, obedience, patience, resignation, fortitude, meekness, forgiveness, compassion, benevolence, and universal holiness, as neither men nor angels ever saw before. God also in His providence has been wont to make use of both these methods to hold forth light to mankind, and inducement to their duty, in all ages. He has from time to time raised up eminent teachers, to exhibit and bear testimony to the truth in their doctrine, and oppose the errors, darkness, and wickedness of the world; and also has, from age to age, raised up some eminent persons that have set bright examples of that religion that is taught and prescribed in the Word of God; whose examples have in divine providence been set forth to public view. These have a great tendency to engage the attention of men to the doctrines and rules that are taught, and greatly to confirm and enforce them; and especially when these bright examples have been exhibited in the same persons that have been eminent teachers, so that the world has had opportunity to see such a confirmation of the truth, efficacy, and amiableness of the religion taught, in

the practice of the same persons that have most clearly and forcibly taught it; and, above all, when these bright examples have been set by eminent teachers in a variety of unusual circumstances of remarkable trial; and God has withal remarkably distinguished them with wonderful success in their instructions and labours, consisting in glorious events that have been, in many respects, new and strange.

Such an instance we have in the excellent person whose Life is published in the following pages. His example is attended with a great variety of circumstances, tending to engage the attention of religious people, especially in these parts of the world. He was one of distinguished natural abilities; as all are sensible that had acquaintance with him. He was a minister of the Gospel, and one who was called to unusual services in that work, whose ministry was attended with very remarkable and unusual events, an account of which has already been given to the public; one whose course of religion began before the late times of extraordinary religious commotion, but yet one that lived in those times, and went through them, and was very much in the way of the various extraordinary effects and unusual appearances of that day, and was not an idle spectator, but had a near concern in many things that passed at that time; one that had a very extensive acquaintance with those that have been

the subject of the late religious operations, in many of these British colonies, in places far distant one from another, in people of many different nations, of different educations, manners, and customs; one who had peculiar opportunity of acquaintance with the false appearances and counterfeits of religion; one who himself was the instrument of a most remarkable awakening, and an abiding alteration and moral transformation of such subjects as render the change rare and astonishing.

In the following account, the reader will see not only what were the external circumstances and remarkable incidents of the life of this person, and how he spent his time from day to day as to his external behaviour; but also what passed in his own heart, the wonderful change that he experienced in his mind and disposition, the manner in which that change was brought to pass, how it continued, what were its consequences in his inward frames, thoughts, affections, and secret exercises, through many vicissitudes and trials, for more than eight years, till his death. He will also see how all ended at last, in his sentiments, frame, and behaviour, during a long season of the gradual and sensible approach of death, under a lingering illness, and what were the effects of his religion in dying circumstances, or in the last stages of his dying illness. The account being written, the reader may have opportunity at his



leisure to compare the various parts of the story, and deliberately to view and weigh the whole, and consider how far what is related is agreeable to the dictates of right reason and the holy Word of God.

I am far from supposing that Mr. Brainerd's inward exercises and experiences, or his external conduct, were free from all imperfection: the example of Jesus Christ is the only example that ever was set in the human nature, that was altogether perfect, which therefore is a rule to try all other examples by; and the dispositions, frames, and practices of others must be commended and followed no further than they were followers of Christ.

There is one thing in Mr. Brainerd, easily discernible by the following account of his life, that may be called an imperfection in him, which though not properly an imperfection of a moral nature, yet may possibly be made an objection against the extraordinary appearances of religion and devotion in him, by such as seek for objections against everything that can be produced in favour of true vital religion; and that is, that he was one who, by his constitution and natural temper, was so prone to melancholy and dejection of spirit. There are some who think that all serious religion is a melancholy thing, and that what is called Christian experience is little else than melancholy vapours disturbing the brain, and exciting en-

thusiastic imaginations. But that Mr. Brainerd's temper or constitution inclined him to despondency is no just ground to suspect his extraordinary devotion as being only the fruit of a warm imagination. I doubt not but that all who have well observed mankind will readily grant this, that it is not all those who, by their natural constitution or temper, are most disposed to dejection, that are the persons who are the most susceptible of lively and strong impressions on their imagination, or the most subject to those vehement impetuous affections, which are the fruits of such impressions; but that many who are of a very gay and sanguine natural temper are vastly more so, and, if their affections are turned into a religious channel, are much more exposed to enthusiasm than many of the former.

And as to Mr. Brainerd in particular, notwithstanding his inclination to despondency, he was evidently one of that sort of persons who usually are the furthest from a teeming imagination; being one of a penetrating genius, of clear thought, close reasoning, and a very exact judgment; as all know that knew him. As he had a great insight into human nature, and was very discerning and judicious in things in general, so he excelled in his judgment and knowledge of things in divinity, but especially in things pertaining to inward experimental religion; most accurately distinguishing between real and solid piety and enthusiasm,

between those affections that are rational and Scriptural, having their foundation in light and judgment, and those that are founded in whimsical conceits, strong impressions on the imagination, and those vehement emotions of the animal spirits that arise from them. He was exceeding sensible of men's exposedness to these things, how much they had prevailed, and what multitudes had been deceived by them, of the pernicious consequences of them, and the fearful mischief they had done in the Christian world. He greatly abhorred such a sort of religion, and was abundant in bearing testimony against it, living and dying; and was quick to discern when anything of that nature arose, though in its first buddings, and appearing under the most fair and plausible disguises; and had that talent at describing the various workings of this imaginary enthusiastical religion, evincing the falseness and vanity of it, and demonstrating the great difference between this and true spiritual devotion, which I scarcely ever knew equalled in any other person.

His judiciousness not only appeared in distinguishing among the appearances of others, but also among the various exercises of his own mind; and particularly in discerning what within himself was to be laid to the score of melancholy; in which he exceeded all melancholy persons that ever I was acquainted with. This was doubtless owing to a peculiar strength in his judgment; it is a rare

thing indeed that melancholy people are well sensible of their own disease, and fully convinced that such and such things are to be ascribed to it, as are indeed its genuine operations and fruits. Mr. Brainerd did not obtain that degree of skill which he had in this matter, at once, but gained it gradually; as the reader may discern by the following account of his life. In the former part of his religious course, he imputed much of that kind of gloominess of mind and those dark thoughts to spiritual desertion, which in the latter part of his life he was abundantly sensible were owing to the disease of melancholy; accordingly he often expressly speaks of them in his Diary as arising from this cause; and he was often in conversation speaking of the difference between melancholy and godly sorrow, true humiliation and spiritual desertion, and the great danger of mistaking the one for the other, and the very hurtful nature of melancholy, discoursing with great judgment upon it, and doubtless much more judiciously from what he knew by his own experience.

But, besides what may be argued from Mr. Brainerd's strength of judgment, it is apparent in fact that he was not a person of a warm imagination. His inward experiences, either in his convictions or his conversion, and his religious views and impressions through the course of his life to his death (of which he has left a very particular account), none of them consisted in, or were excited by,

strong and lively images formed in his imagination. Nothing at all appears of it in his Diary, from beginning to end; yea, he told me on his death-bed that, although once when he was very young in years and experience, he was deceived into a high opinion of such things, looking on them as superior attainments in religion, beyond what he had ever arrived to, and was ambitious of them, and earnestly sought them, yet he never could obtain them; and that he never in his life had a strong impression on his imagination of any visage, outward form, external glory, or any other thing of that nature; which kind of impressions abound among the wild enthusiastic people of the late and present day.

As Mr. Brainerd's religious impressions, views, and affections were in their nature vastly different from enthusiasm, so were their effects in him as contrary as possible to the ordinary effects of that. Nothing so puffs men up as enthusiasm, with a high conceit of their own wisdom, holiness, eminency, and sufficiency, and makes them so bold, forward, assuming and arrogant; but the reader will see that Mr. Brainerd's religion constantly disposed him to a most mean thought of himself, an abasing sense of his own exceeding sinfulness, deficiency, unprofitableness, and ignorance; looking on himself as worse than others; disposing him to universal benevolence, meekness, and in honour to prefer others, and to treat all with kindness and respect.

## 1 JONATHAN EDWARDS'S PREFACE

And when melancholy prevailed, though the effects of it were prejudicial to him, yet it had not those effects of enthusiasm; but operated by dark and discouraging thoughts of himself, as ignorant, wicked, and wholly unfit for the work of the ministry, or even to be seen among mankind.

At the time forementioned, when he had not learned well to distinguish between enthusiasm and solid religion, and joining and keeping company with some that were tinged with no small degree of the former, he for a season partook of their disposition and behaviour; though, as was observed before, he could not obtain those things wherein their enthusiasm itself consisted, and so could not become like them in that respect, however he erroneously desired and sought it. But certainly it is not at all to be wondered at that a youth and a young convert, one that had his heart so swallowed up in religion, and so earnestly desired the flourishing of it, but had had so little opportunity for reading, observation, and experience, should for a while be dazzled and deceived with the glaring appearances of that mistaken devotion and zeal; especially considering what the extraordinary circumstances of that day were. He told me on his death-bed that while he was in these circumstances he was out of his element, and did violence to himself, while complying in his conduct with persons of a fierce and imprudent zeal, from his great veneration of some that he looked upon much

better than himself. So that it would be very unreasonable that his error at that time should nevertheless be esteemed a just ground of prejudice against the whole of his religion, and his character in general; especially considering how greatly his mind was soon changed, and how exceedingly he afterwards lamented his error, and abhorred himself for his imprudent zeal and misconduct at that time, even to the breaking of his heart, and almost to the overbearing and breaking the strength of his nature; and how much of a Christian spirit he showed in his condemning himself for that misconduct, as the reader will see.

What has been now mentioned of Mr. Brainerd is so far from being just ground of prejudice against what is related in the following account of his life, that, if duly considered, it will render the history the more serviceable. For, by thus joining for a season with enthusiasts, he had a more full and intimate acquaintance with what belonged to that sort of religion, and so was under better advantages to judge of the difference between that and the other, which he finally approved and strove to his utmost to promote, in opposition to it. Hereby, also, the reader has the more to demonstrate to him, that Mr. Brainerd, in his testimony against it, and the spirit and behaviour of those that are influenced by it, speaks from impartial conviction and not from prejudice; because therein he openly condemns his own former opinion and conduct, on

account of which he had greatly suffered from his opposers, and for which some continued to reproach him as long as he lived.

Another imperfection in Mr. Brainerd, which may be observed in the following account of his life, was his being excessive in his labours; not taking due care to proportion his fatigues to his strength. Indeed the case was very often so, and such the seeming calls of Providence, that it was extremely difficult for him to avoid doing more than his strength would well admit of; yea, circumstances and the business of his mission among the Indians were such that great fatigues and hardships were altogether inevitable. However, he was finally convinced that he had erred in this matter, and that he ought to have taken more thorough care, and been more resolute to withstand temptations to such degrees of labour as injured his health; and accordingly warned his brother, who succeeds him in his mission, to be careful to avoid this error.

Besides the imperfections already mentioned, it is readily allowed that there were some imperfections that ran through his whole life, and were mixed with all his religious affections and exercises, some mixture of what was natural with that which was spiritual; as it evermore is in the best saints in this world. Doubtless there was some influence that natural temper had in the religious exercises and experiences of Mr. Brainerd, as there most



apparently was in the exercises of devout David, and the apostles Peter, John, and Paul. There was undoubtedly very often some influence of his natural disposition to dejection in his religious mourning, some mixture of melancholy with truly godly sorrow and real Christian humility, and some mixture of the natural fire of youth with his holy zeal for God, and some influence of natural principles mixed with grace in various other respects, as it ever was, and ever will be, with the saints while on this side heaven. Perhaps none was more sensible of Mr. Brainerd's imperfections than he himself; or could distinguish more accurately than he between what was natural and what was spiritual. It is easy for the judicious reader to observe that his graces ripened, and the religious exercises of his heart became more and more pure, and he more and more distinguishing in his judgment, the longer he lived; he had much to teach and purify him, and he failed not to make his advantage of it.

But, notwithstanding all these imperfections, I am persuaded every pious and judicious reader will acknowledge that what is here set before him is indeed a remarkable instance of true and eminent Christian piety in heart and practice, tending greatly to confirm the reality of vital religion, and the power of godliness, most worthy of imitation, and many ways tending to the spiritual benefit of the careful observer.

It is fit the reader should be aware that what Mr. Brainerd wrote in his Diary, out of which the following account of his life is chiefly taken, was written only for his own private use, and not to get honour and applause in the world, nor with any design that the world should ever see it, either while he lived or after his death, excepting some few things that he wrote in a dying state, after he had been persuaded with difficulty not entirely to suppress all his private writings. He showed himself almost invincibly averse to the publishing of any part of his Diary after his death; and, when he was thought to be dying at Boston, he gave the most peremptory orders to the contrary; but, being by some of his friends prevailed upon to withdraw so strict and absolute a prohibition, he was pleased finally to yield so far as that "his papers should be left in my hands, that I might dispose of them as I thought would be most for God's glory and the interest of religion."

JONATHAN EDWARDS.



*The reader scarcely needs to be reminded that those passages in this book which are enclosed within square brackets are from the pen of Jonathan Edwards. These it has been necessary to curtail somewhat. But everything which is distinctively Brainerd's own has been kept intact.*

THE DIARY OF  
DAVID BRAINERD



PART I.

FROM HIS BIRTH, AND DURING HIS PREPARATION  
FOR THE MINISTRY.

[MR. DAVID BRAINERD was born April 20, 1718, at Haddam, a town belonging to the county of Hartford, in the colony of Connecticut, New England. His father, who died when this his son was about nine years of age, was the worshipful Hezekiah Brainerd, Esquire, an assistant, or one of his Majesty's council for that colony, and the son of Daniel Brainerd, Esquire, a Justice of the Peace, and a deacon of the Church of Christ in Haddam. His mother was Mrs. Dorothy Hobart, daughter to the Rev. Jeremiah Hobart, who preached a while at Topsfield, and then removed to Hampstead on Long Island, and afterwards removed from

## 2 THE DIARY OF DAVID BRAINERD

Hampstead, by reason of numbers turning Quakers, and many others being so irreligious that they would do nothing towards the support of the ministry, and came and settled in the work of the ministry at Haddam; where he died in the 85th year of his age: of whom it is remarkable, that he went to the public worship in the forenoon, and died in his chair between meetings. And this reverend gentleman was son of the Rev. Peter Hobart, who was, first, minister of the Gospel at Hingham, in the county of Norfolk in England; and, by reason of the persecution of the Puritans, removed with his family to New England, and was settled in the ministry at Hingham in the Massachusetts. He had five sons, viz., Joshua, Jeremiah, Gershom, Japheth, and Nehemiah. The mother of Mrs. Dorothy Hobart, who was afterwards Brainerd, was daughter to the Rev. Samuel Whiting, minister of the Gospel, first at Boston in Lincolnshire, and afterwards at Lynn in the Massachusetts, New England; he had three sons that were ministers of the Gospel.

Mr. David Brainerd was the third son of his parents. They had five sons and four daughters. Their eldest son is Hezekiah Brainerd, Esquire, a Justice of the Peace, and for several years past a representative of the town of Haddam, in the General Assembly of Connecticut colony; the second was the Rev. Nehemiah Brainerd, a worthy minister at Eastbury in Connecticut, who died of

a consumption, November 10, 1742; the fourth is Mr. John Brainerd, who succeeds his brother David as Missionary to the Indians, and pastor of the same church of Christian Indians in New Jersey; and the fifth was Israel, lately student at Yale College in New Haven, who died since his brother David. What account he has given of himself, and his own life, may be seen in what follows] :—

I was, I think, from my youth, something sober, and inclined rather to melancholy than the contrary extreme; but do not remember anything of conviction of sin, worthy of remark, till I was, I believe, about seven or eight years of age; when I became something concerned for my soul, and terrified at the thoughts of death, and was driven to the performance of duties. But it appeared a melancholy business, and destroyed my eagerness for play. And, alas! this religious concern was but short-lived. However, I sometimes attended secret prayer; and thus lived *at ease in Zion, without God in the world*, and without much concern, as I remember, till I was above thirteen years of age. But, some time in the winter 1732, I was something roused out of carnal security, by I scarce know what means at first; but was much excited by the prevailing of a mortal sickness in Haddam. I was frequent, constant, and something fervent in duties, and took delight in reading, especially Mr. Janeway's *Token for Children*. I felt sometimes

#### 4 THE DIARY OF DAVID BRAINERD

much melted in duties, and took great delight in the performance of them; and I sometimes hoped that I was converted, or, at least, in a good and hopeful way for heaven and happiness, not knowing what conversion was. The Spirit of God at this time proceeded far with me; I was remarkably dead to the world, and my thoughts were almost wholly employed about my soul's concerns; and I may indeed say, *Almost I was persuaded to be a Christian.* I was also exceedingly distressed and melancholy at the death of my mother, in March 1732. But afterwards my religious concern began to decline; and I, by degrees, fell back into a considerable degree of security, though I still attended secret prayer frequently.

About the 15th of April 1733, I removed from my father's house to East Haddam, where I spent four years, but still *without God in the world*; though, for the most part, I went a round of secret duty. I was not exceedingly addicted to young company, or frolicking as it is called. But this I know that, when I did go into company, I never returned from a frolic in my life with so good a conscience as I went with; it always added new guilt to me, and made me afraid to come to the Throne of Grace, and spoiled those good frames I was wont sometimes to please myself with. But, alas! all my good frames were but self-righteousness, not bottomed on a desire for the glory of God.

About the latter end of April 1737, being full



nineteen years of age, I removed to Durham, and began to work on my farm, and so continued the year out, or nearly, till I was twenty years old; frequently longing, from a natural inclination, after a liberal education. When I was about twenty years of age, I applied myself to study; and, some time before, was more than ordinarily excited to and in duty; but now engaged more than ever in the duties of religion. I became very strict and watchful over my thoughts, words, and actions; and thought I must be sober indeed, because I designed to devote myself to the ministry; and imagined I did dedicate myself to the Lord.

Some time in April 1738, I went to Mr. Fiske's, and lived with him during his life.<sup>1</sup> And I remember, he advised me wholly to abandon young company, and associate myself with grave elderly people: which counsel I followed; and my manner of life was now exceeding regular, and full of religion, such as it was. For I read my Bible more than twice through in less than a year; I spent much time every day in secret prayer, and other secret duties; I gave great attention to the Word preached, and endeavoured to my utmost to retain it. So much concerned was I about religion, that I agreed with some young persons to meet privately on Sabbath evenings for religious exercises, and thought myself sincere in these duties; and, after our meeting was ended, I used to repeat the

[<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fiske was the pastor of the church in Haddam.]

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discourses of the day to myself, and recollect what I could, though sometimes it was very late in the night. Again, on Monday mornings, I used sometimes to recollect the same sermons. And I had sometimes considerable movings of affections in duties, and much pleasure, and had many thoughts of joining to the Church. In short, I had a very good outside, and rested entirely on my duties, though I was not sensible of it.

After Mr. Fiske's death, I proceeded in my learning with my brother; and was still very constant in religious duties, and often wondered at the levity of professors; it was a trouble to me that they were so careless in religious matters. Thus I proceeded a considerable length on a self-righteous foundation; and should have been entirely lost and undone, had not the mere mercy of God prevented.

Some time in the beginning of winter, *anno* 1738, it pleased God, on one Sabbath-day morning, as I was walking out for some secret duties, as I remember, to give me on a sudden such a sense of my danger, and the wrath of God, that I stood amazed, and my former good frames that I had pleased myself with all presently vanished; and, from the view that I had of my sin and vileness, I was much distressed all that day, fearing the vengeance of God would soon overtake me. I was much dejected, and kept much alone, and sometimes begrudged the birds and beasts their happiness, because they were not

exposed to eternal misery, as I evidently saw I was. And thus I lived from day to day, being frequently in great distress. Sometimes there appeared mountains before me to obstruct my hopes of mercy; and the work of conversion appeared so great, I thought I should never be the subject of it; but used, however, to pray and cry to God, and perform other duties with great earnestness, and hoped by some means to make the case better. And though I hundreds of times renounced all pretences of any worth in my duties, as I thought, even in the season of the performance of them, and often confessed to God that I deserved nothing for the very best of them but eternal condemnation; yet still I had a secret latent hope of recommending myself to God by my religious duties. And when I prayed affectionately, and my heart seemed in some measure to melt, I hoped God would be thereby moved to pity me; my prayers then looked with some appearance of goodness in them, and I seemed to mourn for sin. And then I could in some measure venture on the mercy of God in Christ, as I thought, though the preponderating thought and foundation of my hope was some imagination of goodness in my heart-meltings, and flowing of affections in duty, and sometimes extraordinary enlargements therein. Though at some times the gate appeared so very strait that it looked next to impossible to enter, yet at other times I flattered myself that it

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was not so very difficult, and hoped I should by diligence and watchfulness soon gain the point. Sometimes, after enlargement in duty and considerable affection, I hoped I had made a good step towards heaven, and imagined that God was affected as I was, and that He would hear such sincere cries as I called them. And so sometimes, when I withdrew for secret duties in great distress, I returned something comfortable; and thus healed myself with my duties.

Some time in February 1738-9, I set apart a day for secret fasting and prayer, and spent the day in almost incessant cries to God for mercy, that He would open my eyes to see the evil of sin and the way of life by Jesus Christ. And God was pleased that day to make considerable discoveries of my heart to me. But still I trusted in all the duties I performed; though there was no manner of goodness in the duties I then performed, there being no manner of respect to the glory of God in them, nor any such principle in my heart. Yet God was pleased to make my endeavours that day a means to show me my helplessness in some measure.

Sometimes I was greatly encouraged, and imagined that God loved me and was pleased with me, and thought I should soon be fully reconciled to God; while the whole was founded on mere presumption, arising from enlargement in duty, or flowing of affections, or some good

resolutions, and the like. And when, at times, great distress began to arise, on a sight of my vileness and nakedness, and inability to deliver myself from a sovereign God, I used to put off the discovery as what I could not bear. Once, I remember, a terrible pang of distress seized me, and the thoughts of renouncing myself and standing naked before God, stripped of all goodness, were so dreadful to me, that I was ready to say to them as Felix to Paul, *Go thy way for this time*. Thus, though I daily longed for greater conviction of sin, supposing that I must see more of my dreadful state in order to a remedy; yet, when the discoveries of my vile hellish heart were made to me, the sight was so dreadful, and showed me so plainly my exposedness to damnation, that I could not endure it. I constantly strove after whatever qualifications I imagined others obtained before the reception of Christ, in order to recommend me to His favour. Sometimes I felt the power of a hard heart, and supposed it must be softened before Christ would accept of me; and when I felt any meltings of heart, I hoped now the work was almost done. And hence, when my distress still remained, I was wont to murmur at God's dealings with me; and thought, when others felt their hearts softened, God showed them mercy; but my distress remained still.

Sometimes I grew remiss and sluggish, without

any great convictions of sin, for a considerable time together; but, after such a season, conviction sometimes seized me more violently. One night, I remember in particular, when I was walking solitarily abroad, I had opened to me such a view of my sin that I feared the ground would cleave asunder under my feet, and become my grave, and send my soul quick into hell, before I could get home. And though I was forced to go to bed, lest my distress should be discovered by others, which I much feared; yet I scarce durst sleep at all, for I thought it would be a great wonder if I should be out of hell in the morning. And though my distress was sometimes thus great, yet I greatly dreaded the loss of convictions, and returning back to a state of carnal security, and to my former insensibility of impending wrath; which made me exceeding exact in my behaviour, lest I should stifle the motions of God's Spirit. When at any time I took a view of my convictions of my own sinfulness, and thought the degree of them to be considerable, I was wont to trust in my convictions. But this confidence, and the hopes that arose in me from it, of soon making some notable advances towards deliverance, would ease my mind, and I soon became more senseless and remiss; but then again, when I discerned my convictions to grow languid, and I thought them about to leave me, this immediately alarmed and distressed me. Sometimes I expected to take

a large step, and get very far towards conversion, by some particular opportunity or means I had in view.

The many disappointments and great distresses and perplexity I met with, put me into a most horrible frame of contesting with the Almighty, with an inward vehemence and virulence, finding fault with His ways of dealing with mankind. I found great fault with the imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity; and my wicked heart often wished for some other way of salvation than by Jesus Christ. And being like the troubled sea, and my thoughts confused, I used to contrive to escape the wrath of God by some other means, and had strange projections, full of atheism, contriving to disappoint God's designs and decrees concerning me, or to escape God's notice and hide myself from Him. But when, upon reflection, I saw these projections were vain, and would not serve me, and that I could contrive nothing for my own relief, this would throw my mind into the most horrid frame, to wish there was no God, or to wish there were some other God that could control Him. These thoughts and desires were the secret inclinations of my heart, that were frequently acting before I was aware; but, alas! they were *mine*, although I was affrighted with them, when I came to reflect on them. When I considered of it, it distressed me to think that my heart was so full of enmity against God; and it

made me tremble, lest God's vengeance should suddenly fall upon me. I used before to imagine my heart was not so bad as the Scriptures and some other books represented. Sometimes I used to take much pains to work it up into a good frame, a humble submissive disposition; and hoped there was then some goodness in me. But, it may be on a sudden, the thoughts of the strictness of the law, or the sovereignty of God, would so irritate the corruption of my heart, which I had so watched over, and hoped I had brought to a good frame, that it would break over all bounds, and burst forth on all sides, like floods of waters when they break down their dam.

But, being sensible of the necessity of a deep humiliation in order to a saving close with Christ, I used to set myself to work in my own heart those convictions that were requisite in such an humiliation; as a conviction that God would be just, if He cast me off for ever; and that, if ever God should bestow mercy on me, it would be mere grace, though I should be in distress many years first, and be never so much engaged in duty; that God was not in the least obliged to pity me the more for all past duties, cries, and tears. These things I strove to my utmost to bring myself to a firm belief of, and hearty assent to; and hoped that now I was brought off from myself, and truly humbled and bowed to the divine sovereignty; and was wont



to tell God in my prayers that now I had those very dispositions of soul that He required, and on which He showed mercy to others, and thereupon to beg and plead for mercy to me. But, when I found no relief, and was still oppressed with guilt and fears of wrath, my soul was in a tumult, and my heart arose against God, as dealing hardly with me. Yet then my conscience flew in my face, putting me in mind of my late confession to God of His justice in my condemnation. And this giving me a sight of the badness of my heart, threw me again into distress, and I wished I had watched my heart more narrowly, to keep it from breaking out against God's dealings with me, and I even wished I had not pleaded for mercy on account of my humiliation, because thereby I had lost all my seeming goodness.

Thus, scores of times, I vainly imagined myself humbled and prepared for saving mercy.

While I was in this distressed, bewildered, and tumultuous state of mind, the corruption of my heart was especially irritated with these things following :

*First*, The strictness of the divine law. For I found it was impossible for me, after my utmost pains, to answer the demands of it. I often made new resolutions, and as often broke them. I imputed the whole to carelessness, and the want of being more watchful, and used to call myself a fool for my negligence. But when, upon a stronger

resolution, and greater endeavours, and close application of myself to fasting and prayer, I found all attempts fail, then I quarrelled with the law of God as unreasonably rigid. I thought, if it extended only to my outward actions and behaviour, I could bear with it; but I found it condemned me for my evil thoughts, and sins of my heart, which I could not possibly prevent. I was extremely loth to give out, and own my utter helplessness in this matter; but, after repeated disappointments, thought that, rather than perish I could do a little more still, especially if such and such circumstances might but attend my endeavours and strivings. I hoped that I should strive more earnestly than ever, if the matter came to extremity, though I never could find the time to do my utmost, in the manner I intended. And this hope of future more favourable circumstances, and of doing something great hereafter, kept me from utter despair in myself, and from seeing myself falling into the hands of a sovereign God, and dependent on nothing but free and boundless grace.

*Secondly*, Another thing was, that faith alone was the condition of salvation; and that God would not come down to lower terms, that He would not promise life and salvation upon my sincere and hearty prayers and endeavours. That word, *He that believeth not shall be damned*, cut off all hope there; and I found, faith was the

sovereign gift of God; that I could not get it as of myself, and could not oblige God to bestow it upon me, by any of my performances. *This*, I was ready to say, *is a hard saying, who can bear it?* I could not bear that all I had done should stand for mere nothing, who had been very conscientious in duty, and had been exceeding religious a great while, and had, as I thought, done much more than many others who had obtained mercy. I confessed indeed the vileness of my duties; but then, what made them at that time seem vile was my wandering thoughts in them; not because I was all over defiled like a devil, and the principle corrupt from whence they flowed, so that I could not possibly do anything that was good. And therefore I called what I did by the name of honest faithful endeavours, and could not bear it that God had made no promises of salvation to them.

*Thirdly*, Another thing was, that I could not find out what faith was; or what it was to believe, and come to Christ. I read the calls of Christ, made to the *weary* and *heavy laden*; but could find no way that He directed them to come in. I thought, I would gladly come, if I knew how, though the path of duty directed to were never so difficult. I read Mr. Stoddard's *Guide to Christ*, which I trust was, in the hand of God, the happy means of my conversion, and my heart rose against the author; for though he told me my very heart all along

under convictions, and seemed to be very beneficial to me in his directions; yet here he failed, he did not tell me anything I could do, that would bring me to Christ, but left me, as it were, with a great gulf between me and Christ, without any direction to get through. For I was not yet effectually and experimentally taught that there could be no way prescribed, whereby a natural man could, of his own strength, obtain that which is supernatural, and which the highest angel cannot give.

*Fourthly*, Another thing that I found a great inward opposition to, was the sovereignty of God. I could not bear that it should be wholly at God's pleasure, to save or damn me, just as He would. That passage, Romans ix. 11-23, was a constant vexation to me, especially verse 21. The reading or meditating on this always destroyed my seeming good frames. When I thought I was almost humbled, and almost resigned to God's sovereignty, the reading or thinking on this passage would make my enmity against the sovereignty of God appear. And when I came to reflect on my inward enmity and blasphemy, which arose on this occasion, I was the more afraid of God, and driven further from any hopes of reconciliation with Him. And it gave me such a dreadful view of myself, that I dreaded more than ever to see myself in God's hands, and at His sovereign disposal, and it made me more opposite than ever to submit to His sovereignty; for I thought God designed my damnation.

All this time the Spirit of God was powerfully at work with me; and I was inwardly pressed to relinquish all self-confidence, all hopes of ever helping myself by any means whatsoever. And the conviction of my lost estate was sometimes so clear and manifest before my eyes, that it was as if it had been declared to me in so many words, "It is done, it is done, it is for ever impossible to deliver yourself." For about three or four days my soul was thus distressed, especially at some turns, when for a few moments I seemed to myself lost and undone; but then would shrink back immediately from the sight, because I dared not venture myself into the hands of God, as wholly helpless and at the disposal of His sovereign pleasure. I dared not see that important truth concerning myself, that I was *dead in trespasses and sins*. But when I had, as it were, thrust away these views of myself at any time, I felt distressed to have the same discoveries of myself again; for I greatly feared being given over of God to final stupidity. When I thought of putting it off to a *more convenient season*, the conviction was so close and powerful with regard to the present time, that it was the best time, and probably the only time, that I dared not put it off. It was the sight of truth concerning myself, truth respecting my state as a creature fallen and alienated from God, and that consequently could make no demands on God for mercy, but must subscribe to the absolute sovereignty

of the divine Being; the sight of the truth, I say, my soul shrank away from, and trembled to think of beholding. Thus *He that doth evil*, as all unregenerate men continually do, *hates the light of truth*, neither cares to *come to it*, because it will *reprove his deeds* and show him his just deserts. And though, some time before, I had taken much pains, as I thought, to submit to the sovereignty of God, yet I mistook the thing; and did not once imagine that seeing and being made experimentally sensible of this truth, which my soul now so much dreaded and trembled at a sense of, was the frame of soul that I had been so earnest in pursuit of heretofore. For I had ever hoped that, when I had attained to that humiliation, which I supposed necessary to go before faith, then it would not be fair for God to cast me off. But now I saw it was so far from any goodness in me, to own myself spiritually dead and destitute of all goodness, that, on the contrary, *my mouth* would be for ever *stopped* by it; and it looked as dreadful to me to see myself, and the relation I stood in to God as a sinner, and I criminal, and He a great Judge and Sovereign, as it would be to a poor trembling creature to venture off some high precipice. And hence I put it off for a minute or two, and tried for better circumstances to do it in. Either I must read a passage or two, or pray first, or something of the like nature; or else put off my submission to God's sovereignty, with an objection that I did not know

how to submit. But the truth was, I could see no safety in owning myself in the hands of a sovereign God, and that I could lay no claim to anything better than damnation.

But, after a considerable time spent in such like exercises and distresses, one morning, while I was walking in a solitary place as usual, I at once saw that all my contrivances, and projections to effect or procure deliverance and salvation for myself, were utterly in vain. I was brought quite to a stand as finding myself totally *lost*. I had thought, many times before, that the difficulties in my way were very great; but now I saw, in another and very different light, that it was for ever impossible for me to do anything towards helping or delivering myself. I then thought of blaming myself that I had not done more, and been more engaged, while I had opportunity; for it seemed now as if the season of doing was for ever over and gone. But I instantly saw that, let me have done what I would, it would no more have tended to my helping myself than what I had done; that I had made all the pleas I ever could have made to all eternity; and that all my pleas were vain. The tumult that had been before in my mind was now quieted; and I was something eased of that distress which I felt while struggling against a sight of myself and of the divine sovereignty. I had the greatest certainty that my state was for ever miserable, for all that I could do; and wondered, and was almost

astonished, that I had never been sensible of it before.

In the time while I remained in this state, my notions respecting my duties were quite different from what I had ever entertained in times past. Before this, the more I did in duty, the more I thought God was obliged to me; or, at least, the more hard I thought it would be for God to cast me off; though at the same time I confessed, and thought I saw, that there was no goodness or merit in my duties. But now, the more I did in prayer or any other duty, the more I saw I was indebted to God for allowing me to ask for mercy; for I saw it was self-interest had led me to pray, and that I had never once prayed from any respect to the glory of God. Now I saw there was no necessary connection between my prayers and the bestowment of divine mercy; that they laid not the least obligation upon God to bestow His grace upon me; and that there was no more virtue or goodness in them than there would be in my paddling with my hand in the water, which was the comparison I had then in my mind; and this because they were not performed from any love or regard to God. I saw that I had been heaping up my devotions before God, fasting, praying, pretending, and indeed really thinking at some times, that I was aiming at the glory of God; whereas I never once truly intended it, but only my own happiness. I saw that, as I had never done anything for God,



I had no claim to lay to anything from Him but perdition, on account of my hypocrisy and mockery. O how different did my duties now appear from what they used to do! I used to charge them with sin and imperfection; but this was only on account of the wanderings and vain thoughts attending them, and not because I had no regard to God in them; for this I thought I had. But when I saw evidently that I had regard to nothing but self-interest, then they appeared vile mockery of God, self-worship, and a continual course of lies; so that I saw now there was something worse had attended my duties than barely a few wanderings; for the whole was nothing but self-worship, and a horrid abuse of God.

I continued, as I remember, in this state of mind, from Friday morning till the Sabbath evening following, July 12, 1739; when I was walking again in the same solitary place, where I was brought to see myself lost and helpless, as was before mentioned; and here, in a mournful melancholy state, was attempting to pray; but found no heart to engage in that or any other duty; my former concern and exercise and religious affections were now gone. I thought, the Spirit of God had quite left me; but still was not distressed; yet disconsolate as if there was nothing in heaven or earth could make me happy. And having been thus endeavouring to pray, though being, as I thought, very stupid and senseless, for near half an

hour, and by this time the sun was about half an hour high, as I remember, then, as I was walking in a dark thick grove, unspeakable glory seemed to open to the view and apprehension of my soul. I do not mean any external brightness, for I saw no such thing; nor do I intend any imagination of a body of light, somewhere away in the third heavens, or anything of that nature; but it was a new inward apprehension or view that I had of God, such as I never had before, nor anything which had the least resemblance of it. I stood still, and wondered, and admired. I knew that I never had seen before anything comparable to it for excellency and beauty; it was widely different from all the conceptions that ever I had had of God or things divine. I had no particular apprehension of any one Person in the Trinity, either the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost; but it appeared to be divine glory that I then beheld; and my soul *rejoiced with joy unspeakable* to see such a God, such a glorious divine Being; and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that He should be *God over all*, for ever and ever. My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency, loveliness, greatness, and other perfections of God, that I was even swallowed up in Him; at least to that degree, that I had no thought, as I remember at first, about my own salvation, and scarce reflected there was such a creature as myself.

Thus God, I trust, brought me to a hearty disposi-

tion to exalt Him, and set Him on the throne, and principally and ultimately to aim at His honour and glory, as King of the universe.

I continued in this state of inward joy and peace, yet astonishment, till near dark, without any sensible abatement; and then began to think and examine what I had seen; and felt sweetly composed in my mind all the evening following. I felt myself in a new world, and everything about me appeared with a different aspect from what it was wont to do.

At this time, the way of salvation opened to me with such infinite wisdom, suitableness, and excellency, that I wondered I should ever think of any other way of salvation: was amazed that I had not dropped my own contrivances, and complied with this lovely, blessed, and excellent way before. If I could have been saved by my own duties, or any other way that I had formerly contrived, my whole soul would now have refused. I wondered that all the world did not see and comply with this way of salvation, entirely by the *righteousness of Christ*.

The sweet relish of what I then felt continued with me for several days, almost constantly, in a greater or less degree. I could not but sweetly rejoice in God, lying down and rising up. The next Lord's day I felt something of the same kind, though not so powerful as before. But, not long after, was again involved in thick darkness and

under great distress; yet not of the same kind with my distress under convictions. I was guilty, afraid, and ashamed to come before God; was exceedingly pressed with a sense of guilt; but it was not long before I felt, I trust, true repentance and joy in God.

About the latter end of August, I again fell under great darkness; it seemed as if the presence of God was *clean gone for ever*; though I was not so much distressed about my spiritual state as I was at my being shut out from God's presence, as I then sensibly was. But it pleased the Lord to return graciously to me, not long after.

In the beginning of September, I went to College,<sup>1</sup> and entered there; but with some degree of reluctancy, fearing lest I should not be able to lead a life of strict religion, in the midst of so many temptations. After this, in the vacancy before I went to tarry at College, it pleased God to visit my soul with clearer manifestations of Himself and His grace. I was spending some time in prayer and self-examination; and the Lord by His grace so shined into my heart, that I enjoyed full assurance of His favour for that time; and my soul was unspeakably refreshed with divine and heavenly enjoyments. At this time especially, as well as some others, sundry passages of God's Word opened to my soul with divine clearness, power, and sweetness, so as to appear exceeding

[<sup>1</sup> Yale College in New Haven.]

precious, and with clear and certain evidence of its being *the Word of God*. I enjoyed considerable sweetness in religion all the winter following.

In January 1739-40, the measles spread much in College, and I, having taken the distemper, went home to Haddam. But, some days before I was taken sick, I seemed to be greatly deserted, and my soul mourned the absence of the Comforter exceedingly; it seemed to me, all comfort was for ever gone; I prayed and cried to God for help, yet found no present comfort or relief. But through divine goodness, a night or two before I was taken ill, while I was walking alone in a very retired place, and engaged in meditation and prayer, I enjoyed a sweet refreshing visit, as I trust, from above, so that my soul was raised far above the fears of death; indeed I rather longed for death than feared it. O how much more refreshing this one season was than all the pleasures and delights that earth can afford! After a day or two I was taken with the measles, and was very ill indeed, so that I almost despaired of life; but had no distressing fears of death at all. However, through divine goodness I soon recovered. Yet, by reason of hard and close studies, and being much exposed on account of my freshman-ship, I had but little time for spiritual duties; my soul often mourned for want of more time and opportunity to be alone with God. In the spring and summer following, I

had better advantages for retirement, and enjoyed more comfort in religion; though indeed my ambition in my studies greatly wronged the activity and vigour of my spiritual life. Yet this was usually the case with me, that, *in the multitude of my thoughts within me*, God's comforts principally delighted my soul; these were my greatest consolations day by day.

One day I remember in particular (I think it was in June 1740), I walked to a considerable distance from the College, in the fields alone at noon, and in prayer found such unspeakable sweetness and delight in God that I thought, if I must continue still in this evil world, I wanted always to be there, to behold God's glory. My soul dearly loved all mankind, and longed exceedingly that they should enjoy what I enjoyed. It seemed to be a little resemblance of heaven.

On Lord's day, July 6, being Sacrament day, I found some divine life and spiritual refreshment in that holy ordinance. When I came from the Lord's table, I wondered how my fellow-students could live as I was sensible most did. Next Lord's day, July 13, I had some special sweetness in religion. Again, Lord's day, July 20, my soul was in a sweet and precious frame.

Some time in August following, I became so weakly and disordered, by too close application to my studies, that I was advised by my tutor to go home, and disengage my mind from study as much

as I could; for I was grown so weak that I began to spit blood. I took his advice, and endeavoured to lay aside my studies. But, being brought very low, I looked death in the face more steadfastly; and the Lord was pleased to give me renewedly a sweet sense and relish of divine things; and particularly on October 13, I found divine help and consolation in the precious duties of secret prayer and self-examination, and my soul took delight in the blessed God; so likewise on the 17th of October.

*Saturday, October 18*, in my morning devotions, my soul was exceedingly melted, and I bitterly mourned over my exceeding sinfulness and vileness. I never before had felt so pungent and deep a sense of the odious nature of sin as at this time. My soul was then unusually carried forth in love to God, and had a lively sense of God's love to me; and this love and hope, at that time, cast out fear. Both morning and evening I spent some time in self-examination, to find the truth of grace, as also my fitness to approach to God at His table the next day; and through infinite mercy found the Holy Spirit influencing my soul with love to God, as a witness within myself.

*Lord's day, October 19*, in the morning, I felt my soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. In the forenoon, while I was looking on the sacramental elements, and thinking that Jesus Christ would soon be *set forth crucified before me*, my soul

was filled with light and love, so that I was almost in an ecstasy; my body was so weak I could scarcely stand. I felt at the same time an exceeding tenderness and a most fervent love towards all mankind; so that my soul and all its powers seemed, as it were, to melt into softness and sweetness. But in the season of the communion there was some abatement of this life and fervour; nevertheless my soul longed for perfect grace and glory. This heavenly frame continued till the evening, when my soul was sweetly spiritual in secret duties.

*Monday, October 20.*—I again experienced the assistance of the Holy Spirit in secret duties, both morning and evening, and life and comfort in religion throughout the day.

*Tuesday, October 21.*—I had likewise experience of the goodness of God in *shedding abroad His love in my heart*, and giving me delight and consolation in religious duties; and all the remaining part of the week, my soul seemed to be taken up with divine things. I now so longed after God, and to be freed from sin, that, when I felt myself recovering, and thought I must return to College again, which had proved so hurtful to my spiritual interest the year past, I could not but be grieved, and thought I had much rather have died; for it distressed me to think of any departure from God. But, before I went, I enjoyed several other sweet and precious seasons of communion with God,



particularly October 30, and November 4, wherein my soul enjoyed unspeakable comfort.

I returned to College about November 6, and, through the goodness of God, felt the power of religion almost daily, for the space of six weeks.

*November 28.*—In my evening devotion, I enjoyed precious discoveries of God, and was unspeakably refreshed with that passage, Hebrews xii. 22, 23, 24. My soul longed to wing its way to the paradise of God; I longed to be conformed to God in all things. A day or two after, I enjoyed much of the light of God's countenance, most of the day; and my soul rested in Him.

*Tuesday, December 9.*—I was in a comfortable frame of soul most of the day, especially in the evening devotions, when God was pleased wonderfully to assist and strengthen me; so that I thought nothing should ever move me from *the love of God in Christ Jesus my Lord*. O, one hour with God infinitely exceeds all the pleasures and delights of this lower world!

Some time towards the latter end of January 1740-41, I grew more cold and dull in matters of religion, by means of my old temptation, namely, ambition in my studies. But, through divine goodness, a great and general awakening spread itself over the College, about the latter end of February, by which I was much quickened and more abundantly engaged in religion.

[The awakening here spoken of was the beginning

of that extraordinary religious commotion through the land, which is fresh in every one's memory. There have been manifestly happy and abiding effects of the impressions then made on the minds of many of the members of College. And, by all that I can learn concerning Mr. Brainerd, there can be no reason to doubt but that he had much of God's gracious presence, and of the lively actings of true grace, at that time; but yet he was afterwards abundantly sensible that his religious experiences and affections were not free from a corrupt mixture, nor was his conduct to be acquitted from many things that were imprudent and blameable. And therefore, although he kept a constant diary, containing a very particular account of what had passed from day to day, for the next thirteen months, in two small books, next following the account before given of his convictions, conversion, and consequent comforts; yet, when he lay on his death-bed, he gave orders, unknown to me till after his death, that these two volumes should be destroyed.

It could not be otherwise than that one whose heart had been so prepared and drawn to God, as Mr. Brainerd's had been, should be mightily enlarged, animated, and engaged at the sight of such an alteration made in the College, the town, and the country; and so great an appearance of men's reforming their lives, and turning from their profaneness and immorality to seriousness and concern

for their salvation, and of religion's reviving and flourishing almost everywhere. But an intemperate, imprudent zeal soon crept in. And surely it was not to be wondered at that young Brainerd, not only young in years, but very young in religion and experience, had the unhappiness to have a tincture of that intemperate, indiscreet zeal, which was at that time too prevalent; and was led, from his high opinion of others that he looked upon better than himself, into such errors as were really contrary to the habitual temper of his mind. One instance of his misconduct at that time gave great offence to the rulers of the College, even to that degree that they expelled him the Society; which it is necessary should here be particularly related, with its circumstances.

In the time of the awakening at College, there were several religious students that associated themselves one with another for mutual conversation and assistance in spiritual things, who were wont freely to open themselves one to another, as special and intimate friends: Brainerd was one of this company. And it once happened that he and two or three more of these his intimate friends were in the hall together, after Mr. Whittelsey, one of the tutors, had been to prayer there with the scholars; no other person now remaining in the hall, but Brainerd and these his companions. Mr. Whittelsey having been unusually pathetic in his prayer, one of Brainerd's friends on this occasion

asked him what he thought of Mr. Whittelsey; he made answer, "He has no more grace than this chair." One of the freshmen happening to be near, though not in the room, overheard those words of his; though he heard no name mentioned, and knew not who the person was who was thus censured. He informed a certain woman that belonged to the town, withal telling her his own suspicion, namely, that he believed Brainerd said this of some one or other of the rulers of the College. Whereupon she went and informed the rector, who sent for this freshman and examined him; and he told the rector the words that he heard Brainerd utter, and informed him who was in the room with him at that time. Upon which the rector sent for them. They were very backward to inform against their friend, of that which they looked upon as private conversation; yet the rector compelled them to declare what he said, and of whom he said it. Brainerd looked on himself greatly abused in the management of this affair; and thought that what he said in private was injuriously extorted from his friends, and that then it was injuriously required of him, as it was wont to be of such as had been guilty of some open notorious crime, to make a public confession, and to humble himself before the whole College in the hall, for what he had said only in private conversation. He not complying with this demand, and having gone once to the separate meeting at New Haven, when

forbidden by the rector, and also having been accused by one person of saying concerning the rector that he wondered he did not expect to drop down dead for fining the scholars who followed Mr. Tennent to Milford, though there was no proof of it, and Mr. Brainerd ever professed that he did not remember his saying anything to that purpose: for these things he was expelled the College.

Now, how far the circumstances and exigencies of that day might justify such great severity in the governors of the College, I will not undertake to determine; it being my aim, not to bring reproach on the authority of the College, but only to do justice to the memory of a person, eminently one of those whose *memory is blessed*. The reader will see, in the sequel of the story of Mr. Brainerd's life, what his own thoughts afterwards were of his behaviour in these things, and in how Christian a manner he conducted himself with respect to this affair; though he ever, as long as he lived, supposed himself much abused in the management of it and in what he suffered from it.

His expulsion was in the winter, *anno* 1741-2, while he was in his third year in College.]

## PART II.

HIS EXPERIENCE AND RELIGIOUS EXERCISES UNTIL  
THE TIME HE WAS LICENSED TO PREACH.

[MR. BRAINERD, the spring after his expulsion, went to live with the Rev. Mr. Mills of Ripton, to follow his studies with him, where he spent the greater part of the time till the Association licensed him to preach.

Here he began the third book of his diary, in which the account he wrote of himself is as follows]:—

*Thursday, April 1, 1742.* — I seem to be declining with respect to my life and warmth in divine things; had not so free access to God in prayer of late as usual. O that God would humble me deeply in the dust before Him! I deserve hell every day for not loving my Lord more, who has, I trust, *loved me and given Himself for me*; and every time I am enabled to exercise any grace renewedly, I am renewedly indebted to the God of all grace for special assistance. *Where then is boasting?* Surely *it is excluded*, when we think how we are dependent on God for the being and every act of grace. O, if ever I get to heaven, it will be because God wills, and nothing else; for I never did anything of myself but depart from God. My soul will be astonished at the unsearchable riches of

divine grace, when I arrive at the mansions which the blessed Saviour is gone before to prepare.

*Friday, April 2.*—In the afternoon I felt somewhat happy in secret prayer, much resigned, calm, and serene. What are all the storms of this lower world, if Jesus by His Spirit does but come *walking on the seas*! Some time past, I had much pleasure in the prospect of the heathen being brought home to Christ, and desired that the Lord would employ me in that work; but now my soul more frequently desires to die, *to be with Christ*. O that my soul were wrapt up in divine love, and my longing desires after God increased! In the evening, was refreshed in prayer, with the hopes of the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world.

*Saturday, April 3.*—Was very much amiss this morning, and had an ill night last night. I thought, if God would take me to Himself now, my soul would exceedingly rejoice. O that I may be always humble and resigned to God, and that He would cause my soul to be more fixed on Himself, that I may be more fitted both for doing and suffering!

*Lord's day, April 4.*—My heart was wandering and lifeless. In the evening God gave me faith in prayer, and made my soul melt in some measure, and gave me to taste a divine sweetness. Blessed Lord! let me climb up near to Thee, and love, and long, and plead, and wrestle with Thee, and pant for deliverance from the body of sin and death.

Alas! my soul mourned to think I should ever lose sight of its Beloved again. *O come, Lord Jesus. Amen.*

[On the evening of the next day, he complains that he saw in himself a disposition to all manner of sin, which brought a very great gloom on his mind; so that he speaks of himself as astonished, amazed, having no comfort, being filled with horror, seeing no comfort in heaven or earth.]

*Tuesday, April 6.*—I walked out this morning to the same place where I was last night, and felt somewhat as I did then; but was in measure relieved by reading some passages in my diary, and seemed to feel as if I might pray to the great God again with freedom; but was suddenly struck with a damp, from the sense I had of my own vileness. Then I cried to God to wash my soul and cleanse me from my exceeding filthiness, to give me repentance and pardon; and prayer began to be truly delightful. I could then think of undergoing the greatest sufferings in the cause of Christ with pleasure; and found myself willing, if God should so order it, to suffer banishment from my native land, among the heathen, that I might do something for their souls' salvation, in distresses and deaths of any kind. Then God gave me to wrestle earnestly for others, for the kingdom of Christ in the world, and for dear Christian friends. I felt weaned from the world, and from my own reputation amongst men, willing to be despised



and to be a gazing-stock for the world to behold. It is impossible for me to express how I then felt; I had not much joy, but some sense of the majesty of God, which made me as it were tremble. I saw myself mean and vile, which made me more willing that God should do what He would with me; it was all infinitely reasonable.

*Wednesday, April 7.*—I had not so much fervency in prayer, but felt in a degree as I did yesterday morning. At noon I spent some time in secret, with some fervency, but scarcely any sweetness; and felt very dull in the evening.

*Thursday, April 8.*—Had raised hopes to-day respecting the heathen. O that God would bring in great numbers of them to Jesus Christ! I cannot but hope I shall see that glorious day. Everything in this world seems exceeding vile and little to me; I look so to myself. I had some little dawn of comfort to-day in prayer; but especially to-night I think I had some faith and power of intercession with God; was enabled to plead with Him for the growth of grace in myself; and many of the dear children of God then lay with weight upon my soul. Blessed be the Lord! It is good to wrestle for divine blessings.

*Friday, April 9.*—Most of my time in morning devotion was spent without sensible comfort, yet I had one delightful prospect of arriving at the heavenly world. I am more amazed than ever at such thoughts; for I see myself infinitely vile and

unworthy. I feel very heartless and dull; and though I long for the presence of God, and seem constantly to reach towards God in desires, yet I cannot feel that divine and heavenly sweetness that I used to enjoy. No poor creature stands in need of divine grace more than I do, and yet none abuses it more than I have done.

*Saturday, April 10.*—Spent much time in secret prayer this morning, and not without some comfort in divine things, and hope I had some faith in exercise; but am so low, and feel so little of the sensible presence of God, that I hardly know what to call faith. I am made to *possess the sins of my youth*, and the dreadful sin of my nature, and am all sin. I cannot think, nor act, but every motion is sin. I feel some faint hopes that God will, of His infinite mercy, return again with showers of converting grace to poor Gospel-abusing sinners; and my hopes of being employed in the cause of God, which of late have been almost extinct, seem now a little revived. O that all my late distresses and awful apprehensions might prove but Christ's school, to make me fit for greater service, by teaching me the great lesson of humility!

*Lord's day, April 11.*—In the morning, felt but little life, excepting that my heart was something drawn out in thankfulness to God for His amazing grace and condescension to me in past influences and assistances of His Spirit. Afterwards had some pleasure in the thoughts of arriving at the heavenly

world. O for the happy day ! After public worship, God gave me special assistance in prayer. I wrestled with my dear Lord with much earnestness, and intercession was made a sweet and delightful employment to me. In the evening, as I was viewing the lights in the north, was delighted in contemplation on the glorious morning of the resurrection.

*Monday, April 12.*—This morning the Lord was pleased to lift up the light of His countenance upon me in secret prayer, and made the season very precious to my soul. And though I have been so depressed of late, respecting my hopes of future serviceableness in the cause of God ; yet now I had much encouragement respecting that matter. I was specially assisted to intercede and plead for poor souls, and for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and for special grace for myself, to fit me for special services. I felt exceeding calm, and quite resigned to God, respecting my future improvement, when and where He pleased ; my faith lifted me above the world, and removed all those mountains that I could not look over of late. I thought I wanted not the favour of man to lean upon ; for I knew Christ's favour was infinitely better, and that it was no matter when, nor where, nor how Christ should send me, nor what trials He should still exercise me with, if I might but be prepared for His work and will. I now found sweetly revived in my mind the

wonderful discovery of infinite wisdom in all the dispensations of God towards me, which I had a little before I met with my great trial at College ; everything appeared full of the wisdom of God.

*Tuesday, April 13.*—Saw myself to be very mean and vile ; wondered at those that showed me respect. Afterwards was something comforted in secret retirement, and was assisted to wrestle with God, with some power, spirituality, and freedom. Blessed be the Lord, He is never unmindful of me, but always sends me needed supplies ; and from time to time, when I am like one dead, raises me to life. O that I may never distrust infinite goodness !

*Wednesday, April 14.*—My soul longed for communion with Christ, and for the mortification of indwelling corruption, especially spiritual pride. There is a welcome day coming, when *the weary will be at rest!* My soul has enjoyed much comfort this day in the hopes of its speedy arrival.

*Thursday, April 15.*—My desires apparently centred in God, and I found a sensible attraction of soul after Him sundry times to-day. I know I long for God, and a conformity to His will, in inward purity and holiness, ten thousand times more than for anything here below.

*Friday and Saturday, April 16, 17.*—Seldom prayed without some sensible enlargement and joy in the Lord. Sometimes I longed much to be dissolved, and *to be with Christ.* O that God would enable me to grow in grace every day ! Alas, my barrenness is

such that God might well say, *Cut it down.* I am afraid of a dead heart on the Sabbath now begun; O that God would quicken me by His grace!

*Lord's day, April 18.*—Retired early this morning into the woods for prayer; had the assistance of God's Spirit, and faith in exercise, and was enabled to plead with fervency for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and to intercede for dear absent friends. At noon, God enabled me to wrestle with Him, and to feel, as I trust, the power of divine love in prayer. At night, saw myself infinitely indebted to God, and had a view of my shortcomings; it seemed to me that I had done as it were nothing for God, and that I never had lived to Him but a few hours of my life.

*Monday, April 19.*—I set apart this day for fasting and prayer to God for His grace, especially to prepare me for the work of the ministry, to give me divine aid and direction in my preparations for that great work, and in His own time to *send me into His harvest.* Accordingly, in the morning, endeavoured to plead for the divine presence for the day, and not without some life. In the forenoon, I felt a power of intercession for precious immortal souls, for the advancement of the kingdom of my dear Lord and Saviour in the world; and withal, a most sweet resignation, and even consolation and joy, in the thoughts of suffering hardships, distresses, and even death itself, in the promotion of it; and had special enlargement

in pleading for the enlightening and conversion of the poor heathen. In the afternoon, *God was with me of a truth.* O it was blessed company indeed! God enabled me so to agonise in prayer that I was quite wet with sweat, though in the shade, and the wind cool. My soul was drawn out very much for the world; I grasped for multitudes of souls. I think I had more enlargement for sinners than for the children of God; though I felt as if I could spend my life in cries for both. I enjoyed great sweetness in communion with my dear Saviour. I think I never in my life felt such an entire weanedness from this world, and so much resigned to God in everything. O that I may always live to and upon my blessed God! Amen, Amen.

*Tuesday, April 20.*—This day I am twenty-four years of age. O how much mercy have I received the year past! How often has God *caused His goodness to pass before me!* And how poorly have I answered the vows I made this time twelvemonth, to be wholly the Lord's, to be for ever devoted to His service! The Lord help me to live more to His glory for the time to come. This has been a sweet, a happy day to me: blessed be God! I think my soul was never so drawn out in intercession for others as it has been this night. Was enabled to plead fervently with the Lord to-night for my enemies. I longed to live to God, and to be altogether devoted to Him. I wanted to wear out my life in His service and for His glory.

*Wednesday, April 21.*—Felt much calmness and resignation, and God again enabled me to wrestle for numbers of souls. I had much fervency in the duty of intercession, and enjoy of late more satisfaction in pleading for others than in any other part of prayer. My blessed Lord really let me *come near to Him, and plead with Him.*

*Lord's day, April 25.*—This morning spent about two hours in secret duties, and was enabled more than ordinarily to agonise for immortal souls; though it was early in the morning, and the sun scarcely shined at all, yet my body was quite wet with sweat. Felt much pressed now, as frequently of late, to plead for the meekness and calmness of the Lamb of God in my soul; through divine goodness, felt much of it this morning. It is a sweet disposition, heartily to forgive all injuries done us; to wish our greatest enemies as well as we do our own souls. Blessed Jesus, may I daily be more and more conformed to Thee. At night was exceedingly melted with divine love, and had some feeling sense of the blessedness of the upper world. Those words dwelt upon my mind with much sweetness, *They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.* O the near access that God sometimes gives us in our addresses to Him! This may well be termed *appearing before God*: it is so indeed, in the true spiritual sense, and in the sweetest sense. I think I have not had such power of intercession these

many months, both for God's children and for dead sinners, as I have had this evening. I wished and longed for the coming of my dear Lord; I longed to join the angelic hosts in praises, wholly free from imperfection. O the blessed moment hastens! All I want is to be more holy, more like my dear Lord. O for sanctification! My very soul pants for the complete restoration of the blessed image of my adored Saviour; that I may be fit for the blessed enjoyments and employments of the heavenly world.

Farewell, vain world; my soul can bid adieu:  
 My Saviour's taught me to abandon you.  
 Your charms may gratify a sensual mind;  
 Not please a soul wholly for God design'd.  
 Forbear t' entice, cease then my soul to call:  
 'Tis fix'd through grace; my God shall be my all.  
 While He thus lets me heavenly glories view,  
 Your beauties fade, my heart's no room for you.

The Lord refreshed my soul with many sweet passages of His Word. O the New Jerusalem! my soul longed for it. O *the song of Moses and the Lamb!* That blessed song, which no man can learn, but they that are *redeemed from the earth*; and the glorious *white robes*, that were given to the souls under the altar!

Lord, I'm a stranger here alone;  
 Earth no true comforts can afford;  
 Yet, absent from my dearest One,  
 My soul delights to cry, my Lord!



Jesus my Lord, my only Love,  
 Possess my soul, nor thence depart;  
 Grant me kind visits, heavenly Dove;  
 My God shall then have all my heart.

*Monday, April 26.*—Continued in a sweet frame of mind; but in the afternoon felt something of spiritual pride stirring. God was pleased to make it a humbling season at first; though afterwards He gave me comfort. O my soul exceedingly longs for that blessed state of perfection of deliverance from all sin! At night, God enabled me to give my soul up to Him, to cast myself upon Him, to be ordered and disposed of according to His sovereign pleasure; and I enjoyed great peace and consolation in so doing. My soul took great delight in God to-night; my thoughts freely and sweetly centred in Him. O that I could spend every moment of my life to His glory!

*Tuesday, April 27.*—Retired pretty early for secret devotion; and in prayer God was pleased to pour such ineffable comforts into my soul, that I could do nothing for some time but say over and over, "O my dear Saviour! O my blessed Saviour, *whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.*" If I had had a thousand lives, my soul would gladly have laid them all down at once to have been with Christ. My soul never enjoyed so much of heaven before; it was the most refined and most spiritual season of communion with God I ever knew. I never felt so

great a degree of resignation in my life; I was very happy all the forenoon. In the afternoon I withdrew to meet with my God, but found myself much declined, and it was made a humbling season to my soul. I mourned over *the body of death* that is in me; it grieved me exceedingly that I could not pray to and praise God with my heart full of divine heavenly love. O that my soul might never offer any dead cold services to my God! In the evening had not so much enlargement as in the morning; but had a good season of fervent intercession.

*Wednesday, April 28.*—Withdrew to my usual place of retirement in great peace and tranquillity, and spent about two hours in secret duties. I felt much as I did yesterday morning, only weaker and more overcome. I seemed to depend wholly on my dear Lord, and to be entirely weaned from all other dependencies. I knew not what to say to my God, could only *lean on His bosom*, as it were, and breathe out my desires after a perfect conformity to Him in all things. Thirsting desires and insatiable longings possessed my soul after perfect holiness. God was so precious to my soul, that the world with all its enjoyments was infinitely vile. I had no more value for the favour of men than for pebbles: the LORD was my ALL; and He overruled all; which greatly delighted me. I think, my faith and dependence on God scarcely ever rose so high. I saw Him such a

fountain of goodness, that it seemed impossible I should distrust Him again, or be any way anxious about anything that should happen to me. I now enjoyed great satisfaction in praying for absent friends, and for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom in the world. Much of the power of these divine enjoyments remained with me through the day. In the evening my heart seemed tenderly to melt, and I trust was really humbled for indwelling corruption; I *mourned like a dove*. I felt that all my unhappiness arose from my being a sinner; for with resignation I could bid welcome all other trials; but sin hung heavy upon me; for God discovered to me the corruption of my heart. I went to bed with heaviness, because I was a great sinner; though I did not in the least doubt of God's love. O that God would *purge away my dross, and take away my tin*, and make me seven times refined!

*Thursday, April 29.*—Was kept off at a distance from God; but had some enlargement in intercession for precious souls.

*Friday, April 30.*—Was rather dejected in spirit: nothing grieves me so much as that I cannot live constantly to God's glory. I could bear any desertion or spiritual conflicts, if I could but have my heart all the while burning within me with love to God and desires for His glory: but this is impossible; for, when I feel these, I cannot be dejected in my soul, but only rejoice in my Saviour,

who has delivered me from the reigning power, and will shortly deliver me from the indwelling of sin.

*Saturday, May 1.*—Was enabled to cry to God with fervency for ministerial qualifications, and that He would appear for the advancement of His own kingdom, and bring in the heathen world. Was favoured with much assistance in my studies. This has been a profitable week to me; I have enjoyed many communications of the blessed Spirit in my soul.

*Monday, May 3.*—Had a sense of vile ingratitude. In me such a sight of myself as made me appear very vile in my own eyes. I felt corruption stirring in my heart, which I could by no means suppress; felt more and more deserted; was exceeding weak, and almost sick with my inward trials.

*Lord's day, May 2.*—This morning I withdrew to my usual place of retirement, and mourned after my blessed Lord; spent the day in fasting and prayer. God gave me much power of wrestling for His cause and kingdom; and it was a happy day to my soul. God was with me all the day, and I was more above the world than ever in my life.

[Through the remaining part of this week, he complains almost every day of desertion, and inward trials and conflicts, attended with dejection of spirit; but yet speaks of times of relief and sweetness, and daily refreshing visits of the divine Spirit.]

*Lord's day, May 9.*—I think I never felt so

much of the sinful pride of my heart, as well as the stubbornness of my will before. O, dreadful, what a vile wretch I am! I could not submit to be nothing, and to lie down in the dust. O that God would humble me in the dust! I felt myself such a sinner all day that I had scarce any comfort. O, when shall I be *delivered from the body of this death*? I greatly feared lest, through stupidity and carelessness, I should lose the benefit of these trials. O that they might be sanctified to my soul! Nothing seemed to touch me except this, that I was a sinner. Had fervency and refreshment in social prayer in the evening.

*Monday, May 10.*—Rode to New Haven; saw some Christian friends there; had comfort in joining in prayer with them, and hearing of the goodness of God to them since I last saw them.

*Tuesday, May 11.*—Rode from New Haven to Weathersfield; was very dull most of the day; had little spirituality in this journey, though I often longed to be alone with God; was much perplexed with vile thoughts; was sometimes afraid of everything; but God was my Helper. Caught a little time for retirement in the evening, to my comfort and rejoicing. Alas, I cannot live in the midst of a tumult. I long to enjoy God alone.

*Wednesday, May 12.*—Had a distressing view of the pride, and enmity, and vileness of my heart. Afterwards had sweet refreshment in conversing, and worshipping God, with Christian friends.

*Thursday, May 13.*—Saw so much of the wickedness of my heart, that I longed to get away from myself. I never before thought there was so much spiritual pride in my soul; I felt almost pressed to death with my own vileness. O what a *body of death* is there in me! *Lord, deliver my soul.* I could not find any convenient place for retirement, and was greatly exercised. Rode to Hertford in the afternoon; had some refreshment and comfort in religious exercises with Christian friends; but longed for more retirement. The closest walk with God is the sweetest heaven that can be enjoyed on earth.

*Friday, May 14.*—Waited on a council of ministers convened at Hertford, and spread before them the treatment I had met with from the rector and tutors of Yale College; who thought it advisable to intercede for me with the rector and trustees, and to entreat them to restore me to my former privileges in College.<sup>1</sup> After this, spent some time in religious exercises with Christian friends.

*Saturday, May 15.*—Rode from Hertford to Hebron; was something dejected on the road; appeared exceeding vile in my own eyes, saw much pride and stubbornness in my heart. Indeed I never knew such a week before as this; for I have been almost ready to die under a view of the

[<sup>1</sup> The application then made on his behalf had not the desired success.]

wickedness of my heart. I could not have thought I had such a *body of death* in me. O that God would deliver my soul!

[The three next days which he spent at Hebron, Lebanon, and Norwich, he complains still of dullness and desertion; yet he speaks of some intervals of comfort and soul-refreshment each day.]

*Wednesday, May 19.*—At Millington. I was so amazingly deserted this morning, that I seemed to feel a sort of horror in my soul. Alas, when God withdraws, what is there that can afford any comfort to the soul?

[Through the eight days following, he expresses more calmness, and considerable life, fervency, and sweetness in religion.]

*Friday, May 28.*—At New Haven. I think I scarcely ever felt so calm in my life; I rejoiced in resignation, and giving myself up to God, to be wholly and entirely devoted to Him for ever.

*Tuesday, June 1.*—Had much of the presence of God in family prayer, and some comfort in secret. I was greatly refreshed from the Word of God this morning, which appeared exceeding sweet to me; some things that appeared mysterious were opened to me. O that the kingdom of the dear Saviour might come with power, and the waters of the sanctuary spread far and wide for the healing of the nations! Came to Ripton; but was very weak. However, being visited by a number of young people in the evening, I prayed with them.

[The remaining part of this week, he speaks of being much diverted and hindered in the business of religion; but signifies that God hereby showed him, he was like a helpless infant cast out in the open field.]

*Lord's day, June 6.*—I feel much deserted; but all this teaches me my nothingness and vileness more than ever.

*Monday, June 7.*—Felt still powerless in secret prayer. Afterwards I prayed and conversed with some little life. God feeds me with crumbs; blessed be His name for anything. I felt a great desire that all God's people might know how mean and little and vile I am; that they might see I am nothing, that so they may pray for me aright, and not have the least dependence upon me.

*Tuesday, June 8.*—I enjoyed one precious season this day. I never felt it so sweet to be nothing, and less than nothing, and to be accounted nothing.

*Saturday, June 12.*—Spent much time in prayer this morning, and enjoyed much nearness. Felt insatiable longings after God most of the day: I wondered how poor souls do to live that have no God. The world with all its enjoyments quite vanished. I see myself very helpless; but I have a blessed God to go to. I longed exceedingly to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, to behold His glory. O my weary soul longs to arrive at my Father's house!



*Lord's day, June 13.*—Felt calm and resigned in public worship; at the sacrament saw myself very vile and worthless. O that I may always lie low in the dust! My soul seemed steadily to go forth after God in longing desires to live upon Him.

*Monday, June 14.*—Felt something of the sweetness of communion with God, and the constraining force of His love. How admirably it captivates the soul, and makes all the desires and affections to centre in God! I set apart this day for secret fasting and prayer, to entreat God to direct and bless me with regard to the great work of preaching the Gospel; and that the Lord would return to me, and show me the light of His countenance. Had little life and power in the forenoon; near the middle of the afternoon, God enabled me to wrestle ardently in intercession for absent friends; but just at night the Lord visited me marvellously in prayer. I think my soul never was in such an agony before; I felt no restraint, for the treasures of divine grace were opened to me. I wrestled for absent friends, for the ingathering of multitudes of poor souls, and for many that I thought were the children of God, personally, in many distant places. I was in such an agony, from about sunset till near dark, that I was all over wet with sweat; yet it seemed to me that I had wasted away the day, and done nothing. O, my dear Jesus did *sweat blood* for poor souls! I longed for more compassion towards them. Felt still in a

sweet frame, under a sense of divine love and grace; and went to bed with my heart set on God.

*Tuesday, June 15.*—Had the most ardent longings after God that ever I felt in my life. At noon, in my secret retirement, I could do nothing but tell my dear Lord, in a sweet calm, that He knew I longed for nothing but Himself, nothing but holiness; that He had given me these desires, and He only could give me the thing desired. I never seemed to be so unhinged from myself, and to be so wholly devoted to God. My heart was swallowed up in God most of the day. In the evening I had such a view of the soul's being as it were enlarged, to contain more holiness, that my soul seemed ready to separate from my body, in order to obtain it. I then wrestled in an agony for divine blessings; had my heart drawn out in prayer for some Christian friends beyond what I ever had before. I feel differently now from what ever I did under any former enjoyments; more engaged to live to God for ever, and less pleased with my own frames. I am not at all more easy after such sweet conflicts than before; for it seems far too little, if I could always be so. O how short do I fall of my duty in my best moments!

*Friday, June 18.*—Considering my great unfitness for the work of the ministry, my present deadness, and total inability to do anything for the glory of God; feeling myself very helpless, and at great

loss what the Lord would have me to do; I set apart this day for prayer, but was amazingly deserted most of the day. Yet I found God graciously near; once in particular, while I was pleading for more compassion for immortal souls, my heart seemed to be opened at once, and I was enabled to cry with great ardency for a few minutes.

O, I was distressed to think that I should offer such dead cold services to the living God! My soul seemed to breathe after holiness, a life of constant devotedness to God. But I am almost lost sometimes in the pursuit of this blessedness, and ready to sink, because I continually fall short and miss of my desire. O that the Lord would help me to hold out yet a little while, till the happy hour of deliverance comes!

*Saturday, June 19.*—Felt much disordered; my spirits were very low; but yet enjoyed some freedom and sweetness in the duties of religion. Blessed be God!

*Lord's day, June 20.* Spent much time alone. My soul longed to be holy, and reached after God; but I seemed not to obtain my desire. I hungered and thirsted; but was not sweetly refreshed and satisfied. My soul cleaved to God as my only portion. O that I could grow in grace more abundantly every day!

*Tuesday, June 22.*—In the morning, spent about two hours in prayer and meditation with consider-

able delight. Towards night, felt my soul go out in longing desires after God in secret retirement. In the evening, was sweetly composed and resigned to God's will; was enabled to leave myself and all my concerns with Him, and to have my whole dependence upon Him. My secret retirement was very refreshing to my soul; it appeared such a happiness to have God for my portion, that I had rather be any other creature in this lower creation than not come to the enjoyment of God. I had rather be a beast than a man without God, if I were to live here to eternity. Lord, endear Thyself more to me!

[In his diary for the next seven days, he expresses a variety of exercises of mind. He speaks of great longings after God, and earnest desires for the conversion of others; but bitterly complains of his barrenness; and says, he "saw clearly that whatever he enjoyed, better than hell, was free grace."]

*Wednesday, June 30.*—Spent this day alone in the woods, in fasting and prayer, and underwent the most dreadful conflicts. I saw myself so vile that I was ready to say, *I shall now perish by the hand of Saul.* I thought, and almost concluded, I had no power to stand for the cause of God, but was almost afraid of the shaking of a leaf. Spent almost the whole day in prayer, incessantly. I could not bear to think of Christians showing me any respect. I almost despaired of doing any

service in the world. I could not feel any hope or comfort respecting the heathen, which used to afford me some refreshment in the darkest hours of this nature. I spent away the day in the bitterness of my soul. Near night, I felt a little better; and afterwards enjoyed some sweetness in secret prayer.

*Thursday, July 1.*—Had some sweetness in prayer this morning. Felt exceeding happy in secret prayer to-night, and desired nothing so ardently as that God should do with me just as He pleased.

*Friday, July 2.*—Felt composed in secret prayer in the morning. My desires sweetly ascended to God this day, as I was travelling; and I was comfortable in the evening. Blessed be God for all my consolations!

*Saturday, July 3.*—My heart seemed again to sink. The disgrace I was laid under at College seemed to damp me, as it opens the mouths of opposers. I had no refuge but in God only. Blessed be His name, that I may go to Him at all times, and find Him a *present help*.

*Lord's day, July 4.*—Had considerable assistance. In the evening I withdrew, and enjoyed a happy season in secret prayer. God was pleased to give me the exercise of faith, and thereby brought the invisible and eternal world near to my soul. I hoped that my weary pilgrimage in the world would be short; and that it would not be long before I was brought to my heavenly home, my

Father's house. I felt resigned to His will, to tarry His time, to do His work, and suffer His pleasure. I felt thankfulness to God for all my pressing desertions of late; for I am persuaded they have been the means of making me more humble and much more resigned. I felt pleased to be little, to be nothing, and to lie in the dust. I enjoyed life and sweet consolation in pleading for the children of God and the kingdom of Christ in the world; and my soul earnestly breathed after holiness and the enjoyment of God. *O come, Lord Jesus! come quickly. Amen.*

*Lord's day, July 11.*—In the morning I was deserted and exceedingly dejected. In the afternoon had some life and assistance, and felt resigned; I saw myself exceeding vile.

*Wednesday, July 14.*—Felt a kind of humble resigned state of mind; spent a considerable time in secret, giving myself up wholly to the Lord. Heard Mr. Bellamy preach towards night; felt very sweetly part of the time; longed for nearer access to God.

*Monday, July 19.*—My desires seem especially to be carried out after weanedness from the world, perfect deadness to it, and to be even crucified to all its allurements. My soul longs to feel itself more of a pilgrim and stranger here below; that nothing may divert me from pressing through the lonely desert, till I arrive at my Father's house.

*Tuesday, July 20.*—It was delightful to give

myself away to God, to be disposed of at His pleasure. I had some feeling sense of the sweetness of being a pilgrim on earth.

*Thursday, July 22.*—Journeying from Southbury to Ripton, I called at a house by the way, where, being very kindly entertained and refreshed, I was filled with amazement and shame that God should stir up the hearts of any to show so much kindness to one so unworthy. I was made sensible in some measure, how exceeding vile it is not to be wholly devoted to God. I wondered that God would suffer any of His creatures to feed and sustain me from time to time.

*Thursday, July 29.*—Was examined by the Association met at Danbury as to my learning, and also my experience in religion, and received a license from them to preach the Gospel of Christ. Afterwards felt much devoted to God; joined in prayer with one of the ministers, my peculiar friend, in a convenient place; went to bed resolving to live devoted to God all my days.

### PART III.

FROM THE TIME OF HIS APPOINTMENT TO HIS ENTERING  
ON THE WORK OF THE MISSION.

*Friday, July 30, 1742.*—Rode from Danbury to Southbury; preached there from 1 Peter iv. 8.

Had much of the comfortable presence of God in the exercise. I seemed to have power with God in prayer, and power to get hold of the hearts of the people in preaching.

*Saturday, July 31.*—Exceeding calm and composed, and was greatly refreshed and encouraged.

*Lord's day, August 8.*—In the morning felt comfortably in secret prayer; my soul was refreshed with the hopes of the heathen coming home to Christ; was much resigned to God, and thought it was no matter what became of *me*. Preached both parts of the day at Bethlehem, from Job xiv. 14. It was pleasant to me to meditate on death. In the evening, felt very comfortably, and cried to God fervently in secret prayer.

[It appears by his diary that he continued, through the three next days, engaged with all his might in the business of religion, and in almost a constant enjoyment of the comforts of it.]

*Thursday, August 12.*—This morning and last night was exercised with sore inward trials; I had no power to pray, but seemed shut out from God. I had in a great measure lost my hopes of God's sending me among the heathen afar off, and of seeing them flock home to Christ. I saw so much of my own vileness, that I appeared worse to myself than any devil. I wondered that God would let me live, and wondered that people did not stone me, much more that they would ever hear me preach. It seemed as though I never could nor should



preach any more; yet about nine or ten o'clock the people came over, and I was forced to preach. And, blessed be God, He gave me His presence and Spirit in prayer and preaching; so that I was much assisted, and spake with power from Job xiv. 14. 'Some Indians cried out in great distress,<sup>1</sup> and all appeared greatly concerned. After we had prayed and exhorted them to seek the Lord with constancy, and hired an English woman to keep a kind of school among them, we came away about one o'clock, and came to Judea, about fifteen or sixteen miles. There God was pleased to visit my soul with much comfort. Blessed be the Lord for all I meet with!

*Lord's day, August 15.*—Felt much comfort and devotedness to God this day. At night, it was refreshing to get alone with God, and pour out my soul before Him. O, who can conceive the sweetness of communion with the blessed God, but those that have experience of it? Glory to God for ever, that I may taste of heaven below!

*Monday, August 16.*—Had some comfort in secret prayer, in the morning. Felt happy at various times in prayer this day; but was much perplexed in the evening with vain conversation.

*Tuesday, August 17.*—Exceedingly depressed in spirit; it cuts and wounds my heart to think how much self-exaltation, spiritual pride, and warmth

[<sup>1</sup> It was in a place near Kent, in the western borders of Connecticut, where there is a number of Indians.]

of temper I have formerly had intermingled with my endeavours to promote God's work ; and sometimes I long to lie down at the feet of opposers, and confess what a poor imperfect creature I have been, and still am. O, the Lord forgive me, and make me for the future *wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove!* Afterwards enjoyed considerable comfort and delight of soul.

*Wednesday, August 18.*—Spent most of this day in prayer and reading. I see so much of my own extreme vileness, that I feel ashamed and guilty before God and man. I appear to myself like the greatest sinner in the land. I wonder that God stirs up His people to be so kind to me.

*Thursday, August 19.*—This day, being about to go from Mr. Bellamy's at Bethlehem, where I had resided some time, I prayed with him and two or three other Christian friends, and we gave ourselves to God with all our hearts, to be His for ever. Eternity looked very near to me while I was praying. If I never should see these Christians again in this world, it seemed but a few moments before I should meet them in another world. Parted with them sweetly.

*Friday, August 20.*—I appeared so vile to myself, that I hardly dared to think of being seen, especially on account of spiritual pride. However, to-night I enjoyed a solemn hour alone with God (at Ripton). I was lifted above the frowns and flatteries of this lower world, had a sweet relish of heavenly joys,

and my soul entered as it were into the eternal world, and really tasted of heaven. I was happy in making intercession for dear friends in Christ; and God helped me to cry fervently for Zion. Blessed be God for this season!

*Saturday, August 21.*—Was much perplexed in the morning. Towards noon enjoyed more of God in secret; was enabled to see that it was best to throw myself into His hands, to be disposed of according to His pleasure, and rejoiced in such thoughts. In the afternoon, rode to New Haven; was much confused all the way. Just at night, underwent such a dreadful conflict, such as I have scarcely ever felt. I saw myself exceeding vile and unworthy; so that I was guilty and ashamed that anybody should bestow favours on me, or show me any respect.

*Lord's day, August 22.*—In the morning, continued still in perplexity. In the evening, enjoyed that comfort which seemed sufficient to overbalance all my late distresses. I saw that God is the only soul-satisfying portion, and I really found satisfaction in Him. My soul was much enlarged in making intercession for my fellow-men everywhere, and for many Christian friends in particular in distant places.

*Monday, August 23.*—Had a good season in secret prayer; the Lord drew near to my soul, and filled me with peace and divine consolation. I tasted the sweetness of the upper world, and was sweetly

drawn out in prayer, that all the world might come home to Christ! Had much comfort in anticipating the ingathering of the heathen; was greatly assisted in intercession for Christian friends.

*Wednesday, August 25.*—In family prayer, God helped me to draw near to Him, so that I scarcely ever got nearer.

*Monday, August 30.*—Felt somewhat comfortably in the morning; conversed sweetly with some friends; was in a serious composed frame; prayed at a certain house with some degree of fervour. Afterwards, at another house, prayed privately with a dear Christian friend or two; and, I think, I scarcely ever launched so far into the eternal world as then. I got so far out on the broad ocean, that my soul with joy triumphed over all the evils on the shores of mortality. Time, and all its gay amusements and cruel disappointments, never appeared so inconsiderable to me before. I was in a sweet frame; I saw myself nothing, and my soul went out after God with intense desire. O I saw what I owed to Him, in such a manner as I scarcely ever did; I knew I had never lived a moment to Him as I should do. Indeed it appeared to me I had never done anything in Christianity; my soul longed with a vehement desire to live to God. In the evening, sang and prayed with a number of Christians; and felt *the powers of the world to come*. Afterwards prayed again privately with a dear Christian or two, and

found the divine presence ; was somewhat humbled in secret retirement ; felt my ingratitude, because I was not wholly swallowed up in God.

*Wednesday, September 1.*—Went to Judea, to the ordination of Mr. Judd. Dear Mr. Bellamy preached from Matthew xxiv. 46, *Blessed is that servant*, etc. I felt very solemn most of the time ; my thoughts dwelt much on that time when *our Lord will come* ; only I was afraid I should not be found *faithful*, because I have so depraved a heart. My thoughts were much in eternity, where I love to dwell. Blessed be God for this solemn season ! Rode home to-night with Mr. Bellamy, felt happy on the road ; conversed with some friends till it was very late, and then retired to rest in a comfortable frame.

*Thursday, September 2.*—About two in the afternoon, I preached from John vi. 67, and God assisted me in some comfortable degree ; but more especially in my first prayer. My soul seemed then to launch quite into the eternal world, and to be as it were separated from this lower state. Afterwards preached again from Isaiah v. 4. God gave me some assistance ; but I saw myself a poor worm.

*Saturday, September 4.*—Much out of health, exceedingly depressed in spirit, and at an awful distance from God. Towards night, spent some time in profitable thoughts on Romans viii. 2. Had a refreshing season in prayer ; God enabled me to wrestle ardently for the advancement of the

Redeemer's kingdom; pleaded earnestly for my own dear brother John, that God would make him more of a pilgrim and stranger on the earth, and fit him for singular usefulness in the world; and my heart exulted in the thoughts of any distresses that might alight on him or me, in the advancement of Christ's kingdom. It was truly a comfortable season, to be indulged with freedom to plead not only for myself but for many others.

*Lord's day, September 5.*—Preached all day; was somewhat strengthened and assisted in the afternoon; more especially in the evening; had a sense of my unspeakable shortcomings in all my duties. I found, alas! that I had never lived to God in my life.

*Monday, September 6.*—Was informed that they only waited for an opportunity to apprehend me for preaching at New Haven lately, that so they might imprison me. This made me more solemn and serious, and to quit all hopes of the world's friendship; it brought me to a further sense of my sinfulness, and just desert of this and much more from the hand of God, though not from the hand of man. Retired into a convenient place in the woods, and spread the matter before God.

*Tuesday, September 7.*—Had some relish of divine things in the morning. Afterwards felt more barren and melancholy. Rode to New Haven, to a friend's house at a distance from the town; there I remain undiscovered, and yet have opportunity

to do business privately with friends who come to Commencement.

*Wednesday, September 8.*—Felt very comfortable when I first rose in the morning. In family prayer, had some enlargement, but not much spirituality, till eternity came up before me, and looked near; I found some satisfaction in the thoughts of bidding a dying farewell to this tiresome world. Though some time ago I reckoned upon seeing my dear friends at Commencement, yet being now denied the opportunity, for fear of imprisonment, I felt totally resigned, and as contented to spend this day alone in the woods as I could have done, if I had been allowed to go to town. Felt exceedingly weaned from the world to-day. In the afternoon, discoursed on divine things with a dear Christian friend, and we were both refreshed. Then I prayed, with a deep sense of the blessedness of communion with God; I think I scarce ever enjoyed more of God in any one prayer. It was a blessed season indeed to my soul. I knew not that I ever saw so much of my own nothingness in my life; never wondered so, that God allowed me to preach His Word; never was so astonished before. This has been a good day to my soul. Blessed be God! Prayed again with my dear friend, and enjoyed the divine presence. I long to be wholly conformed to God, and transformed into His image.

*Thursday, September 9.*—Spent much of the day alone; had the presence of God in some comfort-

able degree ; was visited by some dear friends, and prayed with them. Wrote sundry letters to friends ; felt religion in my soul while writing ; enjoyed some sweet meditations on the Scriptures. In the evening, went very privately into town, from the place of my residence at the farms, and conversed with some dear friends ; felt happy in singing hymns with them ; and made my escape to the farms again, without being discovered by any of my enemies. Thus the Lord preserves me continually.

*Friday, September 10.* — Longed with intense desire after God ; my whole soul seemed impatient to be conformed to Him, and to become *holy as He is holy*. In the afternoon, prayed with a dear friend privately, and had the presence of God with us ; our souls united together to reach after a blessed immortality, to be unclothed of the body of sin and death, and to enter the blessed world where no unclean thing enters. With what intense desire did our souls long for that blessed day, that we might be freed from sin, and for ever live to and in our God ! In the evening, took leave of that house ; but first kneeled down and prayed ; the Lord was of a truth in the midst of us ; it was a tender parting season ; felt in myself much sweetness and affection in the things of God. Blessed be God for every such divine gale of His Spirit, to speed me on in my way to the New Jerusalem ! Afterwards spent the evening in conversation with friends ; prayed with some life, and retired to rest very late.



*Thursday, September 16.*—At night, enjoyed much of God in secret prayer; felt an uncommon resignation to be and do what God pleased. Some days past, I felt great perplexity on account of my past conduct; my bitterness, and want of Christian kindness and love, has been very distressing to my soul. The Lord forgive me my unchristian warmth, and want of a spirit of meekness!

*Saturday, September 18.*—Felt some compassion for souls, and mourned I had no more. I feel much more kindness, meekness, gentleness, and love towards all mankind than ever. I long to be at the feet of my enemies and persecutors. Enjoyed some satisfaction in feeling my soul conformed to Christ Jesus, and given away to Him for ever.

[The next day, he speaks of much dejection and discouragement, from an apprehension of his own unfitness ever to do any good in preaching; but blesses God for all dispensations of providence and grace; finding that by all God weaned him more from the world, and made him more resigned.

The next ten days, he appears to have been for the most part under great degrees of melancholy, exceedingly dejected and discouraged; speaks of his being ready to give up all for lost respecting the cause of Christ, and exceedingly longing to die; yet had some intervals of comfort, with special assistance and enlargement in the duties of religion, and in performing public services, and considerable success in them.]

*Thursday, September 30.*—Still very low in spirits, and did not know how to engage in any work or business, especially to correct some disorders among Christians; felt as though I had no power to be faithful. However, towards noon, preached from Deuteronomy viii. 2, and was enabled with freedom to reprove some things in Christian conduct, that I thought very unsuitable and irregular; insisted nearly two hours on this subject.

[During this and the two following weeks, he passed through a variety of exercises: he was frequently dejected, and felt inward distresses, and sometimes sank into the depths of melancholy. But he speaks of many seasons of spiritual refreshment, wherein his heart was encouraged and strengthened in God, and happily resigned to His will; also of some seasons of very high degrees of spiritual consolation, and of his great longings after holiness and conformity to God; of his great fear of offending God, of his heart's being sweetly melted in religious duties, of his longing for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and of his having at some times much assistance in preaching, and of remarkable effects on the auditory.]

*Lord's day, October 17.*—Had a considerable sense of my helplessness and inability; saw that I must be dependent on God for all I want, and especially when I went to public worship. I found I could not speak a word for God without His special help and assistance; I went into the assembly trembling,

as I frequently do, under a sense of my insufficiency to do anything in the cause of God as I ought to do. But it pleased God to afford me much assistance, and there seemed to be a considerable effect on the hearers. In the evening, I felt a disposition to praise God for His goodness to me, especially that He had enabled me in some measure to be faithful. My soul rejoiced to think that I had thus performed the work of one day more, and was one day nearer my eternal and (I trust) my heavenly home. O that I might be *faithful to the death, fulfilling as a hireling my day*, till the shades of the evening of life shall free my soul from the toils of the day! This evening in secret prayer, I felt exceeding solemn, and such longing desires after deliverance from sin, and after conformity to God, as melted my heart. I longed to be *delivered from this body of death*. I felt inward pleasing pain that I could not be conformed to God entirely, fully and for ever. I scarcely ever preach without being first visited with inward conflicts and sore trials. Blessed be the Lord for these trials and distresses, as they are sent for my humbling.

*Monday, October 18.*—In the morning, felt some sweetness, but still pressed by inward trials. My life is a constant mixture of consolations and conflicts, and will be so till I arrive at the world of spirits.

*Tuesday, October 19.*—This morning, and last night, felt a longing after holiness; my soul seemed

so to reach towards the mark of perfect sanctity, that it was ready to break with longings.

*Wednesday, October 20.*—Exceedingly infirm in body, exercised with much pain, and very lifeless in divine things. Felt a little revived in the evening.

*Thursday, October 21.*—Had a very deep sense of the vanity of the world, most of the day; felt little more regard to it than if I had been to go into eternity the next hour. Through divine goodness, I felt very serious and solemn. O I love to live on the brink of eternity, in my views and meditations! This gives me a sweet and awful sense and apprehension of God and divine things, when I see myself as it were *standing before the judgment-seat of Christ.*

*Friday, October 22.*—Uncommonly weaned from the world to-day; my soul delighted to be a stranger and pilgrim on the earth; I felt a disposition in me never to have anything to do with this world. The character given of some of the ancient people of God was very pleasing to me: *They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth,* by their daily practice; and O that I could always do so! Spent considerable time in a pleasant grove, in prayer and meditation. It is sweet to be thus weaned from friends, and from myself, and dead to the present world, that so I may live wholly to and upon the blessed God. Saw myself little, low, and sinful. In the afternoon,

preached at Bethlehem, from Deuteronomy viii. 2, and felt comfortable both in prayer and preaching. God helped me to speak to the hearts of dear Christians. Blessed be the Lord for this season ! I trust they and I shall rejoice on this account to all eternity. Dear Mr. Bellamy came in while I was offering the first prayer (being returned home from a journey); and after meeting we walked away together, and spent the evening in sweetly conversing on divine things and praying together. We felt much tender love to each other, and retired to rest with our hearts in a serious frame.

*Saturday, October 23.*—Something perplexed and confused. Rode this day from Bethlehem to Simsbury.

*Lord's day, October 24.*—Felt so vile and unworthy, that I scarcely knew how to converse with human creatures.

*Monday, October 25.*—At Turkey Hills. In the evening, enjoyed the divine presence in secret prayer. My soul *longed for God, for the living God*; enjoyed a sweet solemnity of spirit, and longing desire after the recovery of the divine image in my soul. *Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake in God's likeness*, and never before.

*Tuesday, October 26.*—At West Suffield. Underwent the most dreadful distresses, under a sense of my own unworthiness; it seemed to me I deserved rather to be driven out of the place than to have anybody treat me with any kindness, or come to hear

me preach. And verily my spirits were so depressed at this time, as well as at many others, that it was impossible I should treat immortal souls with faithfulness. I could not deal closely and faithfully with them, I felt so infinitely vile in myself. O, what dust and ashes I am, to think of preaching the Gospel to others! Indeed I never can be faithful for one moment, but shall certainly *daub with untempered mortar*, if God do not grant me special help. In the evening, I went to the meeting-house, and it seemed to me nearly as easy for one to rise out of the grave and preach as for me. However, God afforded me some life and power, both in prayer and sermon; God was pleased to lift me up, and show me that He could enable me to preach. O the wonderful goodness of God to so great a sinner! Returned to my quarters; enjoyed some fervency in prayer, and mourned that I could not live more to God.

*Wednesday, October 27.*—Spent the forenoon in prayer and meditation; was not a little concerned about preaching in the afternoon; felt exceedingly *without strength*, and very helpless indeed. Went into the meeting-house, ashamed to see any come to hear such an unspeakably worthless creature. However, God enabled me to speak with clearness, power, and pungency. But there was some noise and tumult in the assembly, that I did not well like. I endeavoured to bear public testimony against it with moderation and mildness through

the current of my discourse. In the evening, was enabled to be in some measure thankful and devoted to God.

[The things expressed within the space of the few following days are such as these: some seasons of dejection, mourning for being so destitute of the exercises of grace, longing to be delivered from sin, pressing more after God; seasons of sweet consolation, precious and intimate converse with God in secret prayer, sweetness of Christian conversation. Within this time he rode from Suffield to Eastbury, Hebron, and Lebanon.]

*Thursday, November 4.*—At Lebanon. Saw much of my nothingness most of this day; but felt concerned that I had no more sense of my insufficiency and unworthiness. O it is sweet lying in the dust! But it is distressing to feel in my soul the depth of corruption which still remains in me. In the afternoon, had a sense of the sweetness of a strict, close, and constant devotedness to God, and my soul was comforted with divine consolations. I felt a pleasing yet painful concern, lest I should spend some moments *without God*: O may I always *live to Him*! In the evening, was visited by some friends; spent the time in prayer and such conversation as tended to our edification. It was a comfortable season to my soul; I felt an intense desire to spend every moment for God. God is unspeakably gracious to me continually; in times past, He has given me inexpressible delight in the performance

of duty; but too frequently my soul has been ready to say, *Lord, it is good to be here*; and so to indulge sloth, while I have lived on my frames and feelings. But, of late, God has been pleased to keep my soul hungry almost continually; so that I have been filled with a kind of pleasing pain. When I really enjoy God, I feel my desires of Him the more insatiable, and my thirstings after holiness the more unquenchable; and the Lord will not allow me to feel as though I were fully supplied and satisfied, but keeps me still reaching forward; and I feel barren and empty, as though I could not live without more of God in me; I feel ashamed and guilty before God. O I see, *the law is spiritual, but I am carnal*. I do not, I cannot live to God. O for holiness! O for more of God in my soul! O this pleasing pain! It makes my soul press after God; the language of it is, *Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake in Thy likeness*; but never, never before. And consequently I am engaged to *press towards the mark*, day by day. O that I may feel this continual hunger, and not be retarded, but rather animated by every cluster from Canaan, to reach forward in the narrow way, for the full enjoyment and possession of the heavenly inheritance. May I never loiter in my heavenly journey!

*Lord's day, November 7.* — At Millington. It seemed as if one so unholy could never arrive at that blessedness, to be *holy as God is holy*. At



noon, I longed for sanctification and conformity to God; O that is THE ALL, THE ALL! The Lord help me to press forward.

*Monday, November 8.*—Towards night, enjoyed much in secret prayer, so that my soul longed for an arrival in the heavenly country, the blessed paradise of God. Through divine goodness, I have scarcely seen the day for these two months, but death has appeared so pleasant to me at one time or other of the day, that I could have rejoiced the present should be my last, notwithstanding my pressing inward trials and conflicts; and I trust the Lord will finally make me more than a conqueror, so that I shall be able to use that triumphant language, *O death, where is thy sting!* And, *O grave, where is thy victory!*

[Within the next ten days, the following things are expressed: longing and striving to be holy, and to live to God; a desire that every single thought might be for Him; feeling guilty that his thoughts were no more swallowed up in God; great solemnity and calmness of mind, submission and resignation; great weanedness from the world, abasement in the dust, grief at some vain conversation that was observed; sweetness from time to time in secret prayer, and in conversing and praying with Christian friends. And every day he appears to have been much engaged in the great business of religion and living to God, without interruption.]

*Friday, November 19.*—At New Haven. Re-

ceived a letter from the Rev. Mr. Pemberton of New York, desiring me speedily to go down thither, and consult about the Indian affairs in those parts, and to meet certain gentlemen there that were entrusted with those affairs. My mind was instantly seized with concern; so I retired with two or three Christian friends, and prayed. It was a sweet time. I was enabled to leave myself and all my concerns with God; and, taking leave of friends, I rode to Ripton, and was comforted in an opportunity to see and converse with dear Mr. Mills.

[In the four following days, he was sometimes oppressed with the weight of that great affair, about which Mr. Pemberton had written to him; but was enabled from time to time to *cast his burden on the Lord*, and commit himself and all his concerns to Him.]

*Wednesday, November 24.*—Came to New York; felt still much concerned about the importance of my business; put up many earnest requests to God for help and direction; was confused with the noise and tumult of the city; enjoyed but little time alone with God, but my soul longed after Him.

*Thursday, November 25.*—Spent much time in prayer and supplication; was examined by some gentlemen relative to my Christian experience, my acquaintance with divinity, and some other studies; in order to my improvement in that important

affair of evangelising the heathen.<sup>1</sup> I was made sensible of my great ignorance and unfitness for public service. I had the most abasing thoughts of myself, and appeared to myself the most wretched creature that ever lived. It hurt me and pained my very heart, that anybody should show me any respect. Alas! I thought, how sadly they are deceived in me; how miserably would they be disappointed, if they knew my inside! O my heart! And in this depressed condition I was forced to go and preach to a considerable assembly, before some grave and learned ministers; and felt such a pressure from a sense of my vileness, ignorance, and unfitness to appear in public, that I was almost overcome with it. My soul was grieved for the congregation, that they should sit to hear such a one as I preach; I thought myself infinitely indebted to the people, and longed that God would reward them with the blessings of His grace. I spent much of the evening alone.

<sup>1</sup> [The gentlemen who examined Mr. Brainerd were the Correspondents in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, of the Honourable Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge.]

## PART IV.

FROM THE TIME OF HIS EXAMINATION TO HIS FIRST  
ENTRANCE ON THE BUSINESS OF HIS MISSION.

*Friday, November 26.*—Had still a sense of my great unworthiness, and endeavoured as much as I could to keep alone. O, what a nothing, what dust and ashes am I! Enjoyed some peace and comfort in spreading my complaints before the God of all grace.

*Saturday, November 27.*—Committed my soul to God with some degree of comfort; left New York about nine in the morning; came away with a distressing sense still of my unspeakable depravity. Surely I may well love all my brethren; for none of them all is so vile as I; whatever they do outwardly, yet it seems to me none is conscious of so much guilt before God. O my leanness, my barrenness, my carnality, and past bitterness, and want of a Gospel-temper! These things oppress my soul. Rode from New York, thirty miles, to White Plains, and most of the way continued lifting up my heart to God for mercy and purifying grace; and spent the evening much dejected in spirit.

*Wednesday, December 1.*—My soul breathed after God, in spiritual and longing desires of conformity to Him; was brought to rest itself and all on His rich grace, and felt strength and encouragement to

do or suffer anything that divine providence should allot me. Rode about twenty miles from Stratfield to Newton.

[Within the space of the next nine days, he went a journey from Newton to Haddam, his native town; and, after staying there some days, returned again into the western parts of Connecticut, and came to Southbury. In his account of the frames and exercises of his mind, during this space of time, are such things as these: frequent turns of dejection, a sense of an unfathomable abyss of desperate wickedness in his heart, attended with a conviction that he had never seen but little of it; a sense of the suitableness of his lying in the dust beneath God's feet; fervency and ardour in prayer; longing to live to God; a being afflicted with some impertinent trifling conversation that he heard; but enjoying much in Christian conversation.]

*Saturday, December 11.*—Conversed with a dear friend, to whom I had thought of giving a liberal education, and being at the whole charge of it, that he might be fitted for the Gospel-ministry.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>[Mr. Brainerd having now undertaken the business of a Missionary to the Indians, and expecting in a little time to leave his native country, to go among the savages, into the wilderness, far distant, and having some estate left him by his father, and thinking he should have no occasion for it among them (though afterwards, as he told me, he found himself mistaken), he set himself to think which way he might spend it most to the glory of God; and no way pre-

I acquainted him with my thoughts in that matter, and so left him to consider of it, till I should see him again. Then I rode to Bethlehem, and so came to Mr. Bellamy's lodgings; spent the evening with him in sweet conversation and prayer: we recommended the important concern before mentioned (of sending my friend to College) unto the God of all grace. Blessed be the Lord for this evening's opportunity together!

*Lord's day, December 12.*—In the morning, I felt as if I had little or no power either to pray or preach, and had a distressing need of divine help. I went to meeting trembling; but it pleased God to assist me in prayer and sermon. I think my soul scarcely ever penetrated so far into the immaterial world, in any one prayer that ever I made, nor were my devotions ever so much refined and free from gross conceptions and imaginations, framed from beholding material objects. I preached with some pleasure, from Matthew vi. 33, *But seek ye first the kingdom of God*; and in the afternoon from Romans xv. 30, *And now I beseech you, brethren*, etc. There was much affection in the assembly.

senting to his thoughts wherein he could do more good with it, than by being at the charge of educating some young person for the ministry, he pitched upon this person here spoken of, to this end: who accordingly was soon put to learning; and Mr. Brainerd continued to be at the charge of education from year to year, so long as he lived, which was till this young man was carried through his third year in College.]

This has been a good Sabbath to me ; and blessed be God I have reason to think that my religion is become more refined and spiritual, by means of my late inward conflicts. Amen. May I always be willing that God should use His own methods with me.

*Monday, December 13.*—Joined in prayer with Mr. Bellamy ; felt composed in parting with him. Enjoyed peace throughout the day ; and just at night rode down to Woodbury.

*Tuesday, December 14.*—Some perplexity hung on my mind ; was distressed last night and this morning for the interest of Zion, especially on account of the false appearances of religion, which breed confusion in some places. I cried to God for help, to enable me to bear testimony against those things, which, instead of promoting, do but hinder the progress of vital piety. In the afternoon, rode down to Southbury, and conversed again with my friend on the importance of his following the work of the ministry ; and he appeared much inclined to devote himself to it, if God should succeed his attempts to qualify himself for so great a work. In the evening, I preached from 1 Thessalonians iv. 8 ; and endeavoured, though with tenderness, to undermine false religion. The Lord gave me some assistance ; but I seemed to myself so vile, that I was ashamed to be seen when I came out of the meeting-house.

*Wednesday, December 15.*—Enjoyed something

of God to-day, both in secret and social prayer; but was sensible of much barrenness and defect in duty, as well as my inability to help myself for the time to come, or to perform the work and business I have to do. Afterwards felt much of the sweetness of religion and the tenderness of the Gospel-temper; was far from bitterness, and found a dear love to all mankind; and was afraid of scarcely anything so much as lest some motion of anger or resentment should, some time or other, creep into my heart. Had some comforting soul-refreshing discourse with some dear friends, just as we took our leave of each other, and supposed it might be likely we should not meet again till we came to the eternal world. Yet I doubt not, through grace, but that some of us shall have a happy meeting there, and bless God for this season, as well as many others. Amen.

*Thursday, December 16.*—Rode down to Derby; had some pleasant meditation on the road. My thoughts were very clear, especially on the essence of our salvation by Christ, from those words: *Thou shalt call His name Jesus.*

*Friday, December 17.*—Spent much time in conversation on spiritual things with dear Mr. Humphreys. Rode to Rippon; spent some time in prayer with Christian friends.

*Saturday, December 18.*—Spent much time in prayer in the woods; seemed raised above the things of the world. My soul was strong in



the Lord of Hosts, but was sensible of great barrenness.

*Lord's day, December 19.*—At the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, seemed strong in the Lord; and the world, with all its frowns and flatteries, in a great measure disappeared, so that my soul had nothing to do with them; and I felt a disposition to be wholly and for ever the Lord's. In the evening, enjoyed something of the divine presence; had a humbling sense of my barrenness and sinfulness. O it wounded me, to think of the misimprovement of time! *God be merciful to me a sinner.*

*Monday, December 20.*—Spent this day in prayer, reading and writing. Enjoyed some assistance, especially in correcting some thoughts on a certain subject; but had a mournful sense of my barrenness.

*Tuesday, December 21.*—Had a sense of my insufficiency for any public work and business, as well as to live to God. I rode over to Derby, and preached there. It pleased God to afford me assistance and enlargement, and to enable me to speak with a soft and tender power and energy. We had afterwards a comfortable evening in singing and prayer. God enabled me to pray with as much spirituality and sweetness as I have done for some time; my mind seemed to be unclothed of sense and imagination, and was in a measure let into the immaterial world of spirits. This day and evening was, I trust, through infinite

goodness, made very profitable to a number of us, to advance our souls in holiness and conformity to God. The glory be to Him for ever. Amen.

*Wednesday, December 22.*—Enjoyed some assistance in preaching at Ripton; but my soul mourned within me for my barrenness.

*Thursday, December 23.*—Enjoyed, I trust, something of God this morning in secret. O how divinely sweet is it to come into the secret of His presence, and abide in His pavilion! Took an affectionate leave of friends, not expecting to see them again for a very considerable time, if ever in this world. Rode with Mr. Humphreys to his house at Derby; spent the time in conversation; my soul was refreshed and melted with divine things. O that I was always consecrated to God! Near night, I rode to New Haven, and there enjoyed prayer and conversation with some Christian friends. My mind was serious and composed; but, alas, I too much lost the sense of divine things.

*Lord's day, December 26.*—Felt much tenderness in prayer; my whole soul seemed to love my worst enemies, and was enabled to pray for those that are strangers and enemies to God with a great degree of softness and pathetic fervour. In the evening, rode from New Haven to Brandford, after I had kneeled down and prayed with a number of Christian friends in a very retired place in the woods, and so parted.

*Monday, December 27.*—Enjoyed a precious season indeed; had a melting sense of divine things, of the pure spirituality of the religion of Christ Jesus. In the evening, I preached from Matthew vi. 33, with much freedom, power, and pungency: the presence of God attended our meeting. O the tenderness I felt in my soul! If ever I felt the temper of Christ, I had some sense of it now. Blessed be my God, I have seldom enjoyed a more comfortable and profitable day than this: O that I could spend all my time for God!

*Tuesday, December 28.*—Rode from Brandford to Haddam. In the morning, indulged with clear and interesting views of divine things; but afterwards my spiritual life sensibly declined.

[The next twelve days, he was for the most part extremely dejected, discouraged, and distressed, and was evidently very much under the power of melancholy; and there are from day to day most bitter complaints of exceeding vileness, ignorance, corruption, an amazing load of guilt, unworthiness to move on God's earth, everlasting uselessness, fitness for nothing; and sometimes expressions even of horror at the thoughts of ever preaching again. Still, in this time of great dejection, he speaks of several intervals of divine support and comfort.]

*Friday, January 14, 1742-3.*—My spiritual conflicts to-day were unspeakably dreadful, heavier

than the mountains and overflowing floods. I seemed enclosed, as it were, in hell itself. I was deprived of all sense of God, even of the being of a God; and that was my misery. I had no awful apprehensions of God as angry. This was distress, the nearest akin to the misery of the lost that I ever endured; their torment, I am sure, will consist much in a privation of God, and consequently of all good. This taught me the absolute dependence of a creature upon God the Creator, for the least degree of happiness it enjoys. O I feel that if there is no God, though I might live for ever here, and enjoy not only this but all other worlds, I should be ten thousand times more miserable than the meanest reptile. My soul was in such anguish I could not eat, but felt as I supposed a poor wretch would that is just going to the place of execution. I was almost swallowed up with anguish, when I saw people gathering together to hear me preach. However, I went in that distress to the house of God, and found not much relief in the first prayer; it seemed as if God would let loose the people upon me to destroy me. The thoughts of death were not so distressing to me as my own vileness. But afterwards, in my discourse from Deuteronomy viii. 2, God was pleased to give me some freedom and enlargement, some power and spirituality; and I spent the evening rather comfortably.

*Wednesday, January 19.*—At Canterbury. In the

afternoon, preached the lecture at the meeting-house, and felt some tenderness. Exhorted the people to love one another, and not to set up their own frames as a standard to try all their brethren by. I was much pressed most of the day with a sense of my own badness, inward impurity, and unspeakable corruption. Spent the evening in loving Christian conversation.

*Thursday, January 20.*—Rode to my brother's house between Norwich and Lebanon, and preached in the evening to a number of people; enjoyed neither freedom nor spirituality, but saw myself exceeding unworthy.

*Friday, January 21.*—Had great inward conflicts, and but little comfort. Went to see Mr. Williams of Lebanon, and spent several hours with him. I was greatly delighted with his serious, deliberate, and impartial way of discourse about religion.

*Lord's day, January 23.*—Scarce ever felt myself so unfit to exist, as now. I saw I was not worthy of a place among the Indians, where I am going, if God permit. Thought I should be ashamed to look them in the face, and much more to have any respect shown me there. Indeed I felt myself banished from the earth, as if all places were too good for me. I thought I should be ashamed to go among the very savages of Africa; I appeared to myself a creature fit for nothing, neither heaven nor earth. None knows, but those that feel it, what the soul endures when shut out from the

sensible presence of God; it is more bitter than death.

*Wednesday, January 26.*—Preached to a pretty large assembly at Mr. Fish's meeting-house; insisted on steadfastness in keeping God's commands; and that through humility we should prefer one another in love, and not make our own frames the rule by which we judge others. I felt sweetly calm, and full of brotherly love; and never more free from party spirit. I hope some good will follow, that Christians will be freed from false joy and party zeal and censuring one another.

*Friday, January 28.*—Rode to New London. Here I found some fallen into extravagances, too much carried away with false zeal and bitterness: O the want of a Gospel-temper is greatly to be lamented! Spent the evening in conversing about some points of conduct in both ministers and private Christians; but we did not agree. God had not *taught them with briars and thorns* to be of a kind disposition towards mankind.

[On Saturday he rode to East Haddam, and spent the three following days there.]

*Wednesday, February 2.*—Preached my farewell sermon last night at the house of an aged man, who had been unable to attend public worship for some time; and this morning spent the time in prayer, almost wherever I went. Having taken leave of friends, I set out on my journey towards

the Indians; though by the way I was to spend some time at East Hampton on Long Island, by the leave of the Commissioners who employed me in the Indian affair; and, being accompanied by a messenger from East Hampton, we travelled to Lyme. On the road I felt an uncommon pressure of mind. I seemed to struggle hard for some pleasure in something here below, and loth to give up all for gone. I saw that I was evidently throwing myself into hardships and distresses in my present undertaking, and thought it would be less difficult to lie down in the grave; still I chose to go rather than stay. Came to Lyme that night.

[He waited the two next days for a passage over the Sound, and spent much of the time in inward conflicts and dejection, but had some comfort. On Saturday he crossed the Sound, landed at Oyster Ponds on Long Island, and travelled from thence to East Hampton.]

*Saturday, February 12.*—Enjoyed a little more comfort, was enabled to meditate with some composure of mind; and especially, in the evening, found my soul more refreshed in prayer than at any time of late. I seemed to *take hold of God's strength*, and was comforted with His consolations. How sweet are the glimpses of divine glory; how strengthening and quickening!

*Lord's day, February 13.*—At noon, laboured under great discouragement; knew not how it was possible for me to preach in the afternoon, was

ready to give up all for gone ; but God was pleased to assist me in some measure. In the evening, my heart was sweetly drawn out after God, and devoted to Him.

*Tuesday, February 15.*—Early in the day I felt some comfort ; afterwards walked into a neighbouring grove, and felt as a stranger on earth ; as dead to the enjoyments of the world as if I had been literally dead. In the evening, had divine sweetness in secret duty ; God was then my portion, and my soul rose above those *deep waters*, into which I have sunk so low of late. My soul then cried for Zion, and had great pleasure in so doing.

*Thursday, February 17.*—In the morning, found myself comfortable, and rested on God in some measure. Preached this day at a little village belonging to East Hampton ; and God was pleased to give me His gracious presence and assistance, so that I spake with freedom and boldness. In the evening, spent some time with a dear Christian friend ; felt sweetly serious, as on the brink of eternity ; my soul enjoyed some lively apprehensions of standing before the glorious God ; prayed with my dear friend, and discoursed with the utmost solemnity. Truly it was a little emblem of heaven itself. I find my soul is more refined and weaned from a dependence on my frames and spiritual feelings.

*Friday, February 18.*—Felt calm and happy most of the day, and found access to the Throne of Grace.



Blessed be the Lord for any intervals of heavenly delight and composure, while I am engaged in the field of battle. O that I might be serious, solemn, and always vigilant, while in an evil world! Had an opportunity alone to-day, and found some freedom in study. O I long to live to God!

*Saturday, February 19.*—Was exceeding infirm to-day, greatly troubled with pain in my head, and dizziness, scarcely able to sit up. However, enjoyed something of God in prayer, and performed some necessary studies. I exceedingly long to die; and yet, through divine goodness, have felt very willing to live, for two or three days past.

*Lord's day, February 20.*—Perplexed on account of my carelessness; thought I could not be suitably concerned about the important work of the day, and so was restless with my easiness. Was exceeding infirm again to-day; but the Lord strengthened me, both in the outward and inward man, so that I preached with some life and spirituality, especially in the afternoon. I was enabled to speak closely against selfish religion that loves Christ for His benefits but not for Himself.

[During the next fortnight, it appears that he enjoyed much spiritual peace and comfort. And this space of time was filled up with great diligence and earnestness in serving God, in study, prayer, meditation, preaching, and private instructing<sup>!</sup> and counselling.]

*Monday, March 7.*—This morning, when I arose, I

found my heart go forth after God in longing desires of conformity to Him, and in secret prayer found myself quickened and drawn out in praises to God for all He had done for me, and for all my inward trials and distresses. My heart ascribed glory, glory, glory to the blessed God; and bid welcome all inward distresses again, if God saw meet to exercise me with them. Time appeared but an inch long and eternity at hand; and I thought I could with patience and cheerfulness bear anything for the cause of God; for I saw that a moment would bring me to a world of peace and blessedness. By the strength of the Lord I rose far above this lower world, and all the vain amusements and frightful disappointments of it. Afterwards was visited by some friends, but lost some sweetness by it. After that, had some delightful meditation on Genesis v. 24, *And Enoch walked with God.*

*Wednesday, March 9.*—Endeavoured to commit myself and all my concerns to God. Rode sixteen miles to Mantauk,<sup>1</sup> and had some inward sweetness on the road; but something of flatness and deadness after I came there and had seen the Indians. I withdrew, and endeavoured to pray, but found myself awfully deserted and left, and had an afflicting sense of my vileness and meanness. However, I went and preached from Isaiah liii. 10.

<sup>1</sup> [Mantauk is the eastern cape or end of Long Island, inhabited chiefly by Indians.]

Had some assistance, and I trust something of the divine presence was among us. In the evening also I prayed and exhorted among them, after having had a season alone, when I was so pressed with the blackness of my nature, that I thought it was not fit for me to speak so much as to Indians.

*Lord's day, March 13.*—At noon I thought it impossible for me to preach, by reason of bodily weakness and inward deadness; and in the first prayer was so weak I could hardly stand; but in sermon God strengthened me, so that I spake near an hour and half with freedom, clearness, and energy, from Genesis v. 24, *And Enoch walked with God.* I was sweetly assisted to insist on a close walk with God, and to leave this as my parting advice to God's people here, that they should walk with God. May the God of all grace succeed my poor labours in this place.

*Monday, March 14.*—In the morning, was very busy in preparing for my journey, and was almost continually engaged in ejaculatory prayer. About ten, took leave of the dear people of East Hampton; my heart grieved and mourned and rejoiced at the same time. Rode near fifty miles to a part of Brook Haven, and lodged there, and had refreshing conversation with a Christian friend.

[In two days more he reached New York, and on Friday went to Mr. Dickinson's at Elizabeth Town.]

*Saturday, March 19.*—Was bitterly distressed

under a sense of my ignorance, darkness, and unworthiness; got alone, and poured out my complaint to God in the bitterness of my soul. In the afternoon, rode to Newark, and had some comfort in conversation with Mr. Burt, and in praying together. Blessed be God for ever and ever, for any enlivening and quickening!

*Lord's day, March 20.*—Preached in the forenoon; God gave me some assistance, and enabled me to speak with real tenderness, love, and impartiality. In the evening preached again; and, of a truth, God was pleased to assist a poor worm. Blessed be God, I was enabled to speak with life, power, and passionate desire for the edification of God's people and with some power to sinners. In the evening, I felt in a measure spiritual and watchful, lest my heart should by any means be drawn away from God. O, when shall I come to that blessed world, where every power of my soul will be incessantly and eternally wound up in heavenly employments and enjoyments, to the highest degree?

[On Monday he went to Woodbridge, where he speaks of his being with a number of ministers;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [These ministers were the Correspondents, who now met at Woodbridge and gave Mr. Brainerd new directions; and instead of sending him to the Indians at the Forks of Delaware, as before intended, they ordered him to go to a number of Indians at Kaunaumeeck, a place in the province of New York, in the woods between Stockbridge and Albany.]

and the day following, of his travelling part of the way towards New York, and lodging at a tavern. On Wednesday, he came to New York. On Thursday, he rode near fifty miles, from New York to North Castle. On Friday, went to Danbury. On Saturday, to New Milford. On the Sabbath, he rode five or six miles to a place near Kent in Connecticut, called Scaticoke, and preached to a number of Indians. On Monday, being detained by the rain, he tarried at Kent. On Tuesday, he rode from Kent to Salisbury. Wednesday, he went to Sheffield. Thursday, March 31, he went to Mr. Sergeant's at Stockbridge. He was dejected and very disconsolate, through the main of his journey from New Jersey to Stockbridge; and especially on the last day his mind was overwhelmed with gloom and melancholy.]

## PART V.

FROM HIS FIRST BEGINNING TO INSTRUCT THE INDIANS  
AT KAUNAUMEEK TO HIS ORDINATION.

*Friday, April 1, 1743.* — I rode to KaunaumEEK, near twenty miles from Stockbridge, where the Indians live; with whom I am concerned, and there lodged on a little heap of straw; was greatly exercised with inward trials and distresses all day; and in the evening, my heart was sunk, and I

seemed to have no God to go to. O that God would help me!

[The next five days, he was depressed. He speaks of God's *waves and billows rolling over his soul*; and of his being ready sometimes to say, *Surely His mercy is clean gone for ever, and He will be favourable no more*; and says, the anguish he endured was nameless and inconceivable. But at the same time speaks thus concerning his distresses: "What God designs by all my distresses I know not; but this I know, I deserve them all and thousands more."]

*Thursday, April 7.*—Appeared to myself exceedingly ignorant, helpless, and unworthy, and altogether unequal to my work. It seemed to me, I should never do any service or have any success among the Indians. My soul was weary of my life; I longed for death beyond measure. When I thought of any godly soul departed, I was ready to envy him his privilege, thinking, "O when will my turn come? must it be years first?" But I know, those ardent desires, at this and other times, rose partly from want of resignation to God under all miseries; and so were but expressions of impatience. Towards night, I had I think the exercise of faith in prayer, and some assistance in writing. O that God would keep me near Him!

*Friday, April 8.*—Was exceedingly pressed under a sense of my pride, selfishness, bitterness, and party spirit, in times past, while I attempted to

promote the cause of God; its vile nature and dreadful consequence appeared in such odious colours to me that my very heart was pained. I saw how poor souls stumbled over it into everlasting destruction, so that I was constrained to make that prayer in the bitterness of my soul, *O Lord, deliver me from blood-guiltiness*. I saw my desert of hell on this account. My soul was full of inward anguish and shame before God, that I had spent so much time in conversation tending only to promote a party spirit. I saw I had not suitably prized mortification, self-denial, resignation under all adversities, meekness, love, candour, and holiness of heart and life; and this day was almost wholly spent in such bitter and soul-afflicting reflections on my past frames and conduct. Of late, I have thought much of having the kingdom of Christ advanced in the world; but now I saw I had enough to do within myself. The Lord be merciful to me a sinner, and wash my soul.

*Saturday, April 9.*—Remained much in the same state as yesterday, excepting that the sense of vileness was not so quick and acute.

*Lord's day, April 10.*—Rose early in the morning and walked out; spent considerable time in the woods, in prayer and meditation. Preached to the Indians, both forenoon and afternoon. They behaved soberly in general; two or three in particular appeared under some religious concern, with whom I discoursed privately; and one told

me, "her heart had cried ever since she heard me preach first."

*Tuesday, April 12.*—Was greatly oppressed with grief and shame, reflecting on my past conduct, my bitterness and party zeal. I was ashamed to think that such a wretch as I had ever preached. Longed to be excused from that work. And, when my soul was not in anguish and keen distress, I was senseless *as a beast before God*, and felt a kind of guilty amusement with the least trifles. This filled me with a kind of stifled horror, so that I could not rest, any more than a condemned malefactor.

*Wednesday, April 13.*—My heart was overwhelmed within me; I verily thought I was the meanest, vilest, most helpless, guilty, ignorant, benighted creature living. And yet I knew at the same time what God had done for my soul, though sometimes I was assaulted with doubts and fears whether it was possible for such a wretch as I to be in a state of grace.

*Thursday, April 14.*—Remained much in the same state as yesterday.

*Friday, April 15.*—In the forenoon, very disconsolate. In the afternoon, preached to my people, and was a little encouraged to hope that God might bestow mercy on their souls. Felt something resigned to God under all dispensations of His providence.

*Saturday, April 16.*—Still in the depths of



distress. In the afternoon, preached to my people, but was more discouraged with them than before; feared that nothing would ever be done for them to any good effect. I retired and poured out my soul to God for mercy; but without any sensible relief. Soon after came an Irishman and a Dutchman with a design, as they said, to hear me preach the next day; but none can tell how I felt, to hear their profane talk. I longed that some dear Christian knew my distress. I got into a kind of hovel, and there groaned out my complaint to God. I felt some gratitude and thankfulness that He had made me to differ from these men, as I knew through grace He had.

*Lord's day, April 17.*—In the morning, was again distressed as soon as I waked, hearing much talk about the world and the things of it. Though I perceived the men were in some measure afraid of me, and I discoursed about sanctifying the Sabbath, if possible, to solemnise their minds; yet, when they were at a little distance, they again talked freely about secular affairs. O, I thought, what a hell it would be to live with such men to eternity! The Lord gave me some assistance in preaching all day, and some resignation, and a small degree of comfort in prayer at night.

*Tuesday, April 19.*—In the morning, enjoyed some sweet repose and rest in God; felt some strength and confidence in God; and my soul was in a measure refreshed and comforted. Spent most

of the day in writing, and had some exercise of grace; my soul seemed lifted above the *deep waters*, wherein it has been so long almost drowned. Felt some spiritual longings and breathings after God; found myself engaged for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in my own soul, more than in others, more than in the heathen world.

*Wednesday, April 20.*—Set apart this day for fasting and prayer, to bow my soul before God for the bestowment of divine grace; especially that all my spiritual afflictions and inward distresses might be sanctified. Endeavoured also to remember the goodness of God to me in the year past, this day being my birthday. Having obtained help of God, I have hitherto lived, and am now arrived at the age of twenty-five years. My soul was pained to think of my barrenness and deadness; that I have lived so little to the glory of the eternal God. I spent the day in the woods alone, and there poured out my complaint to God. O that He would enable me to live to His glory for the future!

*Thursday, April 21.*—Spent the forenoon in reading and prayer, and found myself something engaged; but still much depressed in spirit under a sense of my vileness and unfitness for any public service. In the afternoon, I visited my people, and prayed and conversed with some about their souls. I afterwards found some ardour in secret prayer. O that I might grow up into the likeness of God!

*Friday, April 22.*—Spent the day in study,

reading and prayer; and felt a little relieved of my burden that has been so heavy of late. But still in some measure oppressed; had a sense of barrenness; my leanness testifies against me. My very soul abhors itself for its unlikeness to God, its inactivity and sluggishness. When I have done all, alas, what an unprofitable servant am I! My soul groans to see the hours of the day roll away, because I do not fill them with spirituality and heavenly-mindedness. Yet I long they should speed their pace, to hasten me to my eternal home, where I may fill up all my moments, through eternity, for God and His glory.

*Lord's day, May 1.*—Was at Stockbridge to-day. In the forenoon, had some relief and assistance, though not so much as usual. In the afternoon, felt poorly in body and soul; while preaching, I seemed to be rehearsing idle tales, without the least life, fervour, sense, or comfort; and especially afterwards, at the sacrament, my soul was filled with confusion, and the utmost anguish that ever I endured, under the feeling of my inexpressible vileness and meanness. It was a most bitter and distressing season to me, from the view I had of my own heart and the secret abominations that lurk there. I thought the eyes of all in the house were upon me, and I dared not look any one in the face; for it verily seemed as if they saw the vileness of my heart, and all the sins I had ever been guilty of. And if I had been banished from the

presence of all mankind, never to be seen any more, or so much as thought of, still I should have been distressed with shame; and should have been ashamed to see the most barbarous people on earth, because I was viler, and seemingly more brutishly ignorant than they. *I am made to possess the sins of my youth.*

Tuesday, May 10.—Was in the same state of mind that I have been in for some time, extremely pressed with a sense of guilt, pollution, blindness. *The iniquity of my heels has compassed me about; the sins of my youth have been set in order before me; they have gone over my head as a heavy burden, too heavy for me to bear.* Almost all the actions of my past life seem to be covered over with sin and guilt; and those of them that I performed in the most conscientious manner now fill me with shame and confusion, so that I cannot hold up my face. O the pride, selfishness, hypocrisy, ignorance, bitterness, party zeal, and the want of love, candour, meekness and gentleness, that have attended my attempts to promote religion and virtue; and this when I have reason to hope I had real assistance from above, and some sweet intercourse with heaven. But, alas, what corrupt mixtures attended my best duties!

[The next seven days, his gloom and distress continued, for the most part; but he had some seasons of relief and spiritual comfort. He gives an account of his spending part of this time in

hard labour, to build himself a little cottage to live in amongst the Indians, in which he might be by himself, having, it seems, hitherto lived with a poor Scotsman; and afterwards, before his own house was habitable, he lived in a wigwam among the Indians.]

*Wednesday, May 18.*—My circumstances are such that I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness; have but one single person to converse with, that can speak English.<sup>1</sup> Most of the talk I hear is either Highland-Scottish or Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I might unbosom myself, and lay open my spiritual sorrows; or with whom I might take sweet counsel in conversation about heavenly things, and join in social prayer. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of life; most of my diet consists of boiled corn, hasty-pudding, etc. I lodge on a bundle of straw, and my labour is hard and extremely difficult; and I have little appearance of success to comfort me. The Indians' affairs are very difficult; having no land to live on but what the Dutch people lay claim to, and threaten to drive them off from; they have no regard to the souls of the poor Indians; and, by what I can learn, they hate me, because I come to preach to them. But that which makes all my

<sup>1</sup>[This person was Mr. Brainerd's interpreter; who was an ingenious young Indian belonging to Stockbridge, whose name was John Wauwaumpequunnaunt.]

difficulties grievous to be borne is, that God hides His face from me.

*Thursday, May 19.*—Spent most of this day in close studies; but was sometimes so distressed that I could think of nothing but my spiritual blindness, ignorance, pride, and misery. O, I have reason to make that prayer, *Lord, forgive my sins of youth and former trespasses!*

*Friday, May 20.*—Was much perplexed, some part of the day; but, towards night, had some comfortable meditations on Isaiah xl. 4, and enjoyed some sweetness in prayer. Afterwards my soul rose so far above the deep waters, that I dared to rejoice in God; I saw there was sufficient matter of consolation in the blessed God.

[Monday, May 30, he set out on a journey to New Jersey, to consult the Commissioners that employed him, about the affairs of his mission. In his journey homewards, on Saturday, in his way from Stockbridge to Kaunaumek, he was lost in the woods, and lay all night in the open air; but happily found his way in the morning, and came to his Indians on Lord's day, June 12, and had greater assistance in preaching among them than ever before.

From this time forward he was the subject of various frames of mind; but it seems, in the general, to have been with him much after the same manner as it had been hitherto from his first coming to Kaunaumek, till he got into his own house, a little

hut which he made chiefly with his own hands, and which cost him near seven weeks' hard labour.]

*July 2.*—My soul is, and has for a long time been, in a piteous condition, wading through a series of sorrows of various kinds. I have been so crushed down sometimes with a sense of my meanness and infinite unworthiness, that I have been ashamed that any, even the meanest of my fellow-creatures, should so much as spend a thought about me, and have wished, while travelling among the thick brakes, like one of them to drop into everlasting oblivion. In this case sometimes, I have almost resolved never again to see any of my acquaintance; and really thought I could not do it and hold up my face; and have longed for the remotest region, for a retreat from all my friends, that I might not be seen or heard of any more. Sometimes the consideration of my ignorance has been a means of my great distress and anxiety; and especially my soul has been in anguish with fear, shame, and guilt, that ever I had preached or had any thought that way. Sometimes my soul has been in distress on feeling some particular corruptions rise and swell like a mighty torrent, with present violence; having at the same time ten thousand former sins and follies presented to view, in all their blackness and aggravations. And these attended with such external circumstances as mine at present are; destitute of most of the conveniences of life, and, I may say, of all the pleasures of it; without a friend

to communicate any of my sorrows to, and sometimes without any place of retirement where I may unburden my soul before God, have greatly contributed to my distress. Of late more especially my great difficulty has been a sort of carelessness, a kind of regardless temper of mind, whence I have been disposed to indolence and trifling; and this temper has constantly been attended with guilt and shame; so that sometimes I have been in a kind of horror to find myself so unlike the blessed God, and have thought I grew worse under all my trials; and nothing has cut and wounded my soul more than this. O, if I am one of God's chosen, as I trust through infinite grace I am, I find of a truth that *the righteous are scarcely saved*.

July 25.—Had little or no resolution for a life of holiness; was ready almost to renounce my hopes of living to God. And O how dark it looked, to think of being unholy for ever! This I could not endure. The cry of my soul was, *Iniquities prevail against me*. But was in some measure revived by a comfortable meditation on God's eternity, that He never had a beginning. Whence I was led to admire His greatness and power in such a manner, that I stood still and praised the Lord for His own glories and perfections. Though I was (and if I should for ever be) an unholy creature, my soul was comforted to apprehend an eternal, infinite, powerful, and holy God.

Saturday, July 30.—Just at night, moved into my



own house, and lodged there that night; found it much better spending the time alone in my own house than in the wigwam where I was before.

*Lord's day, July 31.*—Felt more comfortably than some days past. Blessed be the Lord, who has now given me a place of retirement! O that I might find God in it, and that He would dwell with me for ever!

*Monday, August 1.*—Was still busy in further labours on my house. Felt a little of the sweetness of religion, and thought it was worth the while to follow after God through a thousand snares, deserts, and death itself. O that I might always follow after holiness, that I may be fully conformed to God! Had some delight in secret prayer, though I had much sorrow.

*Tuesday, August 2.*—Was still labouring to make myself more comfortable with regard to my house and lodging. Laboured under spiritual anxiety; it seemed to me that I deserved to be turned out of the world; yet found some comfort in committing my cause to God. *It is good for me to be afflicted*, that I may die wholly to this world and all that is in it.

*Wednesday, August 3.*—Spent most of the day in writing. Enjoyed some sense of religion. Through divine goodness I am now uninterruptedly alone, and find my retirement is comfortable. I have enjoyed more sense of divine things, within a few days last past, than for some time before. I longed after holiness, humility, and meekness. O that

God would enable me to *pass the time of my sojourning here in fear*, and always live to Him!

*Thursday, August 4.*—Was enabled to pray much during the whole day; and through divine goodness found some intenseness of soul in the duty, as I used to do, and some ability to persevere in my supplications. Had some apprehensions of divine things that were engaging, and that gave me some courage and resolution. It is good, I find, to *persevere in attempts* to pray, if I cannot *pray with perseverance*, that is, continue long in my addresses to the divine Being. I have generally found that the more I do in secret prayer, the more I have delighted to do, and have enjoyed more of a spirit of prayer; and frequently have found the contrary, when with journeying or otherwise I have been much deprived of retirement. A seasonable steady performance of secret duties in their proper hours, and a careful improvement of all time, filling up every hour with some profitable labour, either of heart, head, or hands, are excellent means of spiritual peace and boldness before God. *Christ, indeed, is our peace, and by Him we have boldness of access to God*; but a *good conscience, void of offence*, is an excellent preparation for an approach into the divine presence. There is a difference between self-confidence and a self-righteous pleasing of ourselves with our own duties, attainments, and spiritual enjoyments, which godly souls sometimes are guilty of,—and that holy confidence arising

from the testimony of a good conscience, which good Hezekiah had, when he says, *Remember, O Lord, I beseech Thee, how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart.* Then, says the holy Psalmist, *shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments.* Filling up our time with and for God, is the way to rise up and lie down in peace.

[The next eight days, he more than once blesses God that had given him a little cottage, where he might live alone, and enjoy a happy retirement.]

*Saturday, August 13.* — Was enabled in secret prayer to raise my soul to God, with desire and delight. It was indeed a blessed season to my soul; I found the comfort of being a Christian. *I counted the sufferings of the present life not worthy to be compared with the glory of divine enjoyments even in this world.* All my past sorrows seemed kindly to disappear, and I remembered no more the sorrow for joy. O how kindly, and with what a filial tenderness, the soul hangs on, and confides in the Rock of Ages at such a season, that He will *never leave nor forsake*, but will cause *all things to work together for good!* I longed that others should know how good the Lord is. My soul was full of tenderness and love, even to the most inveterate of my enemies; I wanted they should share in the same mercy. I loved and longed that God should do just as He pleased with me and everything else. I felt exceeding serious, calm, and peaceful,

and encouraged to press after holiness as long as I live, whatever difficulties and trials may be in my way. May the Lord always help me so to do. Amen, and Amen.

*Lord's day, August 14.*—I had much more freedom in public than in private. God enabled me to speak with some feeling of divine things; but I perceived no considerable effect.

*Monday, August 15.*—Spent most of the day in labour, to procure something to keep my horse on in the winter. Enjoyed not much sweetness in the morning; was very weak in body through the day, and thought this frail tabernacle would soon drop into the dust; had some realising apprehensions of a speedy entrance into another world. In this weak state of body I was not a little distressed for want of suitable food; I had no bread, nor could I get any. I am forced to go or send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat; and sometimes it is mouldy and sour before I eat it, if I get any considerable quantity. Then again I have none for some days together, for want of an opportunity to send for it, and cannot find my horse in the woods to go myself. This was my case now; but through divine goodness I had some Indian meal, of which I made little cakes and fried them. Yet I felt contented with my circumstances, and sweetly resigned to God. In prayer I enjoyed great freedom; and blessed God as much for my present circumstances as if I had been a king; and thought

I found a disposition to be contented in any circumstances. Blessed be the Lord!

[The rest of this week, he was exceeding weak in body, and much exercised with pain; and yet obliged from day to day to labour hard, to procure fodder for his horse; excepting some part of the time he was so very ill, that he was able neither to work nor to study. But he still speaks of longings after perfect conformity to God; complains of enjoying but little of God; yet says that little was better to him than all the world besides. In his diary, for Saturday, he says, he was something melancholy and sorrowful in mind; and adds, "I never feel comfortably but when I find my soul going forth after God; if I cannot be holy, I must necessarily be miserable for ever."]

*Lord's day, August 21.*—Was much straitened in the forenoon exercise; my thoughts seemed to be all scattered to the ends of the earth. At noon I fell down before the Lord, and groaned under my vileness, barrenness, deadness, and felt as if I was guilty of soul-murder in speaking to immortal souls in such a manner as I had then done. In the afternoon, God was pleased to give me some assistance, and I was enabled to set before my hearers the nature and necessity of true repentance. Afterwards had some small degree of thankfulness. Was very ill and full of pain in the evening; and my soul mourned that I had spent so much time to so little profit.

*Monday, August 22.*—Spent most of the day in study, and found my bodily strength in a measure restored. Had some intense and passionate breathings after holiness, and very clear manifestations of my utter inability to procure or work it in myself; it is wholly owing to the power of God. O with what tenderness the love and desire of holiness fills the soul! I wanted to fly out of myself to God, or rather to get a conformity to Him; but, alas, I cannot add to my stature in grace one cubit. However, my soul can never leave striving for it; or at least groaning that it cannot strive for it; and obtain more purity of heart. At night, I spent some time in instructing my poor people: O that God would pity their state!

*Tuesday, August 23.*—Studied in the forenoon, and enjoyed some freedom. In the afternoon, laboured abroad; endeavoured to pray much; but did not find much intenseness of mind. Towards night, was very weary and tired of this world of sorrow; the thoughts of death and immortality appeared very desirable, and even refreshed my soul. Those lines turned in my mind with pleasure—

Come, death, shake hands; I'll kiss thy bands;

'Tis happiness for me to die:

What! dost thou think that I will shrink?

I'll go to immortality.

In evening prayer, God was pleased to draw near my soul, though very sinful and unworthy. I was enabled to wrestle with God, and to persevere in

my requests for grace. I poured out my soul for all the world, friends and enemies. I was concerned, not so much for souls as such, but rather for Christ's kingdom, that it might appear in the world; that God might be known to be God in the whole earth. And, O, my soul abhorred the very thought of a party in religion! Let the truth of God appear, wherever it is; and God have the glory for ever. Amen. This was indeed a comfortable season; thought I had some small taste of and real relish for the enjoyments and employments of the upper world. O that my soul was more attempered to it!

*Wednesday, August 24.*—Spent some time in the morning in study and prayer. Afterwards was engaged in some necessary business abroad. Towards night, found a little time for some particular studies. I thought, if God should say, "Cease making any provision for this life, for you shall in a few days go out of time into eternity," my soul would leap for joy. O that I may both desire to be dissolved, *to be with Christ*, and likewise *wait patiently all the days of my appointed time, till my change come*. But, alas, I am very unfit for the business and blessedness of heaven. O for more holiness!

*Thursday, August 25.*—Part of the day engaged in studies, and part in labour abroad. I find it is impossible to enjoy peace and tranquillity of mind without a careful improvement of time. This

is really an imitation of God and Christ Jesus: *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*, says our Lord. But still, if we would be like God, we must see that we fill up our time for Him. I daily long to dwell in perfect light and love. In the meantime, my soul mourns that I make so little progress in grace and preparation for the world of blessedness; I see and know that I am a very barren tree in God's vineyard, and that He might justly say, *Cut it down*. O that God would make me more lively and vigorous in His grace, for His own glory! Amen.

*Lord's day, August 28.*—Was much perplexed with some irreligious Dutchmen. All their discourse turned upon the things of the world, which occasioned me no little uneasiness: what a misery it would be to spend an eternity with such men! Well might David say, *I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved*. But, adored be God, heaven is a place into which no unclean thing enters. O, I long for the holiness of that world! Lord, prepare me for it.

[The next day, he set out on a journey to New York. Was rather dejected the two first days of his journey; but seems to have enjoyed some degrees of the sensible presence of God.]

*Wednesday, August 31.*—Rode down to Bethlehem; was in a serious and heavenly frame, I hope, when I came there. Eternal things engrossed all my thoughts, and I longed to be in the world of spirits.



How happy is it to have all our thoughts swallowed up in that world; to feel one's self a serious considerate stranger in this world, diligently seeking a road through it, the best, the sure road to the heavenly Jerusalem!

*Thursday, September 1.*—Rode to Danbury. Was more dull and dejected in spirit than yesterday. Indeed I always feel comfortably when death and the things of another world are present to my view; whenever my mind is taken off from the things of this world, and set on God, my soul is then at rest.

[He went forward on his journey, and came to New York on the next Monday. After tarrying there two or three days, he set out from the city towards New Haven, intending to be there at the Commencement; and on Friday came to Horse Neck.]

*Saturday, September 10.*—Rode six miles to Stanwich, and preached to a considerable assembly of people. Had some assistance and freedom, especially towards the close. Endeavoured much afterwards, in private conversation, to establish holiness, humility, meekness, as the essence of true religion; and to moderate some noisy sort of persons, who appeared to be influenced by unseen spiritual pride. Alas, what extremes men incline to run into! Returned to Horse Neck, and felt some seriousness and sweet solemnity in the evening.

*Lord's day, September 11.*—In the afternoon,

preached from Titus iii. 8. I think God never helped me more in pointing out true religion, and in detecting clearly, and tenderly discountenancing, false appearances of religion, party zeal, and spiritual pride; as well as a confident dogmatical spirit, and its spring—ignorance of the heart. In the evening, took much pains in private conversation to suppress some confusions, which I perceived were amongst that people.

*Monday, September 12.*—Rode to Mr. Mill's at Ripton. Had some perplexing hours; but was some part of the day very comfortable. It is through great trials, I see, that we must enter the gates of paradise. If my soul could but be holy, that God might not be dishonoured, methinks I could bear sorrows.

*Tuesday, September 13.*—Rode to New Haven. Was sometimes dejected; not in the best frame. I find, though my inward trials are great, and a life of solitude gives them greater advantage to settle, and penetrate to the inmost recesses of the soul; yet it is better to be alone than encumbered with noise and tumult. I find it very difficult to maintain any sense of divine things, while removing from place to place, diverted with new objects, and filled with care. A settled, steady business is best adapted to a life of strict religion.

*Wednesday, September 14.*—This day I ought to have taken my degree;<sup>1</sup> but God sees fit to deny it

<sup>1</sup> [This being Commencement Day.]

me. And though I was greatly afraid of being overwhelmed with perplexity and confusion, when I should see my class-mates take theirs; yet, in the very season of it, God enabled me with calmness and resignation to say, *The will of the Lord be done.* Indeed, through divine goodness, I have scarcely felt my mind so calm, sedate, and comfortable for some time. I have long feared this season, and expected my humility, meekness, patience, and resignation would be much tried;<sup>1</sup> but found much more pleasure and divine comfort than I expected. Felt spiritually serious, tender and affectionate in private prayer with a dear Christian friend or two to-day.

*Thursday, September 15.*—Had some satisfaction in hearing the ministers; it is always a comfort to me to hear religious and spiritual discourse. O that ministers and people were more spiritual and devoted to God! Towards night, with the advice of Christian friends, I offered the following reflections in writing to the rector and trustees of the College (which are for substance the same that I had freely offered to the rector before, and entreated him to accept); and this I did, that if

<sup>1</sup> [His trial was the greater, in that, had it not been for the displeasure of the governors of the College, he would not only on that day have shared with his class-mates in the public honours which they then received, but would on that occasion have appeared at the head of that class; which, if he had been with them, would have been the most numerous of any that ever had been graduated at that College.]

possible I might cut off all occasion of stumbling and offence from those that seek occasion. What I offered is as follows :—

“ Whereas I have said before several persons, concerning Mr. Whittelsey, one of the tutors of Yale College, that I did not believe he had any more grace than the chair I then leaned upon ; I humbly confess that herein I have sinned against God, and acted contrary to the rules of His Word, and have injured Mr. Whittelsey. I had no right to make thus free with his character, and had no just reason to say as I did concerning him. My fault herein was the more aggravated, in that I said this concerning one that was so much my superior, and one that I was obliged to treat with special respect and honour, because of the relation I stood in to him in the College. Such a manner of behaviour, I confess, did not become a Christian ; it was taking too much upon me, and did not savour of that humble respect that I ought to have expressed towards Mr. Whittelsey. I have long since been convinced of the falseness of those apprehensions by which I then justified such a conduct. I have often reflected on this act with grief—I hope, on account of the sin of it—and am willing to lie low, and be abased before God and man for it. And I humbly ask the forgiveness of the governors of the College, and of the whole Society ; but of Mr. Whittelsey in particular. And whereas I have been accused by one person of saying concerning

the reverend rector of Yale College, that I wondered he did not expect to drop down dead for fining the scholars that followed Mr. Tennent to Milford; I seriously profess that I do not remember my saying anything to this purpose. But if I did, which I am not certain I did not, I utterly condemn it, and detest all such kind of behaviour; and especially in an undergraduate towards the rector. And I now appear to judge and condemn myself for going once to the separate meeting in New Haven, a little before I was expelled, though the rector had refused to give me leave. For this I humbly ask the rector's forgiveness. And whether the governors of the College shall ever see cause to remove the academical censure I lie under or no, or to admit me to the privileges I desire; yet I am willing to appear, if they think fit, openly to own and to humble myself for those things I have herein confessed.

“God has made me willing to do anything that I can do consistent with truth, for the sake of peace, and that I might not be a stumbling-block and offence to others. For this reason I can cheerfully forego and give up what I verily believe, after the most mature and impartial search, is my right, in some instances. God has given me that disposition, that, if this were the case that a man has done me a hundred injuries, and I, though ever so much provoked to it, have done him one, I feel disposed and heartily willing humbly to confess my

fault to him, and on my knees to ask forgiveness of him; though at the same time he should justify himself in all the injuries he has done me, and should only make use of my humble confession to blacken my character the more, and represent me as the only person guilty; yea, though he should as it were insult me, and say, 'he knew all this before, and that I was making work for repentance.' Though what I said concerning Mr. Whittelsey was only spoken in private to a friend or two; and being partly overheard, was related to the rector, and by him extorted from my friends; yet, seeing it was divulged and made public, I was willing to confess my fault publicly. But I trust God will plead my cause."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [I was witness to the very Christian spirit Mr. Brainerd showed at that time, being then at New Haven, and being one that he saw fit to consult on that occasion. (This was the first time that ever I had opportunity of personal acquaintance with him.) What he did was without any objection or appearance of reluctance, even to his friends in private. Earnest application was made on his behalf to the authority of the College, that he might have his degree then given him; but without success. Indeed the governors of the College were so far satisfied with the reflections Mr. Brainerd had made on himself, that they appeared willing to admit him again into Collegè; but not to give him his degree till he should have remained there at least a twelvemonth, which being contrary to what the Correspondents, to whom he was now engaged, had declared to be their mind, he did not consent to it. He desired his degree, as he thought it would tend to his being more extensively useful; but still, when he was denied it, he manifested no disappointment or resentment.]

[The next day he went to Derby; then to Southbury, where he spent the Sabbath.]

*Monday, September 19.*—In the afternoon, rode to Bethlehem, and preached there. Had some measure of assistance, both in prayer and preaching. I felt serious, kind and tender towards all mankind, and longed that holiness might flourish more on earth.

*Tuesday, September 20.*—Had thoughts of going forward on my journey to my Indians; but towards night was taken with pain in my teeth and shivering cold, and could not possibly recover a comfortable degree of warmth the whole night following. I continued very full of pain all night; and in the morning had a very high fever, and pains almost all over me. I had a sense of the divine goodness in appointing this to be the place of my sickness, among my friends that were very kind to me. I should probably have perished, if I had first got home to my own house in the wilderness, where I have none to converse with but the poor rude ignorant Indians. Here I saw was mercy in the midst of affliction. I continued thus, mostly confined to my bed, till Friday night, very full of pain; but through divine goodness not afraid of death. Then the extreme folly of those appeared to me, who put off their turning to God till a sick-bed. Surely this is not a time proper to prepare for eternity. On Friday evening my pains went off rather suddenly; I was exceeding weak, and

almost fainted; but was very comfortable the night following. These words, Psalm cxviii. 17, I frequently revolved in my mind; and thought we were to prize the continuation of life only on this account—that we may *show forth God's goodness and works of grace.*

[From this time he gradually recovered; and on the next Tuesday was so well as to be able to go forward on his journey homewards; but it was not till the Tuesday following that he reached Kaunaumeek.]

*Tuesday, October 4.*—This day rode home to my own house and people. The poor Indians appeared very glad of my return. Found my house and all things in safety. I presently fell on my knees, and blessed God for my safe return, after a long and tedious journey, and a season of sickness in several places where I had been, and after I had been sick myself. God has renewed His kindness to me, in preserving me one journey more. I have taken many considerable journeys since this time last year, and yet God has never suffered one of my bones to be broken, or any distressing calamity to befall me, excepting the illness I had in my last journey; though I have been often exposed to cold and hunger in the wilderness, where the comforts of life were not to be had; have frequently been lost in the woods, and sometimes obliged to ride much of the night; and once lay out in the woods all night. Blessed be God that has preserved me!



[In his diary for the next eleven days, are great complaints of distance from God, spiritual pride, corruption, and exceeding vileness.]

*Lord's day, October 16.*—In the evening, God was pleased to give me a feeling sense of my own unworthiness; but through divine goodness such as tended to draw rather than drive me from God; it filled me with deep solemnity. I retired alone (having at this time a friend with me), and poured out my soul to God with much freedom; and yet in anguish, to find myself so unspeakably sinful and unworthy before a holy God. Was now much resigned under God's dispensations towards me, though my trials had been very great. But thought whether I could be resigned if God should suffer the French Indians to come upon me, and deprive me of my life or carry me away captive (though I knew of no special reason then to propose this trial to myself more than any other); and my soul seemed so far to rest and acquiesce in God, that the sting and terror of these things seemed in a great measure gone. Presently after I came to the Indians, whom I was teaching to sing psalm-tunes that evening, I received the following letter from Stockbridge, by a messenger sent on the Sabbath on purpose, which made it appear of greater importance:—

“SIR,—Just now we received advices from Colonel Stoddard, that there is the utmost danger of a rupture with France. He has received the same

from his Excellency our Governor, ordering him to give notice to all the exposed places, that they may secure themselves the best they can against any sudden invasion. We thought best to send directly to Kaunaameek, that they may take proper measures for your safety that dwell there.—I am, Sir," etc.

Upon reading the contents, I thought it came in a good season; for my heart seemed fixed on God, and therefore I was not much surprised; but this news only made me more serious, and taught me that I must not please myself with any of the comforts of life which I had been preparing for my support. Blessed be God, who gave me any intensesness and fervency this evening!

*Monday, October 17.*—Had some hopes that *God would arise and have mercy on Zion* speedily. My heart is indeed refreshed, when I have any prevailing hopes of Zion's prosperity. O that I may see the glorious day, when Zion shall become the joy of the whole earth! Truly there is nothing that I greatly value in this lower world.

*Thursday, October 20.*—Had but little sense of divine things this day. Alas, that so much of my precious time is spent with so little of God! Those are tedious days, wherein I have no spirituality.

*Friday, October 21.*—Returned home to Kaunaameek; was glad to get alone in my little cottage, and to cry to that God who seeth in secret, and is present in a wilderness.

*Saturday, October 22.*—Had but little sensible communion with God. This world is a dark cloudy mansion. O, when will the Sun of Righteousness shine on my soul without cessation or intermission?

*Lord's day, October 23.*—In the morning, had a little dawn of comfort arising from the hope of seeing glorious days in the Church of God; was enabled to pray for it with some degree of fervency. In the forenoon, treated on the glories of heaven; in the afternoon, on the miseries of hell and the danger of going there. Had some freedom and warmth, both parts of the day; the people were very attentive. In the evening, two or three came to me under serious concern. I was enabled to discourse closely and earnestly with them. O that God would be merciful to their poor souls!

[He seems, through the whole of this week, to have been greatly concerned to fill up every inch of time in the service of God, and to have been most diligently employed in study, prayer, and instructing the Indians; and from time to time expresses longings of soul after God and the advancement of His kingdom.]

*Lord's day, October 30.*—In the morning, enjoyed some fixedness of soul in prayer, which was indeed sweet and desirable; was enabled to leave myself with God, and to acquiesce in Him. At noon, I was refreshed with reading Revelation iii., more especially the 11th and 12th verses. I longed for

that blessed day, when I should *dwell in the temple of God*, and go no more out of His immediate presence.

*Monday, October 31.*—Rode to Kinderhook, about fifteen miles from my place. While riding, I felt some divine sweetness in the thoughts of being *a pillar in the temple of God* in the upper world, and being no more deprived of His blessed presence, and the sense of His favour, which is better than life. My soul was so lifted up to God, that I could pour out my desires to Him, for more grace and further degrees of sanctification, with abundant freedom. I longed to be more prepared for that blessedness, with which I was then in some measure refreshed. Returned home in the evening, but took a bad cold by riding in the night.

*Tuesday, November 1.*—Was very much disordered in body, and sometimes full of pain in my face and teeth; was not able to study much, and had but little spiritual comfort. Alas, when God is withdrawn, all is gone. Had some sweet thoughts, which I could not but write down, on the design, nature, and end of Christianity.

*Wednesday, November 2.*—Was still more indisposed in body; and in much pain most of the day; had not much comfort; was scarcely able to study at all, and still entirely alone in the wilderness. But, blessed be the Lord that I am not exposed in the open air. I have a house, and many of the comforts of life to support me. I have learned, in

a measure, that all good things, relating both to time and eternity, come from God. In the evening, had some degree of quickening in prayer; I think God gave me some sense of His presence.

*Thursday, November 3.*—Spent this day in secret fasting and prayer, from morning till night. Early in the morning, had some assistance in prayer. Afterwards read the story of Elijah the prophet, 1 Kings xvii., xviii., and xix. chapters, and also 2 Kings ii. and iv. chapters. My soul was much moved, observing the faith, zeal, and power of that holy man, how he wrestled with God in prayer. My soul then cried with Elisha, *Where is the Lord God of Elijah?* I longed for more faith. My soul breathed after God, and pleaded with Him, that a *double portion of that spirit*, which was given to Elijah, might *rest on me*. And that which was divinely refreshing and strengthening to my soul, was, I saw that God is the same that He was in the days of Elijah. Was enabled to wrestle with God by prayer, in a more affectionate, fervent, humble, intense, and importunate manner than I have for many months past. Nothing seemed too hard for God to perform; nothing too great for me to expect from Him. I had for many months entirely lost all hopes of being made instrumental of doing any special service for God in the world; it has appeared entirely impossible that one so vile should be thus improved for God. But at this time God was pleased to revive this hope. After-

wards read the third chapter of Exodus and on to the twentieth, and saw more of the glory and majesty of God discovered in those chapters than ever I had seen before; frequently in the meantime falling on my knees, and crying to God for the faith of Moses, and for a manifestation of the divine glory. Especially the third and fourth, and part of the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters, were unspeakably sweet; my soul blessed God that He had shown Himself so gracious to His servants of old. The fifteenth chapter seemed to be the very language which my soul uttered in the season of my first spiritual comfort, when I had just got through the Red Sea by a way that I did not expect. O how my soul then rejoiced in God! And now those things came fresh and lively to my mind; now my soul blessed God afresh that He had opened that unthought-of way to deliver me from the fear of the Egyptians, when I almost despaired of life. Afterwards read the story of Abraham's pilgrimage in the land of Canaan; my soul was melted in observing his faith, how he leaned on God; how he communed with God, and what a stranger he was in the world. After that, read the story of Joseph's sufferings, and God's goodness to him; blessed God for these examples of faith and patience. In prayer I was enabled to wrestle ardently for myself, for Christian friends, and for the Church of God; and felt more desire to see the power of God in the conversion of souls

than I have done for a long season. Blessed be God for this season of fasting and prayer; may His goodness always abide with me and draw my soul to Him!

*Thursday, November 4.*—Rode to Kinderhook; went quite to Hudson's River, about twenty miles from my house; performed some business, and returned home in the evening to my own house. I had rather ride hard, and fatigue myself, to get home, than spend the evening and night amongst those that have no regard for God.

*Monday, November 7.*—This morning the Lord afforded me some special assistance in prayer; my mind was solemn, fixed, affectionate, and ardent in desires after holiness. I was full of tenderness and love, and my affections seemed to be dissolved into kindness and softness. In the evening, enjoyed the same comfortable assistance in prayer as in the morning; my soul longed after God, and cried to Him with a filial freedom, reverence, and boldness. O that I might be entirely consecrated and devoted to God!

*Thursday, November 10.*—Spent this day in fasting and prayer alone. In the morning, was very dull, lifeless, and discouraged. After some time, reading 2 Kings xix., my soul was moved and affected; especially reading verse 14, and onward. I saw there was no other way for the afflicted children of God to take, but to go to God with all their sorrows. Hezekiah, in his great distress,

went and spread his complaint before the Lord. I was then enabled to see the mighty power of God, and to cry to God affectionately and ardently for His divine power and grace to be exercised towards me. Afterwards read the story of David's trials, and observed the course he took under them, how he strengthened his hands in God; whereby my soul was carried out after God, enabled to cry to Him, and rely upon Him, and felt strong in the Lord. Was afterwards refreshed, observing the blessed temper that was wrought in David by his trials; all bitterness and desire of revenge seemed wholly taken away; so that he mourned for the death of his enemies. Was enabled to bless God, that He had given me something of this divine temper, that my soul freely forgives and heartily *loves my enemies*.

[It appears by his diary for the remainder of this week, and for the two following weeks, that great part of the time he was very ill and full of pain; and yet obliged through his circumstances, in this ill state of body, to undergo great fatigues in labour, travelling day and night, and to expose himself in stormy and severe seasons.]

*Lord's day, November 27.*—In the evening, was greatly affected in reading an account of the very joyful death of a pious gentleman; which seemed to invigorate my soul in God's ways. I felt courageously engaged to pursue a life of holiness and self-denial as long as I live, and poured out



my soul to God for His help and assistance. Eternity then seemed near, and my soul rejoiced, and longed to meet it. O I trust that will be a blessed day that finishes my toil here!

*Monday, November 28.*—In the evening, was obliged to spend time in company and conversation that was unprofitable. Nothing lies heavier upon me than the misimprovement of time.

*Tuesday, November 29.*—Began to study the Indian tongue with Mr. Sargeant at Stockbridge. Was perplexed for want of more retirement. I love to live alone in my own little cottage, where I can spend much time in prayer.

*Wednesday, November 30.*—Pursued my study of Indian; but was very weak and disordered in body, and troubled in mind at the barrenness of the day, that I had done so little for God. I had some enlargement in prayer at night. O, a barn, or stable, hedge, or any other place, is truly desirable, if God is there! Sometimes, of late, my hopes of Zion's prosperity are more raised than they were in the summer past. My soul seems to confide in God, that He will yet *show forth His salvation* to His people, and make *Zion the joy of the whole earth*. O how excellent is the loving-kindness of the Lord! My soul sometimes inwardly exults at the lively thoughts of what God has already done for His Church, and what mine eyes have seen of the salvation of God. It is sweet to hear nothing but spiritual discourse from God's children; and

sinners enquiring the way to Zion, saying, *What shall we do?* O that I may see more of this blessed work!

*Thursday, December 1.*—Both morning and evening, I enjoyed some intenseness of soul in prayer, and longed for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom in the world. My soul seems, of late, to wait on God for His blessing on Zion. O that religion might powerfully revive!

*Friday, December 2.*—Enjoyed not so much health of body, or fervour of mind, as yesterday. If the chariot wheels move with ease and speed at any time, for a short space, yet by and by they drive heavily again. *O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away from sin and corruption, and be at rest in God!*

*Saturday, December 3.*—Rode home to my house and people. Suffered much from extreme cold. I trust I shall ere long arrive safe at my journey's end, where my toils shall cease.

*Lord's day, December 4.*—Had but little sense of divine and heavenly things. My soul mourns over my barrenness. O how sad is spiritual deadness!

*Monday, December 5.*—Rode to Stockbridge. Was nearly overcome with the extreme cold. Had some refreshing meditations by the way; but was barren, wandering, and lifeless, much of the day. Thus my days roll away, with but little done for God; and this is my burden.

*Tuesday, December 6.*—Was perplexed to see the

vanity and levity of professed Christians. Spent the evening with a friend, who was able in some measure to sympathise with me in my spiritual conflicts. Was a little refreshed to find one with whom I could converse of inward trials.

*Wednesday, December 7.*—Spent the evening in perplexity, with a kind of guilty indolence. When I have no heart or resolution for God and the duties incumbent on me, I feel guilty of negligence and misimprovement of time. Certainly I ought to be engaged in my work and business to the utmost extent of my strength and ability.

*Thursday, December 8.*—My mind was much distracted with different affections. Seemed to be at an amazing distance from God; and looking round in the world to see if there was not some happiness to be derived from it, God, and some certain objects in the world, seemed each to invite my affections; and my soul seemed to be distracted between them. I have not been so much beset with the world for a long time; and that with relation to some particular objects which I thought myself most dead to. But, even while I was desiring to please myself with anything below, guilt, sorrow, and perplexity attended the first motions of desire. Indeed I cannot see the appearance of pleasure and happiness in the world, as I used to do; and blessed be God for any habitual deadness to the world! I found no peace, or deliverance from this distraction and

perplexity of mind, till I found access to the Throne of Grace; and, as soon as I had any sense of God and things divine, the allurements of the world vanished, and my heart was determined for God. But I mourned over my folly, that I should desire any pleasure but only in God. God forgive my spiritual idolatry!

[The next thirteen days, he appears to have been continually in deep concern about the improvement of precious time; and there are many expressions of grief that he improved time no better. On Tuesday, December 20, he speaks of his being visited at Kaunaumeek by some under spiritual concern.]

*Thursday, December 22.*—Spent this day alone in fasting and prayer, and reading in God's Word the exercises and deliverances of God's children. Had, I trust, some exercise of faith, and realising apprehension of divine power, grace, and holiness; and also of the unchangeableness of God, that He is the same as He was when He delivered His saints of old out of great tribulation. My soul was at sundry times enlarged for God's Church and people: O that Zion might become the *joy of the whole earth!* It is better to wait upon God with patience than to put confidence in anything in this world. *My soul, wait thou on the Lord; from Him cometh thy salvation.*

*Friday, December 23.*—Felt a little more courage and resolution in religion than at some other times.

*Saturday, December 24.*—Had some assistance in prayer, and longing desires after sanctification, especially in the evening; was sensible of my own weakness and spiritual impotency; saw plainly that I should fall into sin, if God of His abundant mercy did not uphold my soul, and withhold me from evil. O that God would uphold me by His free Spirit, and save me from the hour of temptation!

*Lord's day, December 25.*—Prayed much in the morning, with a feeling sense of my own spiritual weakness and insufficiency for any duty. God gave me some assistance in preaching to the Indians, especially in the afternoon, when I was enabled to speak with uncommon plainness, freedom, and earnestness. Blessed be God for any assistance granted to one so unworthy! Afterwards felt some thankfulness, but still sensible of barrenness. Spent some time in the evening with one or two persons under spiritual concern, and exhorting others to their duty.

*Monday, December 26.*—Rode down to Stockbridge. Was very much fatigued with my journey, wherein I underwent great hardships; was much exposed and very wet by falling into a river. Spent the day and evening without much sense of divine and heavenly things; but felt guilty, grieved, and perplexed with wandering careless thoughts.

*Tuesday, December 27.*—Had a small degree of

warmth in secret prayer in the evening ; yet, alas, but little spiritual life, and consequently but little comfort. O the pressure of a *body of death* !

*Wednesday, December 28.*—Rode about six miles to the ordination of Mr. Hopkins. During the solemnity I was somewhat affected with a sense of the greatness and importance of the work of a minister of Christ. Afterwards was grieved to see the vanity of the multitude. In the evening, spent a little time with some Christian friends, with some degree of satisfaction ; but most of the time I had rather have been alone.

*Thursday, December 29.*—Spent the day chiefly in conversing with friends ; yet enjoyed little satisfaction, because I could find but few disposed to converse on divine and heavenly things. Alas, what are things of this world, to afford satisfaction to the soul ? Near night, returned to Stockbridge ; in secret blessed God for retirement, and that I am not always exposed to the company and conversation of the world. O that I could live in the secret of God's presence !

*Friday, December 30.*—Was in a solemn devout frame in the evening. Wondered that earth, with all its charms, should ever allure me in the least degree. O that I could always realise the being and holiness of God !

*Saturday, December 31.*—Rode from Stockbridge home to my house ; the air was clear and calm, but intensely cold. I was in great danger of

perishing by the extremity of the season. Was enabled to meditate much on the road.

*Lord's day, January 1, 1743-4.*—In the morning, had some small degree of assistance in prayer. Saw myself so vile and unworthy, that I could not look my people in the face when I came to preach. O my meanness, folly, ignorance, and inward pollution! In the evening, had a little assistance in prayer, so that the duty was delightful rather than burdensome. Reflected on the goodness of God to me in the past year. Of a truth, God has been kind and gracious to me, though He has caused me to pass through many sorrows; He has provided for me bountifully, so that I have been enabled, in about fifteen months past, to bestow to charitable uses about a hundred pounds New England money, that I can now remember.<sup>1</sup> Blessed be the Lord, who has so far used me as His steward, to distribute a portion of His goods. May I always remember that all I have comes from Him. Blessed be the Lord, who has carried me through all the toils, fatigues, and hardships of the year past, as well as the spiritual sorrows and conflicts that have attended it. O that I could begin this year with God, and spend the whole of it to His glory, either in life or death!

*Monday, January 2.*—Had some affecting sense of my own impotency and spiritual weakness. It

<sup>1</sup> [Which was, I suppose, to the value of about £185, in our bills of the old tenor, as they now pass.]

is nothing but the power of God that keeps me from all manner of wickedness. I see that I am nothing, and can do nothing without help from above: O for divine grace! In the evening, had some ardour of soul in prayer, and longing desires to have God for my Guide and Safeguard at all times.

*Tuesday, January 3.*—Was employed much of the day in writing; and spent some time in other necessary employment. My time passes away so swiftly, that I am astonished when I reflect on it, and see how little I do in it. My state of solitude does not make the hours hang heavy upon my hands. O, what reason of thankfulness have I on account of this retirement! I find that I do not, and it seems I cannot, lead a Christian life when I am abroad, and cannot spend time in devotion, Christian conversation, and serious meditation, as I should do. Those weeks that I am obliged now to be from home, in order to learn the Indian tongue, are mostly spent in perplexity and barrenness, without much relish of divine things; and I feel myself a stranger at the Throne of Grace for want of more frequent and continued retirement. When I return home, and give myself to meditation, prayer, and fasting, a new scene opens to me, and my soul longs for mortification, self-denial, humility, and divorcement from all the things of the world. This evening, my heart was somewhat warm and fervent in prayer and meditation, so that



I was loth to indulge sleep. Continued in those duties till about midnight.

*Wednesday, January 4.*—Was in a resigned and mortified temper of mind much of the day. Time appeared a moment, like a vapour, and all its enjoyments as empty bubbles, and fleeting blasts of wind.

*Thursday, January 5.*—Had a humbling and pressing sense of my unworthiness. The depravity of my own heart filled me with bitterness and anguish; and I was ready to sink under the weight of so heavy a burden. Thus I spent the evening till late; was somewhat intense and ardent in prayer.

*Friday, January 6.*—Feeling and considering my extreme weakness and want of grace, the pollution of my soul, and danger of temptations on every side, I set apart this day for fasting and prayer, neither eating nor drinking from evening to evening, beseeching God to have mercy on me; and my soul intensely longed that the dreadful spots and stains of sin might be washed away. Saw something of the power and all-sufficiency of God. My soul seemed to rest on His power and grace; longed for resignation to His will, and mortification to all things here below. My mind was greatly fixed on divine things; my resolutions for a life of mortification, continual watchfulness, self-denial, seriousness, and devotion to God, were strong and fixed; my desires ardent and intense;

my conscience tender and afraid of every appearance of evil. My soul grieved with the reflection on past levity, and want of resolution for God. I solemnly renewed the dedication of myself to Him, and longed for grace to enable me always to keep covenant with Him. Time appeared very short, eternity near; and a great name, either in or after life, together with all earthly pleasures and profits, but an empty bubble, a deluding dream.

*Saturday, January 7.*—Spent this day in seriousness, with steadfast resolutions for God and a life of mortification. Studied closely till I felt my bodily strength fail. Felt some degree of resignation to God, with an acquiescence in His dispensations; was grieved that I could do so little for God before my bodily strength failed. Spent the time in reading, meditation, and prayer, till the evening was far spent; was grieved to think that I could not *watch unto prayer* the whole night. But, blessed be God, heaven is a place of continual and incessant devotion, though earth is dull.

[The six days following, he continued in the same happy frame of mind. Thursday, this week, he kept as a day of secret fasting and prayer.]

*Saturday, January 14.*—This morning, enjoyed a most solemn season in prayer; my soul seemed enlarged, and assisted to pour out itself to God for grace, and for every blessing needed for myself, my dear Christian friends, and for the Church of

God; and was so enabled to see Him who is invisible, that my soul rested upon Him for the performance of everything I asked agreeable to His will. It was then my happiness to *continue instant in prayer*, and was enabled to continue in it for near an hour. My soul was then *strong in the Lord and in the power of His might*. Longed exceedingly for angelic holiness and purity, and to have my thoughts at all times employed in divine and heavenly things. O how blessed is a heavenly temper; how unspeakably blessed to feel a measure of that rectitude in which we were at first created! Enjoyed divine assistance in prayer sundry times in the day. My soul confided in God for myself and for His Zion; trusted in divine power and grace, that He would do glorious things in His Church on earth, for His own glory.

[On Monday he rode down to Stockbridge, was distressed with the extreme cold; yet his mind was in a devout and solemn frame during his journey. The four next days he was very ill, probably by his suffering from the cold in his journey; yet he says he spent the time in a more solemn manner than he expected. On Saturday he rode eighteen miles to Salisbury, where he kept the Sabbath, and enjoyed considerable degrees of God's gracious presence, assistance in duty, and divine comfort and refreshment.]

*Monday, January 23.*—Never felt more resigned

to God, nor so much dead to the world, in every respect, as now; was dead to all desire of reputation and greatness, either in life or after death; all I longed for was to be holy, humble, crucified to the world.

*Tuesday, January 24.*—Near noon, rode over to Canaan. In the evening, was unexpectedly visited by a considerable number of people, with whom I was enabled to converse profitably of divine things. Took pains to describe the difference between a regular and irregular self-love; the one consisting with supreme love to God, the other not; the former uniting God's glory and the soul's happiness, that they become one common interest; but the latter disjoining and separating God's glory and man's happiness, seeking the latter with a neglect of the former. Illustrated this by that genuine love that is found between the sexes; which is diverse from that which is wrought up by rational arguments only, or the hope of self-interest. Love is a pleasing passion; it affords pleasure to the mind where it is; yet genuine love is not, nor can be placed upon any object, with the design of being pleased with the feeling of it in a man's own breast.

[On Wednesday he rode to Sheffield; the next day to Stockbridge; and on Saturday, home to Kaunaumeeek, though the season was cold and stormy. The journey was followed with illness and pain. His diary for the five next days is full

of bitter complaints; he expresses himself as full of shame and self-loathing for his lifeless temper and sluggishness of spirit, and as being in perplexity and extremity, appearing to himself unspeakably vile and guilty before God, on account of some inward workings of corruption.]

*Thursday, February 2.*—Spent this day in fasting and prayer, seeking the presence and assistance of God, that He would enable me to overcome all my corruptions and spiritual enemies.

*Friday, February 3.*—Enjoyed more freedom and comfort than of late; was intensely engaged in meditation upon the different whispers of the various powers and affections of a pious mind, exercised with a great variety of dispensations. I could not but write, as well as meditate, on so entertaining a subject. I hope the Lord gave me some true sense of divine things this day; but, alas, how great and pressing are the remains of indwelling corruption! I am now more sensible than ever that God alone is *the Author and Finisher of faith*; that the whole and every part of sanctification, and every good word, work, or thought, that is found in me, is the effect of His power and grace; that *without Him I can do nothing*, in the strictest sense, and that *He works in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure*, and from no other motive. O how amazing it is that people can talk so much about men's power and goodness; when, if God did not hold us back every moment,

we should be devils incarnate. This my bitter experience, for several days last past, has abundantly taught me concerning myself.

*Saturday, February 4.*—Enjoyed some degree of freedom and spiritual refreshment; was enabled to pray with some fervency for Zion's prosperity, and my faith and hope seemed to take hold of God for the performance of what I was enabled to ask. Sanctification in myself, and the ingathering of God's elect, was all my desire; and the hope of its accomplishment, all my joy.

*Lord's day, February 5.*—Was enabled in some measure to rest and confide in God; to prize His presence, and even some glimpses of the light of His countenance, above my necessary food. After the season of weakness, temptation, and desertion I endured last week, I thought myself to be somewhat like Samson, when his locks began to grow again. Was enabled to preach with more life and warmth than I have done for some weeks past.

*Monday, February 6.*—This morning my soul was again strengthened in God, and found some sweet repose in Him in prayer; longing especially for the complete mortification of sensuality and pride, and for resignation to God's dispensations at all times. I did not desire deliverance from any difficulty attending my circumstances, unless God was willing; O how comfortable is this temper! Spent most of the day in reading God's Word, in writing, and prayer. Enjoyed repeated

and frequent comfort and intensesness of soul in prayer through the day. Spent the evening in private conversation with my people; and, afterwards, felt some warmth in secret prayer.

*Tuesday, February 7.*—Was much engaged in meditating on the powers and affections of the godly soul, in pursuing its beloved object. Wrote something of the native language of spiritual sensation, in its soft and tender whispers: declaring that it now feels and *tastes that the Lord is gracious*; that He is the supreme good, the only soul-satisfying happiness; that He is a complete, sufficient, and almighty portion: saying, *Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides Thee.* I feel it is heaven to please Him, and to be just what He would have me to be: O that my soul were holy as He is holy: O that it were pure, even as Christ is pure; and perfect as my Father in heaven is perfect! These, I feel, are the sweetest commands in God's Book, comprising all others. And shall I break them? Must I break them? Am I under such a necessity as long as I live in the world? Woe, woe is me that I am a sinner, because I now grieve and offend this blessed God, who is infinite in goodness and grace! O, if He would punish me for my sins, it would not wound my heart so deep to offend Him; but though I sin continually, yet He continually repeats His kindness to me. Methinks I could bear any suffering; but how can I bear to grieve and dis-

honour this blessed God? How shall I yield ten thousand times more honour to Him? What shall I do to glorify and worship this best of Beings? O that I could consecrate myself, soul and body, to His service for ever; could give up myself to Him, so as never more to attempt to be my own, or to have any will or affections that are not perfectly conformed to Him! But, alas, I find I cannot be thus entirely devoted to God; I cannot live, and not sin. O ye angels, do ye glorify Him incessantly; and, if possible, prostrate yourselves lower before the blessed King of heaven. I long to bear a part with you; and, were it possible, to help you. But, when we have done all we can to eternity, we shall not be able to offer the ten-thousandth part of the homage that the glorious God deserves.

*Wednesday, February 8.*—Was in a comfortable frame of soul most of the day, though sensible of much spiritual barrenness. I find that both mind and body are quickly tired with intenseness and fervour in the things of God. O that I could be as incessant as angels in devotion and spiritual fervour!

*Thursday, February 9.*—Observed this day as a day of fasting and prayer, entreating of God to bestow upon me His blessing and grace; especially to enable me to live a life of mortification to the world, as well as of resignation and patience. Enjoyed some realising sense of divine power and goodness in prayer, several times; and was enabled



to roll the burden of myself and friends, and of Zion, upon the goodness and grace of God ; but, in general, I was more dry and barren than I have usually been of late upon such occasions.

*Friday, February 10.*—Was exceedingly oppressed most of the day, with shame, grief, and fear, under a sense of my past folly, as well as present barrenness and coldness. When God sets before me my past misconduct, especially any instances of misguided zeal, it sinks my soul into shame and confusion, and makes me afraid of a shaking leaf. My fear is such as the prophet Jeremiah complains of, Jeremiah xx. 10. I have not confidence to hold up my face, even before my fellow-worms, only when my soul confides in God, and I find the sweet temper of Christ, the spirit of humility, solemnity, and mortification, alive in my soul. In the evening, I was unexpectedly refreshed in pouring out my complaint to God ; my shame and fear were turned into sweet composure and acquiescence in God.

*Saturday, February 11.*—Felt much as yesterday ; enjoyed but little sensible communion with God.

*Lord's day, February 12.*—My soul seemed to confide in God, and to repose itself on Him. I had outgoings of soul after God in prayer. Enjoyed some divine assistance in the forenoon, in preaching ; but, in the afternoon, was more perplexed. Afterwards found some relief in prayer. I loved,

as a feeble, afflicted, despised creature, to cast myself on a God of infinite grace and goodness, hoping for no happiness but from Him.

*Monday, February 13.*—Was calm and sedate in morning devotions; and my soul seemed to rely on God. Rode to Stockbridge, and enjoyed some comfortable meditations by the way; had a more refreshing taste and relish of heavenly blessedness than I have enjoyed for many months past. I have at times, of late, felt as ardent desires after holiness as ever, though not so much sensible enjoyment. My soul longed to leave earth, and bear a part with angels in their celestial employments. I said, *Lord, it is good to be here*; and it appeared to me better to die than to lose the relish of these heavenly delights.

*Wednesday, February 22.*—In the morning, had as clear a sense of the exceeding pollution of my nature as ever I remember to have had in my life. I then appeared to myself inexpressibly loathsome and defiled; sins of childhood, of early youth, and such follies as I had not thought of for years together, came now fresh to my view, as if committed but yesterday, and appeared in the most odious colours. They appeared more in number than the hairs of my head; yea, they went over me as a heavy burden. In the evening, the hand of faith seemed to be strengthened in God; my soul rested and acquiesced in Him. I was supported under my burdens by reading the 125th Psalm;

found that it was sweet and comfortable to lean on God.

*Thursday, February 23.*—Was frequent in prayer, and enjoyed some assistance. There is a God in heaven that overrules all things for the best, and this is the comfort of my soul. *I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.* In the evening, enjoyed some freedom in prayer, for myself, my friends, and the Church of God.

*Friday, February 24.*—Was exceeding restless and perplexed under a sense of the misimprovement of time ; mourned to see time pass away ; felt in the greatest hurry ; seemed to have everything to do, yet could do nothing, but only grieve and mourn over my ignorance and unprofitableness, the folly of my thoughts and actions, the pride and bitterness of some of my past frames ; all which at this time appeared in lively colours, and filled me with shame. I could not compose my mind to any profitable studies, by reason of this pressure. And the reason, I judge, why I am not allowed to study a great part of my time, is, because I am endeavouring to lay in such a stock of knowledge as shall nourish self-sufficiency. I know it to be my indispensable duty to study, and qualify myself in the best manner I can for public service ; but this is my misery, I naturally study and prepare that I may *consume it upon my lusts* of pride and self-confidence.

*Friday, March 2.*—Was most of the day employed in writing on a divine subject. Was frequent in prayer, and enjoyed some small degree of assistance. But, in the evening, God was pleased to grant me a divine sweetness in prayer; especially in the duty of intercession. I think, I never felt so much kindness and love to those who I have reason to believe are my enemies (though at that time I found such a disposition to think the best of all, that I scarce knew how to think that any such thing as enmity and hatred lodged in any soul; it seemed as if all the world must needs be friends); and never prayed with more freedom and delight, for myself, or dearest friend, than I did now for my enemies.

*Saturday, March 3.*—In the morning, spent an hour in prayer with great intensesness and freedom, and with the most soft and tender affection towards mankind. I longed that those who bear me ill-will might be eternally happy; it seemed refreshing to think of meeting them in heaven, how much soever they had injured me on earth; had no disposition to insist upon any confession from them, in order to reconciliation, nor of the exercise of love and kindness from them. O it is an emblem of heaven itself, to love all the world with a love of forgiveness and benevolence; to feel our souls sedate, mild, and meek; to be void of all evil surmisings and suspicions, and scarce able to think evil of any man upon any occasion; to find our

hearts simple, open, and free, to those that look upon us with a different eye. Prayer was so sweet an exercise to me, that I knew not how to cease, lest I should lose the spirit of prayer. Felt no disposition to eat or drink, for the sake of the pleasure of it, but only to support my nature and fit me for divine service. Could not be content without a very particular mention of a great number of dear friends at the Throne of Grace; as also the particular circumstances of many, so far as they were known.

*Lord's day, March 4.*—In the morning, enjoyed the same intenseness in prayer as yesterday, though not in so great a degree; felt the same spirit of love, universal benevolence, forgiveness, humility, resignation, mortification to the world, and composure of mind, as then. My soul rested in God, and I wanted no other refuge or friend. While I thus trust in God, all things seem to be at peace with me, even the stones of the earth; but, when I cannot apprehend and confide in God, all things appear with a different aspect.

*Saturday, March 10.*—In the morning, felt exceeding dead to the world and all its enjoyments. Thought I was ready and willing to give up life and all its comforts, as soon as called to it; and yet I had then as much comfort of life as almost ever I had. Life itself now appeared but an empty bubble; the riches, honours, and common enjoyments of life appeared extremely tasteless. I longed to be

perpetually and entirely crucified to all things here below by the cross of Christ. My soul was sweetly resigned to God's disposal of me in every respect; and I saw that nothing had happened to me but what was best. I confided in God, that He would *never leave me*, though I should *walk through the valley of the shadow of death*. It was then my meat and drink to be holy, to live to the Lord and die to the Lord. And I thought that I then enjoyed such a heaven as far as exceeded the most sublime conceptions of an unregenerate soul; and even unspeakably beyond what I myself could conceive of at another time. I did not wonder that Peter said, *Lord, it is good to be here*, when thus refreshed with divine glories. My soul was full of love and tenderness in the duty of intercession; especially felt a most sweet affection to some precious godly ministers of my acquaintance. Prayed earnestly for dear Christians, and for those I have reason to fear are my enemies. I could not have spoken a word of bitterness, or entertained a bitter thought against the vilest man living. Had a sense of my own great unworthiness. My soul seemed to breathe forth love and praise to God afresh, when I thought He would let His children love and receive me as one of their brethren and fellow-citizens: and when I thought of their treating me in that manner, I longed to lie at their feet; and could think of no way to express the sincerity and simplicity of my love and esteem of

them as being much better than myself. Towards night I was very sorrowful, and seemed to myself the worst creature living. I could not pray, nor meditate, nor think of holding up my face before the world. Was a little relieved in prayer, in the evening; but longed to get on my knees, and ask forgiveness of everybody that ever had seen anything amiss in my past conduct, especially in my religious zeal. Was afterwards much perplexed, so that I could not sleep quietly.

*Lord's day, March 11.*—My soul was in some measure strengthened in God, in morning devotion; so that I was released from trembling, fear, and distress. Preached from the Parable of the Sower. Enjoyed some assistance, both parts of the day; had some freedom, affection, and fervency in addressing my poor people; longed that God should take hold of their hearts, and make them spiritually alive. Indeed I had so much to say to them, that I knew not how to leave off speaking.<sup>1</sup>

*Monday, March 12.*—In the morning, was in a devout, tender, and loving frame of mind; enabled to cry to God, I hope, with a childlike spirit, with importunity, resignation, and composure of mind. My spirit was full of quietness and love to mankind, and longed that peace should reign on the earth; was grieved at the very thoughts of a fiery and

<sup>1</sup> [This was the last Sabbath that ever he performed public service at Kaunaumeeke, and these the last sermons that ever he preached there.]

intemperate zeal in religion; mourned over past follies in that respect, and my soul confided in God for strength and grace sufficient for my future work and trials. Spent the day chiefly in hard labour, making preparation for my intended journey.

*Tuesday, March 13.*—Felt my soul going forth after God sometimes, but not with such ardency as I wished. In the evening, was enabled to continue *instant in prayer* for some considerable time together; and especially had respect to the journey I had designed to undertake on the morrow, with the leave of divine providence. Enjoyed some freedom and fervency, entreating that the divine presence might attend me in every place where my business might lead me; and had a particular reference to the trials and temptations I might be more eminently exposed to in particular places. Was strengthened and comforted, although I was before very weary. Truly *the joy of the Lord is our strength.*

*Wednesday, March 14.*—Enjoyed some intense-ness of soul in prayer, repeating my petitions for God's presence in every place where I expected to be in my journey. Besought the Lord that I might not be too much pleased and amused with dear friends and acquaintance, in one place and another. Near ten, set out on my journey, and at night came to Stockbridge.

*Thursday, March 15.*—Rode down to Sheffield.



Here I met a messenger from East Hampton on Long Island, who by the unanimous vote of that large town was sent to invite me thither, in order to settle with that people, where I had before been frequently invited. Seemed more at a loss what was my duty than before. When I heard of the great difficulties of that place, I was much concerned and grieved, and felt some desires to comply with their request; but knew not what to do. Endeavoured to commit the case to God.

*Lord's day, March 18.* — At Salisbury. Was exceeding weak and faint, so that I could scarcely walk; but God was pleased to afford me much freedom, clearness, and fervency in preaching. I have not had the like assistance in preaching to sinners for many months past. Here another messenger met me, and informed me of the vote of another congregation, to give me an invitation to come among them upon probation for settlement.<sup>1</sup> Was greatly exercised in mind with a weight and burden of care. O that God would *send forth faithful labourers into His harvest!*

[After this, he went forward on his journey towards New York and New Jersey, but proceeded slowly, under a great degree of bodily indisposition. He speaks of comfort in conversation with Christian friends, from time to time, and of various things in the exercises and frames of his heart, that show much of a divine influence on his mind; yet he

<sup>1</sup> [This congregation was that at Millington, near Haddam.]

complains of the thing that he feared—a decline of his spiritual life, or vivacity in religion, by means of his constant removal from place to place, and want of retirement.]

*Thursday, April 5.*—Was again much exercised with weakness and pain in my head. Attended on the Commissioners' meeting.<sup>1</sup> Resolved to go on still with the Indian affair, if divine providence permitted; although I had before felt some inclination to go to East Hampton, where I was solicited to go.<sup>2</sup>

[After this, he continued two or three days in the Jerseys, very ill, and then returned to New York. Still he complains of the want of retire-

<sup>1</sup> [The Indians at Kaunaumek being but few in number, and Mr. Brainerd having now been labouring among them about a year, and having prevailed upon them to be willing that he should leave Kaunaumek, and remove to Stockbridge, to live constantly under Mr. Sargeant's ministry; he thought he might now do more service for Christ among the Indians elsewhere. He therefore went this journey to New Jersey to lay the matter before the Commissioners, who met at Elizabeth Town, and determined that he should forthwith leave Kaunaumek and go to the Delaware Indians.]

<sup>2</sup> [By the invitations Mr. Brainerd had lately received, it appears that it was not from necessity, or for want of opportunities to settle in the ministry amongst the English, notwithstanding the disgrace he had been laid under at College, that he was determined to forsake all the outward comforts to be enjoyed in the English settlements, to go and spend his life among savages, and endure the difficulties and self-denials of an Indian mission.]

ment, and, while in New York, says, "O it is not the pleasures of the world can comfort me. If God deny His presence, what are the pleasures of the city to me? One hour of sweet retirement where God is, is better than the whole world."]

*Tuesday, April 17.*—Rode to Millington again; felt perplexed when I set out; was feeble in body and weak in faith. I was going to preach a lecture, and feared I should never have assistance enough to get through. But contriving to ride alone, at a distance from the company that was going, I spent the time in lifting up my heart to God; had not gone far, before my soul was abundantly strengthened with those words: *If God be for us, who can be against us?* I went on, confiding in God; and fearing nothing so much as self-confidence. In this frame I went to the house of God, and enjoyed some assistance. Afterwards felt the spirit of love and meekness in conversation with some friends. Then rode home to my brother's; and in the evening, singing hymns with friends, my soul seemed to melt. In prayer afterwards, I enjoyed the exercise of faith, and was enabled to be fervent in spirit; found more of God's presence than I have done any time in my late wearisome journey. Eternity appeared very near; my nature was very weak, and seemed ready to be dissolved; the sun declining, and the shadows of the evening drawing on apace. I longed to fill up the remaining moments all for God. Though my body was so feeble, and

wearied with preaching and much private conversation, yet I wanted to sit up all night to do something for God. To God, the Giver of these refreshments, be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

*Wednesday, April 18.*—Was very weak, and enjoyed but little spiritual comfort. Was exercised with one cavilling against original sin. May the Lord open his eyes to see the fountain of sin in himself.

[After this, he visited several ministers in Connecticut; and then travelled towards Kaunaumeeck, and came to Mr. Sargeant's at Stockbridge, Thursday, April 26.]

*Friday, April 27.*—Spent some time in visiting friends, and discoursing with my people, who were now moved down from their own place to Mr. Sargeant's, and found them very glad to see me returned. Was exercised with a sense of my own unworthiness.

*Lord's day, April 29.*—Preached for Mr. Sargeant, both parts of the day, from Revelation xiv. 4. Enjoyed some freedom, though not much spirituality. In the evening, my heart was in some measure lifted up in thankfulness to God for any assistance.

*Monday, April 30.*—Rode to Kaunaumeeck, but was extremely ill; did not enjoy the comfort I hoped for in my own house.

*Tuesday, May 1.*—Having received new orders to go to a number of Indians on Delaware River in

Pennsylvania, and my people here being mostly removed to Mr. Sargeant's, I this day took all my clothes and books, and disposed of them. I then set out for Delaware River, and made it in my way to return to Mr. Sargeant's in the evening. Rode several hours in the rain through the howling wilderness, though in a state of feebleness and great affliction.

[He continued at Stockbridge the next day; and on Thursday rode a little way to Sheffield, under a great degree of illness. On Friday he rode to Salisbury, and continued there till after the Sabbath. On Monday he rode to Sharon, and still complains of the misimprovement of time.]

*Tuesday, May 8.*—Set out from Sharon in Connecticut; travelled about forty-five miles to a place called the Fishkit, and lodged there. While riding I spent much of my time in prayer, that God would go with me to Delaware. My heart sometimes was ready to sink with the thoughts of my work, and going alone in the wilderness, I knew not where; but still it was comfortable to think that others of God's children had *wandered about in caves and dens of the earth*; and Abraham, when he was called to go forth, *went out, not knowing whither he went*. O that I might follow after God!

[So he travelled across the woods, from Hudson's River to Delaware, about a hundred miles through a desolate and hideous country, where were very

few settlements. In this journey he suffered much fatigue and hardship. Was considerably melancholy and disconsolate, being alone in a strange wilderness.]

*Lord's day, May 13.* — Rose early; felt very poorly after my long journey, and after being wet and fatigued. Was very melancholy; have scarce ever seen such a gloomy morning in my life: there appeared to be no Sabbath; the children were all at play; I a stranger in the wilderness, and knew not where to go; and all circumstances seemed to conspire to render my affairs dark and discouraging. Was disappointed respecting an interpreter, and heard that the Indians were much scattered. I mourned after the presence of God, and seemed like a creature banished from His sight; yet He was pleased to support my sinking soul amidst all my sorrows; so that I never entertained any thought of quitting my business among the poor Indians; but was comforted to think that death would ere long set me free from these distresses. Rode about three or four miles to the Irish people, where I found some that appeared sober and concerned about religion. My heart then began to be a little encouraged; went and preached, first to the Irish, and then to the Indians; and in the evening was a little comforted. My soul seemed to rest on God and take courage. O that He would be my support and comforter in an evil world!

*Monday, May 14.*—Was very busy in some necessary studies. Felt myself loosened from the world: all appeared *vanity and vexation of spirit*. Lonesome and disconsolate, I felt as if I was banished from all mankind, and bereaved of all that is pleasurable in life; but appeared to myself so vile and unworthy that it seemed fitter for me to be here than anywhere else.

*Tuesday, May 15.*—Still much engaged in my studies, and enjoyed more health than for some time past; but was dejected in spirit with a sense of my meanness. It seemed as if I could never do anything at all to any good purpose, by reason of ignorance and folly. O that a sense of these things might work more habitual humility!

*Thursday, May 17.*—Was this day greatly distressed with a sense of my vileness; appeared to myself too bad to walk on God's earth, or to be treated with kindness by any of His creatures. God was pleased to let me see my inward pollution and corruption to such a degree, that I almost despaired of being made holy. *O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* In the afternoon, met with the Indians according to appointment, and preached to them. My soul seemed to confide in God; had some relief and enlargement in prayer, and some assistance in the duty of intercession; vital piety and holiness appeared sweet to me, and I longed for the perfection of it.

*Friday, May 18.*—Felt again something of the power of religion; and my soul seemed to confide in God that He would never leave me. But oftentimes saw myself so mean a creature, that I knew not how to think of preaching. O that I could always live to and upon God!

*Saturday, May 19.*—Part of the time I was greatly oppressed with the weight and burden of my work; it seemed impossible for me ever to go through with what I had undertaken. Towards night, was very calm and comfortable; and I think, my soul trusted in God for help.

*Lord's day, May 20.*—Preached twice to the poor Indians, and enjoyed some freedom while I attempted to remove their prejudices against Christianity. My soul longed for assistance from above all the while; for I saw I had no strength sufficient for the work. Afterwards preached to the Irish people; was much assisted in the first prayer and in preaching. Several persons seemed concerned for their souls, with whom I discoursed afterwards with freedom and power. Blessed be God for any assistance afforded to an unworthy worm! O that I could live to Him!

[Through the rest of the week, he was sometimes ready to sink with a sense of his unworthiness and unfitness for the work of the ministry; and sometimes encouraged and lifted above his fears and sorrows. On Saturday evening especially, he enjoyed composure and assistance in prayer. He



rejoiced “that God remains unchangeably powerful and faithful, a sure and sufficient portion, and the dwelling-place of His children in all generations.”]

*Lord's day, May 27.*—Visited my Indians in the morning, and attended upon a funeral among them; was affected to see their heathenish practices. O that they might be *turned from darkness to light!* Afterwards got a considerable number of them together, and preached to them. I observed them very attentive. After this, preached to the white people from Hebrews ii. 3. Was enabled to speak with some freedom and power; several people seemed much concerned about their souls, especially one who had been educated a Roman Catholic. Blessed be the Lord for any help!

*Monday, May 28.*—Set out from the Indians above the Forks of Delaware, on a journey towards Newark in New Jersey, according to my orders. Rode through the wilderness; was much fatigued with the heat; lodged at a place called Black River; was exceedingly tired and worn out.

[On Tuesday he came to Newark. The ensuing days were spent chiefly in studies preparatory to his ordination; and on some of them he seemed to have much of God's gracious presence and of the influences of His Spirit; but was in a very weak state of body.]

*Lord's day, June 10.*—At Newark. In the

morning, was much concerned how I should perform the work of the day, and trembled at the thoughts of being left to myself. Enjoyed very considerable assistance in all parts of the public service. Had an opportunity again to attend on the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and through divine goodness was refreshed by it. My soul was full of love and tenderness towards the children of God and towards all men; felt a certain sweetness of disposition towards every creature. At night I enjoyed more spirituality, and desire after holiness, than I have felt for some time; was afraid of every thought and every motion, lest thereby my heart should be drawn away from God. *Lord, in Thy presence is fulness of joy.* O the blessedness of living to Thee!

*Monday, June 11.*—This day the Presbytery met together at Newark, in order to my ordination. Was very weak and disordered in body; yet endeavoured to repose my confidence in God. Spent most of the day alone, especially the forenoon. At three in the afternoon preached my probation sermon from Acts xxvi. 17, 18, being a text given me for that purpose. Felt not well, either in body or mind; however, God carried me through comfortably. Afterwards passed an examination before the Presbytery. Was much tired, and my mind burdened with the greatness of that charge I was in the most solemn manner about to take upon me. I was so pressed with the weight of

the work incumbent upon me, that I could not sleep this night, though very weary and in great need of rest.

*Tuesday, June 12.*—Was this morning further examined respecting my experimental acquaintance with Christianity. At ten o'clock my ordination was attended to; the sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Pemberton. At this time I was affected with a sense of the important trust committed to me; yet composed and solemn, without distraction. I hope I then (as many times before) gave up myself to God, to be for Him and not for another. O that I might always be engaged in His service, duly remembering the solemn charge I have received, in the presence of God, angels, and men. Amen. May I be assisted of God for this purpose. Towards night, rode to Elizabeth Town.

## PART VI.

HIS REMOVAL TO CROSSWEEKSUNG, WHERE HE HAD  
HIS MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

*Wednesday, June 13.*—Spent some considerable time in writing an account of the Indian affairs, to go to Scotland. Conversed much with friends; but enjoyed little satisfaction.

*Thursday, June 14.*—Received some particular kindness from friends, and wondered that God

should open the hearts of any towards me; saw myself unworthy of any favour, either from God or man. Was much exercised with pain in my head; yet determined to set out on my journey towards Delaware in the afternoon; but the pain increased so much, that I was obliged to betake myself to bed. The night following, I was greatly distressed with pain and sickness; was sometimes almost bereaved of the exercise of reason by the extremity of pain. Continued much distressed till Saturday, when I was something relieved by an emetic; but was unable to walk abroad till the Monday following, and still remained very feeble. I often admired the goodness of God, that He did not suffer me to proceed on my journey from this place where I was so tenderly used, and to be sick by the way among strangers. God is very gracious to me both in health and sickness, and intermingles much mercy with all my afflictions and toils. Enjoyed some sweetness in things divine, in the midst of my pain and weakness. O that I could praise the Lord!

[On Tuesday, June 19, he set out on his journey home, and in three days reached his place, near the Forks of Delaware.]

*Lord's day, June 24.*—Extremely feeble, scarcely able to walk. Visited my Indians, and took much pains to instruct them; laboured with some that were much disaffected to Christianity. My mind was much burdened with the weight and difficulty

of my work. My whole dependence and hope of success seemed to be on God, who alone, I saw, could make them willing to receive instruction. My heart was much engaged in prayer, sending up silent requests to God, even while I was speaking to them. O that I could always go in the strength of the Lord!

*Monday, June 25.*—Was something better in health than of late, and was able to spend a considerable part of the day in close studies. Had more freedom and fervency in prayer than usual of late; especially longed for the presence of God in my work, and that the poor heathen might be converted. In evening prayer, my faith and hope in God were much raised. To an eye of reason everything respecting the conversion of the heathen is as dark as midnight; yet I cannot but hope in God for the accomplishment of something glorious among them. My soul longed much for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth. Was very fearful lest I should admit some vain thought, and so lose the sense I then had of divine things. O for an abiding heavenly temper!

*Tuesday, June 26.*—In the morning, my desires seemed to rise and ascend up freely to God. Was busy most of the day in translating prayers into the language of the Delaware Indians; met with great difficulty, seeing that my interpreter was altogether unacquainted with the business. But though much discouraged with the difficulty of

the work, yet God supported me; and especially in the evening gave me sweet refreshment. In prayer my soul was enlarged, and my faith drawn into sensible exercise; was enabled to cry to God for my poor Indians; and though the work of their conversion appeared *impossible with man, yet with God* I saw *all things were possible*. My faith was much strengthened by observing the wonderful assistance God afforded His servants Nehemiah and Ezra, in reforming His people and re-establishing His ancient Church. I was much assisted in prayer for dear Christian friends, and for others that I apprehended to be Christless; but was more especially concerned for the poor heathen and those of my own charge. Was enabled to be instant in prayer for them, and hoped that God would bow the heavens and come down for their salvation. It seemed to me there could be no impediment sufficient to obstruct that glorious work, seeing the living God, as I strongly hoped, was engaged for it. I continued in a solemn frame, lifting up my heart to God for assistance and grace, that I might be more mortified to this present world; that my whole soul might be taken up continually in concern for the advancement of Christ's kingdom; longed that God would purify me more, that I might be as a chosen vessel to bear His name among the heathen. Continued in this frame till I dropped asleep.

*Wednesday, June 27.*—Felt something of the

same solemn concern and spirit of prayer that I enjoyed last night, soon after I arose in the morning. In the afternoon, rode several miles to see if I could procure any lands for the poor Indians, that they might live together and be under better advantages for instruction. While I was riding, had a deep sense of the greatness and difficulty of my work; and my soul seemed to rely wholly upon God for success, in the diligent and faithful use of means. Saw, with greatest certainty, that *the arm of the Lord* must be revealed, for the help of these poor heathen, if ever they were delivered from the bondage of the powers of darkness. Spent most of the time, while riding, in lifting up my heart for grace and assistance.

*Thursday, June 28.*—Spent the morning in reading several parts of the Holy Scripture, and in fervent prayer for my Indians, that God would set up His kingdom among them, and bring them into His Church. About nine, I withdrew to my usual place of retirement in the woods; and there again enjoyed some assistance in prayer. My great concern was for the conversion of the heathen, and the Lord helped me to plead with Him for it. Towards noon, rode up to the Indians, in order to preach to them; and while going, my heart went up to God in prayer for them. I could freely tell the Lord, He knew that the cause was not mine which I was engaged in; but it was His own cause, and it would be for His own

glory to convert the poor Indians. Blessed be His name, I felt no desire for their conversion, that I might receive honour from the world as being the instrument of it. Had some freedom in speaking to the Indians.

*Saturday, June 30.*—My soul was much solemnised in reading God's Word, especially the ninth chapter of Daniel. I saw how God had called out His servants to prayer, and made them wrestle with Him, when He designed to bestow any great mercy on His Church. But, alas, I was ashamed of myself, to think of my dulness and inactivity, when there seemed to be so much to do for the upbuilding of Zion. O how does Zion lie waste! I longed that the Church of God might be enlarged; was enabled to pray, I think, in faith. My soul seemed sensibly to confide in God, and was enabled to wrestle with Him. Afterwards walked abroad to a place of sweet retirement, and enjoyed some assistance in prayer again; had a sense of my great need of divine help, and felt my soul sensibly depend on God. Blessed be His name, this has been a comfortable week to me.

*Lord's day, July 1.*—In the morning, was perplexed with wandering vain thoughts; was much grieved, judged and condemned myself before God. And O how miserable did I feel because I could not live to God! At ten, rode away with a heavy heart to preach to my Indians. Upon the road I attempted to lift up my heart to God, but



was infested with an unsettled wandering frame of mind; was exceeding restless and perplexed, and filled with shame and confusion before God. I seemed to myself to be *more brutish than any man*; and thought none deserved to be cast out of God's presence so much as I. If I attempted to lift up my heart to God, as I frequently did by the way, on a sudden, before I was aware, my thoughts were wandering *to the ends of the earth*; and my soul was filled with surprise and anxiety to find it thus. After I came to the Indians, my mind was also confused; and I felt nothing sensibly of that sweet reliance on God that my soul has been comforted with in days past. Spent the forenoon in this state of mind, and preached to the Indians without any heart. In the afternoon, I felt still barren, when I began to preach; and, after about half an hour, I seemed to myself to know nothing and to have nothing to say; but soon I found in myself a spirit of love, and warmth, and power, to address the poor Indians; and God helped me to plead with them, to *turn from all the vanities of the heathen to the living God*. I am persuaded also that the Lord touched their consciences; for I never saw such attention raised in them before. When I came away from them, I spent the whole time while I was riding to my lodgings, three miles distant, in prayer and praise to God. After I had rode more than two miles, it came into my mind to dedicate myself to God again; which I

did with great solemnity and unspeakable satisfaction; especially gave up myself to Him renewedly in the work of the ministry. And this I did by divine grace, I hope, without any exception or reserve; not in the least shrinking back from any difficulties that might attend this great and blessed work. I seemed to be most free, cheerful, and full in this dedication of myself. My whole soul cried, "Lord, to Thee I dedicate myself; O accept of me, and let me be Thine for ever. Lord, I desire nothing else; I desire nothing more. O come, come, Lord, accept a poor worm. *Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.*" After this I was enabled to praise God with my whole soul, that He had enabled me to devote and consecrate all my powers to Him in this solemn manner. I rejoiced in my work as a missionary; rejoiced in the necessity of self-denial, and still continued to give up myself to God, and implore mercy of Him; praying incessantly, every moment with sweet fervency. My nature being very weak of late, and much spent, I was now considerably overcome; my fingers grew very feeble and numb, so that I could scarcely stretch them out straight; and, when I lighted from my horse, could hardly walk, my joints seemed all to be loosed. But I felt abundant strength in the inner man. Preached to the white people; God helped me much, especially in prayer. Several of my poor Indians

were so moved as to come to meeting also; and one appeared much concerned.

*Monday, July 2.*—Had some relish of the divine comforts of yesterday; but could not get that warmth and exercise of faith that I desired. Had sometimes a distressing sense of my past follies, and present ignorance and barrenness; and especially in the afternoon was sunk down under a load of sin and guilt, in that I had lived so little to God, after His abundant goodness to me yesterday. In the evening, though very weak, was enabled to pray with fervency, and to continue instant in prayer, near an hour. My soul mourned over the power of its corruption, and longed exceedingly to be washed and purged as with hyssop. Was enabled to pray for my dear absent friends, Christ's ministers, and His Church; and enjoyed much freedom and fervency, but not so much comfort, by reason of guilt and shame before God. Judged and condemned myself for the follies of the day.

*Tuesday, July 3.*—Still very weak. This morning, was enabled to pray under a feeling sense of my need of help from God, and trust I had some faith in exercise; and, blessed be God, was enabled to plead with Him a considerable time. Truly God is good to me. But my soul mourned and was grieved at my sinfulness and barrenness, and longed to be more engaged for God. Near nine, withdrew again for prayer, and, through divine

goodness, had the blessed spirit of prayer. My soul loved the duty, and longed for God in it. It is sweet to be the Lord's, to be sensibly devoted to Him. What a blessed portion is God; how glorious, how lovely in Himself! Spent most of the day in translating prayers into Indian. In the evening, was enabled again to wrestle with God in prayer with fervency, and afterwards to maintain a self-diffident and watchful frame of spirit; felt jealous and afraid, lest I should admit carelessness and self-confidence.

[Thursday was spent in great bodily weakness, yet in the most painful exercises of religion. In great bitterness of spirit he exclaims, "I thought there was not one creature living so vile as I. O my inward pollution; my guilt and shame before God! I know not what to do. I longed ardently to be cleansed and washed from the stains of inward pollution. O to be made like God, or rather to be made fit for God to own!" ]

*Friday, July 6.*—Awoke this morning in the fear of God; soon called to mind my sadness in the evening past, and spent my first waking minutes in prayer for sanctification, that my soul might be washed from its exceeding pollution and defilement. After I arose, I spent some time in reading God's Word, and cried to God under a sense of my great indigency. I am, of late, most of all concerned for ministerial qualifications, and the conversion of the heathen. Last year, I longed to be prepared

for a world of glory, and speedily to depart out of this world; but of late my concern was for the conversion of the heathen; and for that end I long to live. Blessed be God, I have less desire to live for any of the pleasures of the world than ever I had. I long and love to be a pilgrim, and want grace to imitate the life, labours, and sufferings of St. Paul among the heathen. And when I long for holiness now, it is not so much for myself as formerly; but rather that thereby I may become an *able minister of the New Testament*, especially to the heathen. Spent about two hours this morning in reading and prayer by turns; and was in a watchful tender frame, afraid of everything that might cool my affections and draw away my heart from God. Was somewhat strengthened in my studies, but near night very weak and weary.

*Saturday, July 7.*—Much disordered this morning, my vigour all spent and exhausted; but was affected and refreshed in reading the story of Elijah's translation, and enjoyed some affection and fervency in prayer. I longed for ministerial gifts and graces, that I might do something in the cause of God. Afterwards was refreshed and invigorated, while reading Mr. Joseph Alleine's first case of conscience; and enabled then to pray with some ardour. Was afraid of carelessness and self-confidence, and longed for holiness.

*Lord's day, July 8.*—Was ill last night, unable to rest quietly. Had some degree of assistance in

preaching to the Indians, and afterwards to the white people, especially in the close of my discourse, from Jeremiah iii. 23. The Lord also assisted me in some measure in the first prayer; blessed be His name! Near night, though very weary, was enabled to read God's Word with some relish, and to pray with affection, fervency, and faith; my soul was more sensibly dependent on God than usual. Was watchful and jealous of my own heart, lest I should admit carelessness and vain thoughts, and grieve the blessed Spirit, so that He should withdraw His heavenly influences. Longed to *depart and be with Christ*, more than at any time of late. My soul was exceedingly united to the saints of ancient times, as well as those now living; especially my soul melted for the society of Elijah and Elisha. Was enabled to cry to God with a childlike spirit, and to continue instant in prayer for some time. Was much enlarged in the duty of intercession; remembered great numbers of dear friends, and precious souls, as well as Christ's ministers. Continued in this frame, afraid of every idle thought, till I dropped asleep.

*Monday, July 9.*—Ill, and not able to sit up the whole day; towards night a little better. Then spent some time in reading and prayer; enjoyed some degree of fervency and affection; was enabled to plead with God for His cause and kingdom; and, through divine goodness, it was apparent to me that it was His cause I pleaded for, and not my

own. I was encouraged to make this an argument with God to answer my requests.

*Tuesday, July 10.*—Ill and full of pain, and very dull and spiritless. In the evening, had an affecting sense of my ignorance, and of my need of God at all times to do everything for me; and my soul was humbled before God.

*Wednesday, July 11.*—Still exercised with illness and pain. Had some degree of affection and warmth in prayer and reading God's Word. Longed for Abraham's faith and fellowship with God; and felt some resolution to spend all my time for God; and to exert myself with more fervency in His service; but found my body weak and feeble. In the afternoon, though very ill, was enabled to spend some considerable time in prayer; indeed most of the day in that exercise. My soul was diffident, watchful, and tender, lest I should offend my blessed Friend in thought or behaviour. I am persuaded my soul confided in, and leaned upon, the blessed God. O, what need I have of God at all times, to assist me and lead me! Found a great want of strength and vigour, both in the outer and inner man.

[The exercises and experience of the next nine days are very similar to those of the preceding.]

*Saturday, July 21.*—This morning, was greatly oppressed with guilt and shame, from a sense of inward vileness and pollution. About nine, withdrew to the woods for prayer; but had not

much comfort. I appeared to myself the vilest, meanest creature upon earth, and could scarcely live with myself. So mean and vile I appeared, that I thought I should never be able to hold up my face in heaven, if God of His infinite grace should bring me thither. Towards night my burden respecting my work among the Indians began to increase, and was aggravated by hearing sundry things that looked very discouraging; in particular, that they intended to meet together the next day for an idolatrous feast and dance. Then I began to be in anguish; I thought I must in conscience go and endeavour to break them up, yet knew not how to attempt it. However, I withdrew for prayer, hoping for strength from above. In prayer I was exceedingly enlarged, and my soul was as much drawn out as ever I remember. I was in such anguish, and pleaded with so much earnestness and importunity, that when I rose from my knees I felt extremely weak and overcome. I could scarcely walk straight, my joints were loosed, the sweat ran down my face and body, and nature seemed as if it would dissolve. So far as I could judge, I was wholly free from selfish ends in my fervent supplications for the poor Indians. I knew they were met together to worship devils and not God; this made me cry earnestly that God would now appear, and help me in my attempts to break up this idolatrous meeting. My soul pleaded long, and I thought



God would hear, and would go with me to vindicate His own cause. I seemed to confide in Him for His presence and assistance. Thus I spent the evening, praying incessantly for divine assistance, and that I might not be self-dependent, but still have my whole dependence upon God. What I passed through was remarkable, and indeed inexpressible. All things here below vanished; and there appeared to be nothing of any considerable importance to me, but holiness of heart and life, and the conversion of the heathen to God. All my cares, fears, and desires, which might be said to be of a worldly nature, disappeared; and were, in my esteem, of little more importance than a puff of wind. I exceedingly longed that God would get to Himself a name among the heathen; and I appealed to Him with the greatest freedom that He knew I *preferred Him above my chief joy*. Indeed I had no notion of joy from this world; I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but win souls to Christ. I continued in this frame all the evening and night. While I was asleep, I dreamed of these things; and when I waked (as I frequently did), the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan.

*Lord's day, July 22.*—When I waked, my soul was burdened with what seemed to be before me. I cried to God before I could get out of bed; and

as soon as I was dressed I withdrew into the woods, to pour out my burdened soul to God, especially for assistance in my great work; for I could scarcely think of anything else. I enjoyed the same freedom and fervency as the last evening; and did with unspeakable freedom give up myself afresh to God, for life or death, for all hardships He should call me to among the heathen; and felt as if nothing could discourage me from this blessed work. I had a strong hope that God would *bow the heavens and come down*, and do some marvellous work among the heathen. And when I was riding to the Indians, three miles, my heart was continually going up to God for His presence and assistance; hoping, and almost expecting, that God would make this the day of His power and grace amongst the poor Indians. When I came to them, I found them engaged in their frolic; but through divine goodness I got them to break up and attend to my preaching; still there appeared nothing of the special power of God among them. Preached again in the afternoon, and observed the Indians were more sober than before; but still saw nothing special among them. Satan took occasion from this to tempt and buffet me with suggestions that there is no God; or, if there be, He is not able to convert the Indians before they have more knowledge. I was very weak and weary, and my soul borne down with perplexity; but was dead to all the world, and

determined still to wait upon God for the conversion of the heathen, though Satan tempted me to the contrary.

*Monday, July 23.*—Retained still a deep and pressing sense of what lay with so much weight upon me yesterday, but was more calm and quiet; enjoyed freedom and composure, after the temptations of the last evening. Felt resigned to the divine will, and desired nothing so much as the conversion of the heathen to God; that His kingdom might come in my own heart and the hearts of others. Rode to a settlement of Irish people, about fifteen miles south-westward; spent my time in prayer and meditation by the way. Near night, preached from Matthew v. 3. God was pleased to afford me some freedom and fervency; blessed be His name!

*Tuesday, July 24.*—Rode about seventeen miles westward, over a hideous mountain, to a number of Indians. Got together near thirty of them; preached to them in the evening, and lodged among them. Felt weak and rather disconsolate; yet could have no pleasure in the thought of any other circumstances or business in life. All my desire was the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God; who does not suffer me to please myself with hopes of seeing friends, returning to my dear acquaintance, or enjoying worldly comforts.

[Thursday he returned home, exceedingly

fatigued and spent. He says, "I have felt this week more of the spirit of a *pilgrim on earth* than perhaps ever before; and yet so desirous to see Zion's prosperity, that I was not so willing to leave this scene of sorrow as I used to be." On the Sabbath he was confined by illness, not able to preach. He continued very ill all the week; and says that "he thought he never before endured such a season of distressing weakness; his nature was so spent that he could neither stand, sit, nor lie with any quiet." Concerning the next five days he writes thus: "On Lord's day, August 5, was still poorly. But, though weak, I visited and preached to the poor Indians twice, and was strengthened beyond my expectations. Indeed, the Lord gave me some freedom and fervency in addressing them, though I had not strength enough to stand, but was obliged to sit down the whole time. Since then, I am obliged to let all my thoughts and concerns run at random; for I have neither strength to read, meditate, nor pray; and this naturally perplexes my mind. I seem to myself like a man that has all his estate embarked in one small boat, unhappily going adrift, down a swift torrent. The poor owner stands on the shore, and looks, and laments his loss. But, alas, though my all seems to be adrift, and I stand and see it, I dare not lament; for this sinks my spirits more, and aggravates my bodily disorders. I am forced therefore to divert myself

with trifles, although at the same time I am afraid, and often feel as if I was guilty of the misimprovement of time. My conscience is frequently so exercised with this miserable way of spending time, that I have no peace; though I have no strength of mind or body to improve it to better purpose. O that God would pity my distressed state!"

The next three weeks after this, his illness was not so extreme. He also enjoyed more inward assistance and strength of mind. He continues still to express his desires after holiness and living to God, and his sense of his own unworthiness; and once says that he verily thought there was none of God's children who fell so far short of holiness and perfection in obedience as he. He speaks of the special assistance he had in preaching to the Indians, and of some appearance of religious concern among them.]

*Saturday, September 1.*—Was so far strengthened, after a season of great weakness, that I was able to spend two or three hours in writing on a divine subject. Enjoyed some comfort on things sacred; and, as my bodily strength was in some measure restored, so my soul seemed to be somewhat vigorous and engaged in the things of God.

*Lord's day, September 2.*—Was enabled to speak to my poor Indians with much concern and fervency; and am persuaded God enabled me to exercise faith in Him, while I was speaking to

them. I perceived that some of them were afraid to hearken to and embrace Christianity, lest they should be enchanted and poisoned by some of the Powwows. But I was enabled to plead with them not to fear these; and, confiding in God for safety and deliverance, I bid a challenge to all these *powers of darkness*, to do their worst upon me first. I told my people I was a Christian, and asked them why the Powwows did not bewitch and poison me. I scarcely ever felt more sensible of my own unworthiness than in this action. I saw that the honour of God was concerned in it, and I desired to be preserved, not from selfish views, but for a testimony of the divine power and goodness, and of the truth of Christianity, and that God might be glorified. Afterwards I found my soul rejoiced in God for His assisting grace.

[After this he went a journey into New England, and was absent from the place of his abode, at the Forks of Delaware, about three weeks. And as to the state of his mind, it was much with him as usual in his journeys; except that he seemed to be more generally comfortable. Yet there are complaints of the want of fervency, and want of retirement and time alone with God. In his journey he did not forget the Indians; but once and again speaks of his longing for their conversion.]

*Wednesday, September 26.*—Rode home to the

Forks of Delaware. What reason have I to bless God, who has preserved me in riding more than four hundred and twenty miles, and has *kept all my bones, that not one of them has been broken!* My health likewise is greatly recovered: O that I could dedicate my all to God! This is all the return I can make to Him.

*Thursday, September 27.*—Was rather melancholy; had not much freedom and comfort in prayer. My soul is disconsolate when God is withdrawn.

*Friday, September 28.*—Spent the day in prayer, reading, and writing. Felt some warmth in prayer, and some desires for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom by the conversion of the heathen, and that God would make me a *chosen vessel, to bear His name before them*; longed for grace to enable me to be faithful.

*Monday, October 1.*—Was engaged this day in making preparation for my intended journey to Susquehanna; withdrew several times to the woods for secret duties, and endeavoured to plead for the divine presence to go with me to the poor pagans, to whom I was going to preach the Gospel. Towards night rode about four miles, and met brother Byram;<sup>1</sup> who was come at my desire, to be my companion in travel to the Indians. I rejoiced to see him, and, I trust, God made his conversation profitable to me. I saw him, as I thought, more

<sup>1</sup> [Minister at a place called Rockciticus, about forty miles from Mr. Brainerd's lodgings.]

dead to the world, its anxious cares and alluring objects, than I was. This made me look within myself, and gave me a greater sense of my guilt, ingratitude, and misery.

*Tuesday, October 2.*—Set out on my journey, in company with dear brother Byram and my interpreter, and two chief Indians from the Forks of Delaware. Travelled about twenty-five miles, and lodged in one of the last houses on our road; after which there was nothing but a hideous and howling wilderness.

*Wednesday, October 3.*—We went on our way into the wilderness, and found the most difficult and dangerous travelling that any of us had ever seen. We had scarce anything else but lofty mountains, deep valleys, and hideous rocks, to make our way through. However, I felt some pleasure in divine things part of the day, and had my mind intensely engaged in meditation. Near night, the beast I rode upon hung one of her legs in the rocks, and fell down under me; but through divine goodness I was not hurt. However, she broke her leg; and being in such a hideous place, and near thirty miles from any house, I saw nothing that could be done to preserve her life, and so was obliged to kill her, and to prosecute my journey on foot. This accident made me admire the divine goodness, that my bones were not broken, and the multitude of them filled with strong pain. Just at dark we kindled a fire, cut



up a few bushes, and made a shelter over our heads, to save us from the frost, which was very hard that night; and, committing ourselves to God by prayer, we lay down on the ground and slept quietly.

*Friday, October 5.*—We arrived at Susquehanna River, at a place called Opeholhaupung, and found there twelve Indian houses. After I had saluted the king in a friendly manner, I told him my business, and that my desire was to teach them Christianity. After some consultation, the Indians assembled, and I preached to them. When I had done, I asked if they would hear me again. They replied that they would consider of it; and soon after sent me word that they would immediately attend, if I would preach; which I did, with freedom, both times. When I asked them again whether they would hear me further, they replied, they would the next day. I was sensible of the impossibility of doing anything for the poor heathen, without special assistance from above; and my soul seemed to rest on God, and leave it to Him to do as He pleased in that which I saw was His own cause. Through divine goodness, I had felt something of this frame most of the time I was travelling thither; and in some measure before I set out.

*Saturday, October 6.*—Rose early, and besought the Lord for help in my great work. Near noon, preached again to the Indians; in the afternoon,

visited them from house to house, and invited them to come and hear me again the next day, and put off their hunting design, which they were just entering upon, till Monday. *This night*, I trust, *the Lord stood by me*, to encourage and strengthen my soul. I spent more than an hour in secret retirement; was enabled to pour out my heart before God, for the increase of grace and ministerial endowments; for success among the poor Indians; for God's ministers and people, and for distant friends.

[The next day he complains of great want of fixedness and intenseness in religion. He felt, he says, amazingly guilty and extremely miserable; and cries out, "O my soul, what death it is to have the affections unable to centre in God by reason of darkness, and consequently roving after that satisfaction elsewhere which is only to be found in Him!" However, he preached twice to the Indians with some freedom and power; but was afterwards damped by the objections they made against Christianity. In the evening, under a sense of his great defects in preaching, he "entreated God not to impute to him blood-guiltiness"; yet at the same time rejoiced in Him.]

*Monday, October 8.*—Visited the Indians with a design to take my leave of them, supposing they would this morning go out to hunting early; but, beyond my expectation, they desired to hear me preach again. I gladly complied with their request,

and afterwards endeavoured to answer their objections to Christianity. Then they went away; and we spent the rest of the afternoon in reading and prayer, intending to go homeward very early next day. My soul was in some measure refreshed in secret prayer and meditation. Blessed be the Lord for all His goodness!

*Tuesday, October 9.*—We rose about four in the morning; and commending ourselves to God by prayer, and asking His special protection, we set out on our journey homewards about five, and travelled with great steadiness till past six at night. We then made a fire, and a shelter of barks, and so rested. In the night, the wolves howled around us; but God preserved us.

[The next day they rose early and set forward, and travelled till they came to an Irish settlement. On Thursday, he continued in the same place, and he and Mr. Byram preached to the people.]

*Friday, October 12.*—Rode home to my lodging, where I poured out my soul to God in secret prayer, and endeavoured to bless Him for His abundant goodness to me in my late journey. I scarcely ever enjoyed more health, at least of late years; and God marvellously, and almost miraculously, supported me under the fatigues of the way, travelling on foot. Blessed be the Lord, who continually preserves me in all my ways!

*Lord's day, October 14.*—Was much confused and perplexed in my thoughts; could not pray; and

was almost discouraged, thinking I should never be able to preach any more. But afterwards, God was pleased to give me some relief from these confusions; yet still I was afraid, and even trembled before Him. I went to the place of public worship, lifting up my heart to God for assistance in my great work. He was gracious to me, and helped me to plead with Him for holiness, and to use the strongest arguments, drawn from the incarnation and sufferings of Christ for this very end, that men might be made holy. Afterwards I was much assisted in preaching. I know not that ever God helped me to preach in a more close and distinguishing manner for the trial of men's state. Through infinite goodness, I felt what I spake; and God enabled me to treat on divine truth with uncommon clearness. Yet I was so sensible of my defects in preaching, that I could not be proud of my performance, as at some times; and blessed be the Lord for this mercy! In the evening I longed to be entirely alone, to bless God for help in a time of extremity; and prayed for greater degrees of holiness, that I might show my gratitude to God.

[Next morning he spent some time in prayer before sunrise, in the same grateful frame of mind; and afterwards went to his Indians.]

*Tuesday, October 16.*—Felt a spirit of solemnity and watchfulness; was afraid I should not live to and upon God; longed for more intenseness

and spirituality. Spent the day in writing, frequently lifting up my heart to God for more heavenly-mindedness. In the evening, had assistance in prayer, and thirsted and pleaded to be as holy as the blessed angels; longed for ministerial gifts and graces and success in my work. Was greatly assisted in the duty of intercession, and enabled to remember and plead for numbers of dear friends and ministers of Christ.

*Friday, October 19.*—Felt an abasing sense of my own impurity and unholiness; and mourned that I had grieved a gracious God, who was still kind to me, notwithstanding all my unworthiness. My soul enjoyed a sweet season of bitter repentance and sorrow, that I had wronged that blessed God, who, I was persuaded, was reconciled to me in His dear Son. My soul was now tender, devout, and solemn. I was afraid of nothing but sin, and afraid of that in every action and thought.

*Wednesday, October 24.*—Near noon, rode to my people; spent some time and prayed with them. Felt like a pilgrim on earth; longed much to leave this gloomy mansion, yet found the exercise of patience and resignation. Returning home from the Indians, I spent the whole time in lifting up my heart to God. In the evening, enjoyed a blessed season alone in prayer; was enabled to cry to God with a childlike spirit, for the space of near an hour. Enjoyed freedom in supplicating for myself, for dear friends, ministers, and some who

are preparing for that work, and for the Church of God; and longed to be as lively myself in God's service as the angels.

*Thursday, October 25.* — Was busy in writing. Sensible of my absolute dependence on God in all respects, I saw that I could do nothing, unless He should smile upon my attempt. *Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing, as of ourselves,* was a truth that I fully realised.

*Friday, October 26.* — In the morning my soul was melted with a sense of divine goodness and mercy to such a vile unworthy worm. I delighted to lean upon God, and place my whole trust in Him. My soul was exceedingly grieved for sin, and longed after holiness; it wounded me deeply to think how I had abused the kindness of God. I longed to be perfectly holy, that I might not grieve a gracious God; who continues to love, notwithstanding His love is abused. I longed for holiness more for this end than I did for my own happiness' sake. This was my greatest happiness, never more to dishonour but always to glorify the blessed God.

*Wednesday, October 31.* — Was sensible of my barrenness and decays in the things of God; my soul failed when I remembered the fervency I had enjoyed at the Throne of Grace. O, I thought, if I could but be spiritual, warm, heavenly-minded, and affectionately breathing after God, this would be better than life to me. My soul longed exceedingly for health, to be loosed from this dulness and

barrenness, and made for ever active in the service of God. I seemed to live for nothing, and to do no good; and O the burden of such a life! O death, death, my kind friend, hasten and deliver me from dull mortality, and make me spiritual and vigorous to eternity!

*Tuesday, November 1.*—Had but little sweetness in divine things. In the evening, felt some life and longings after God. Desired to be always solemn, devout, and heavenly-minded; was afraid to leave off praying, lest I should again lose a sense of the things of God.

*Friday, November 2.*—Was filled with sorrow and confusion in the morning, and could neither enjoy divine things nor get any relief in prayer. Saw I deserved that every one of God's creatures should be let loose upon me, as the executioners of His wrath; and yet I saw that I deserved what I did not fear as my portion. About noon, rode up to the Indians; and, while going, could feel no desires for them, and even dreaded to say anything to them. But God was pleased to give me some freedom and enlargement, and made the season comfortable. In the evening I had enlargement in prayer. But, alas, what comforts and enlargements I have felt for these many weeks past have been only transient and short; and the greater part of my time has been filled up with deadness, or struggles with deadness, and bitter conflicts with corruption. I have found myself

exercised sorely with some particular things that I thought myself most of all freed from. Thus I have ever found it, when I have thought the battle was over, and the conquest gained, and so let down my watch, the enemy has risen up and done me the greatest injury.

*Saturday, November 3.*—I read the life and trials of a godly man, and was much warmed by it. I wondered at my past deadness, and was more convinced of it than ever. Was enabled to confess and bewail my sin before God with self-abhorrence.

*Lord's day, November 4.*—Had, I think, some exercise of faith in prayer, in the morning; longed to be spiritual. Had considerable help in preaching to my poor Indians; was encouraged with them, and hoped that God designed mercy for them.

[The next day he set out on a journey to New York, to the meeting of the Presbytery there; and was gone from home more than a fortnight.]

*Wednesday, November 21.*—Rode from Newark to Rockciticus in the cold, and was almost overcome with it. Enjoyed some interesting conversation with Mr. Jones, while I dined with him; my soul loves the people of God, and especially the ministers of Jesus Christ, who feel the same trials as I do.

*Thursday, November 22.*—Came on my way from Rockciticus, near Delaware River. Was very much disordered with a cold, and pain in my head. About



six at night, I lost my way in the wilderness, and wandered over rocks and mountains, down hideous steeps, through swamps, and most dreadful dangerous places. The night being dark, and few stars to be seen, I was greatly exposed, much pinched with cold, and distressed with an extreme pain in my head, attended with sickness at my stomach. Every step I took was distressing to me. I had little hope for several hours together, but that I must lie out in the woods all night, in this distressing case. But about nine o'clock I found a house, through the abundant goodness of God, and was kindly entertained. I have frequently been thus exposed, and sometimes lain out the whole night; but God has hitherto preserved me, and blessed be His name. Such fatigues and hardships as these serve to wean me from the earth; and, I trust, will make heaven the sweeter. Formerly, when thus exposed to cold and rain, I was ready to please myself with the thoughts of enjoying a comfortable house, a warm fire, and other outward comforts; but now these have less place in my heart, through the grace of God, and my eye is more to God for comfort. In this world I expect tribulation; and it does not now, as formerly, appear strange to me. I do not in such seasons of difficulty flatter myself that it will be better hereafter; but rather think how much worse it might be; how much greater trials others of God's children have endured, and how much greater

are yet, perhaps, reserved for me. Blessed be God, that He makes the thoughts of my journey's end and of my dissolution a great comfort to me, under my sharpest trials; and scarcely ever lets these thoughts be attended with terror or melancholy, but more frequently with hope and joy.

*Friday, November 23.*—Visited a sick man; discoursed and prayed with him. Then visited another house, where was one dead and laid out; looked on the corpse, and longed that my time might come to depart, that I might be with Christ. Retired to my lodgings about one o'clock. Felt poorly; but was able to read most of the afternoon.

[During the next twelve days, he had many seasons of the special influences of God's Spirit, animating, invigorating, and comforting him in the ways of God, but intermixed with great dejection and melancholy. He spent much time in hard labour, with others, to construct a little cottage or hut, to live in by himself through the winter. Yet he frequently preached to the Indians, and speaks of his sometimes having considerable encouragement from the attention they gave to the Word. But on Tuesday, December 4, he sank into great discouragement, from seeing many of them going in company to an idolatrous feast and dance.]

*Thursday, December 6.*—Having now a happy opportunity of being retired in a house of my own, which I have lately procured and occupied, and considering that it is now a long time since I have

been able, either on account of bodily weakness, or for want of retirement or some other difficulty, to spend any time in secret fasting and prayer; considering also the greatness of my work, and the extreme difficulties that attend it; and that my poor Indians are now worshipping devils, notwithstanding all the pains I have taken with them, which almost overwhelms my spirit; moreover, considering my extreme barrenness, spiritual deadness and dejection, of late, as also the power of some particular corruptions: I set apart this day for secret prayer and fasting, to implore the blessing of God on myself, on my poor people, on my friends, and on the Church of God. At first I felt a great backwardness to the duties of the day, on account of the seeming impossibility of performing them; but the Lord helped me to break through this difficulty. He was pleased to give me some clear conviction of my sinfulness, and a discovery of the plague of my own heart, more affecting than I have had of late. Especially I saw my sinfulness in this, that, when God had withdrawn Himself, then, instead of living and dying in pursuit of Him, I have been disposed to one of these two things;—either to yield an unbecoming respect to some earthly objects, as if happiness were to be derived from them; or to be secretly froward and impatient, and unsuitably desirous of death, so that I have sometimes thought I could not bear to think my life must be lengthened out. And that which

often drove me to this impatient desire of death, was a despair of doing any good in life; and I chose death rather than a life spent for nothing. But now God made me sensible of my sin in these things, and enabled me to cry to Him for forgiveness. Yet this was not all I wanted; for my soul appeared exceedingly polluted, like a nest of vipers, or a cage of unclean and hateful birds. I therefore wanted to be purified *by the blood of sprinkling, that cleanseth from all sin*; and this, I hope, I was enabled to pray for in faith. I enjoyed much more intenseness, fervency, and spirituality than I expected; God was better to me than my fears. Towards night I felt my soul rejoice that God is unchangeably happy and glorious; that He will be glorified, whatever becomes of His creatures. I was enabled to persevere in prayer, till I saw so much need of divine help in every respect, that I knew not how to leave off, and had forgot that I needed food. This evening also I was much assisted in meditating on Isaiah lii. 3. Blessed be the Lord for any help in the past day.

*Friday, December 7.*—Spent some time in prayer in the morning; enjoyed some freedom and affection in the duty, and had longing desires of being made *faithful to the death*. Spent a little time in writing on a divine subject; then visited the Indians and preached to them, but under inexpressible dejection. I had no heart to speak to them, and could not do it but as I forced myself.

I knew they must hate to hear me, having but just got home from their idolatrous feast and devil-worship. In the evening, had some freedom in prayer and meditation.

*Saturday, December 8.*—Have been uncommonly free this day from dejection, and from the distressing apprehension that I could do nothing. Was enabled to pray and study with some comfort, and especially assisted in writing on a divine subject. In the evening I rejoiced in God, and blessed His name for shining on my soul. O the blessed change I then felt, when God *brought me out of darkness into His marvellous light!*

*Lord's day, December 9.*—Preached both parts of the day at a place called Greenwich, in New Jersey, about ten miles from my own house. In the first discourse I had scarcely any warmth or affectionate longing for souls. During the interval, I got alone among the bushes, and cried to God for pardon of my deadness; was in anguish and bitterness that I could not address souls with more compassion and tenderness. I judged and condemned myself for want of this heavenly temper; though I saw I could not obtain it without divine assistance, any more than I could make a world. In the latter exercise, blessed be the Lord, I had some fervency, both in prayer and preaching; and, especially in the application of my discourse, was enabled to address precious souls with affectionate concern and importunity. The Spirit of God, I

think, was there; as the effects were apparent, tears running down many cheeks.

*Monday, December 10.*—Near noon I preached again; God gave me some assistance, and enabled me in some degree to be faithful; so that I had peace in my own soul, and a very comfortable composure, *although Israel should not be gathered.* Came away from Greenwich, and rode home; arrived just in the evening. By the way, my soul blessed God for His goodness; and I rejoiced that so much of my work was done, and I so much nearer my blessed reward. Blessed be God for grace to be faithful.

*Tuesday, December 11.*—Felt very poorly in body, being much tired and worn out the last night. Was assisted in some measure in writing on a divine subject; but was so feeble and sore in my breast, that I had not much resolution in my work. I long for that world *where the weary are at rest*; yet through the goodness of God I do not now feel impatient.

*Wednesday, December 12.*—Was again very weak; but somewhat assisted in secret prayer, and enabled with pleasure to cry, *Come, Lord Jesus; come, Lord Jesus; come quickly.* My soul longed for God, for the living God. O how delightful it is to pray under such sweet influences; how much better than one's necessary food! I had at this time no disposition to eat, though late in the morning; for earthly food appeared wholly tasteless. O how much

*better is Thy love than wine*, than the sweetest wine! I visited and preached to the Indians in the afternoon, but under much dejection. Found my interpreter under some concern for his soul; this was some comfort to me, though it filled me with new care. I longed greatly for his conversion; lifted up my heart to God for it, while I was talking to him. Came home and poured out my soul for him; enjoyed some freedom in prayer, and was enabled to leave all with God.

*Thursday, December 13.*—Endeavoured to spend the day in fasting and prayer, to implore the divine blessing on my poor people; and, in particular, I sought converting grace for my interpreter, and three or four more under some concern for their souls. I was much disordered in the morning when I arose; but, having determined to spend the day in this manner, I attempted it. Enjoyed some freedom in pleading for these poor souls; and, when interceding for them, I was freer from wandering and distracting thoughts than in any part of my supplications. But in general I was greatly exercised with wanderings; so that in the evening it seemed as if I had need to pray for nothing so much as for the pardon of sins committed in the day past, and the vileness I then found in myself. The sins I most lamented were pride and wandering thoughts, whereby I mocked God. The former of these excited me to think of writing, or preaching, or converting the heathen, or per-

forming some other great work, that my name might live when I should be dead. My soul was in anguish and ready to drop into despair, to find so much of that cursed temper. With this and with wandering thoughts, I was almost overwhelmed, and even ready to give over striving after a spirit of devotion. I often sank into a considerable degree of despondency, and thought I was *more brutish than any man*. Yet after all my sorrows, I trust, through grace, the exercises of this day have been for my good, and have taught me more of my corruption and weakness without Christ than I knew before.

*Friday, December 14.*—Near noon went to the Indians; but knew not what to say to them, and was ashamed to look them in the face. I felt I had no power to address their consciences, and therefore I had no boldness to say anything. Much of the day I was in despair about ever doing or seeing any good in the land of the living.

*Lord's day, December 16.*—Was so overwhelmed with dejection, that I knew not how to live. I longed for death exceedingly; my soul was sunk into deep waters, and the floods were ready to drown me. I was so much oppressed that my soul was in a kind of horror. I could not keep my thoughts fixed in prayer for the space of one minute, without fluttering and distraction. I was exceedingly ashamed that I did not live to God. I had no distressing doubt about my own state;



but would have cheerfully ventured, as far as I could possibly know, into eternity. When going to preach to the Indians, my soul was in anguish; I was so overborne with discouragement that I despaired of doing any good, and was driven to my wits' end. I knew nothing what to say, nor what course to take. At last I insisted on the evidence we have of the truth of Christianity from the miracles of Christ; many of which I set before them, and God helped me to make a close application to those who refused to believe the truth; and indeed I was enabled to speak to the consciences of all in some measure. I was a little encouraged to find that God enabled me to be faithful once more. Then came and preached to another company of them, but was very faint and weary. In the evening I was something refreshed, and enabled to pray and praise God with composure and affection. Felt some enlargement and courage in my work; was willing to live, and longed to do more for God than my weak state of body would admit. *I can do all things through Christ that strengthens me*; and, by His grace, I am willing to spend and be spent in His service, when I am not thus sunk in dejection and despair.

*Monday, December 17.*—Was comfortable in mind, most of the day; and enabled to pray with some freedom, cheerfulness, composure, and devotion. Had also some assistance in writing on a divine subject.

*Tuesday, December 18.*—Went to the Indians, and discoursed to them near an hour, but without any power to come close to their hearts. At last I felt some fervency, and God helped me to speak with warmth. My interpreter also was amazingly assisted; and I doubt not but *the Spirit of God was upon him*, though I had no reason to think he had any true and saving grace, but was only under conviction of his lost state; and presently most of the grown persons were much affected, and the tears ran down their cheeks. One old man (I suppose a hundred years old) was so much affected that he wept, and seemed convinced of the importance of what I taught them. I stayed a considerable time, exhorting and directing them; and came away, lifting up my heart to God in prayer and praise, and encouraged and exhorted my interpreter to *strive to enter in at the strait gate*. Came home and spent most of the evening in prayer and thanksgiving, and found myself much enlarged and quickened. Was greatly concerned that the Lord's work, which seemed to be begun, might be carried on with power to the conversion of poor souls, and the glory of divine grace.

*Wednesday, December 19.*—Spent a great part of the day in prayer to God for the outpouring of His Spirit on my poor people; also to bless His name for awakening my interpreter and some others, and giving us some tokens of His presence yesterday. And, blessed be God, I had much freedom five or

six times in the day, in prayer and praise, and felt a weighty concern upon my spirit for the salvation of those precious souls and the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom among them. My soul hoped in God for some success in my ministry ; and blessed be His name for so much hope.

*Thursday, December 20.*—Was enabled to visit the Throne of Grace frequently this day ; and, through divine goodness, enjoyed much freedom and fervency. Was much assisted in crying for mercy for my poor people, and felt cheerfulness and hope in my requests for them. I spent much of the day in writing, but was enabled to intermix prayer with my studies.

*Friday, December 21.*—Assisted again to pray with freedom, cheerfulness, and hope. God was pleased to make the duty comfortable and pleasant to me ; so that I delighted to persevere, and repeatedly to engage in it. Towards noon, visited my people, and spent the whole time in the way to them in prayer, longing to see the power of God among them, as there appeared something of it the last Tuesday. I found it sweet to rest and hope in God. Preached to them twice, and at two distinct places ; had considerable freedom each time, and so had my interpreter. Several of them followed me from one place to the other, and I thought there was some divine influence discernible amongst them. In the evening, was assisted in prayer again. Blessed, blessed be the Lord !

[On Saturday, he observes that this was a comfortable week to him, but concludes, "O that I had no reason to complain of so much barrenness! O that there were no vain thoughts and evil affections lodging within me! The Lord knows how I long for that world, where they *rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!*" ]

*Tuesday, December 25.*—Enjoyed very little quiet sleep last night, by reason of bodily weakness, and the closeness of my studies yesterday; yet my heart was somewhat lively in prayer and praise. I was delighted with the divine glory and happiness, and rejoiced that God was God, and that He was unchangeably possessed of glory and blessedness. Though He *held my eyes waking*, yet He helped me to improve my time profitably amidst my pains and weakness, in continued meditation on Luke xiii. 7, *Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit.* My meditations were sweet, and I wanted to set before sinners their sin and danger.

[He continued in a very low state as to his bodily health for some days; which seems to have been a great hindrance to him in his religious exercises and pursuits. Yet he expresses some degree of divine assistance. On Saturday he rode to the Irish settlement, about fifteen miles from his lodgings, in order to spend the Sabbath there.]

*Lord's day, December 30.*—Discoursed both parts

of the day, from Mark viii. 34. God gave me very great freedom and clearness, and (in the afternoon especially) considerable warmth and fervency. In the evening also I was happy in conversing with friends on divine things. I do not remember ever to have clearer apprehensions of religion in my life; but found a struggle in the evening with spiritual pride.

*Thursday, January 3, 1744-5.*—Being sensible of the great want of divine influences, and the outpouring of God's Spirit, I spent this day in fasting and prayer, to seek so great a mercy for myself, and my poor people in particular, and for the Church of God in general. In the morning, was very lifeless in prayer, and had scarcely any sense of God. Near noon, enjoyed some freedom in praying that the will of God might in every respect become mine; and I am persuaded it was so at that time in some good degree. In the afternoon, I was exceeding weak, and could not enjoy much fervency in prayer; but felt a great degree of dejection, which I believe was very much owing to my bodily weakness and disorder.

*Friday, January 4.*—Rode up to the Indians near noon; spent some time there under great disorder. My soul was sunk down into deep waters, and I was almost overwhelmed with melancholy.

*Saturday, January 5.*—Was able to do something at writing, but much disordered with pain in my head. At night, was distressed with a sense of my

spiritual pollution, and ten thousand youthful, yea, and childish follies, that nobody but myself had any thought about; all which appeared to me now fresh, and in a lively view, as if committed yesterday, and made my soul ashamed before God, and caused me to loathe myself.

*Lord's day, January 6.*—Preached to my poor Indians, but had little heart or life. Towards night, I was pressed under a sense of my unfaithfulness. O the joy and peace that arise from a sense of *having obtained mercy of God* to be faithful; and the misery and anguish that spring from an apprehension of the contrary!

*Wednesday, January 9.*—In the morning, God was pleased to remove that gloom which has of late oppressed my mind; and gave me freedom and comfort in prayer. I was encouraged and strengthened, and enabled to plead for grace for myself, and mercy for my poor Indians; and was sweetly assisted in my intercessions with God for others. Blessed be His holy name for ever and ever. Amen, and Amen. Those things that of late have appeared most difficult and almost impossible, now appeared not only possible but easy. My soul so much delighted to continue instant in prayer, at this blessed season, that I had no desire for my necessary food. I even dreaded leaving off praying at all, lest I should lose this spirituality, and this blessed thankfulness to God which I then felt. I was now quite willing to live,

and undergo all trials that might remain for me in a world of sorrow; but still longed for heaven, that I might glorify God in a perfect manner. *O, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.* Spent the day in reading a little; and in some amusements, which I was necessitated to take by reason of much weakness and disorder. In the evening, enjoyed some freedom and intensesness in prayer.

[The three remaining days of the week, he was very low and feeble in body; but nevertheless continued in the same comfortable frame of mind. On the Sabbath, this sweetness in spiritual alacrity began to abate.]

*Monday, January 14.*—Spent this day under a great degree of bodily weakness and disorder, and had very little freedom either in my studies or devotions. In the evening I was much dejected and melancholy. It pains and distresses me that I live so much of my time for nothing. I long to do much in a little time, and, if it might be the Lord's will, to finish my work speedily in this tiresome world. I am sure, I do not desire to live for anything in this world; and, through grace, I am not afraid to look the king of terrors in the face. I know I shall be afraid, if God leaves me; and therefore I think it always my duty to lay in for that solemn hour. But for a very considerable time past my soul has rejoiced to think of death in its nearest approaches; and even when I have been very weak, and seemed nearest eternity.

*Not unto me, not unto me, but to God be the glory.* I feel convinced that, if God do not enable me to maintain a holy dependence upon Him, death will easily be a terror to me; but at present I must say, *I long to depart and to be with Christ*, which is best of all. When I am in a sweet resigned frame of soul, I am willing to tarry a while in a world of sorrow, I am willing to be from home as long as God sees fit it should be so; but, when I want the influence of this temper, I am then apt to be impatient to be gone. O, when will the day appear, that I shall be perfect in holiness and in the enjoyment of God?

*Wednesday and Thursday, January 16, 17.*—I spent most of the time in writing on a divine subject, and enjoyed some freedom and assistance. Was likewise enabled to pray more frequently and fervently than usual, and my soul rejoiced in God; especially on the evening of the last of these days. *Praise* then seemed *comely*, and I delighted to bless the Lord. O what reason have I to be thankful, that God ever helps me to labour and study for Him! He does but receive His own, when I am enabled in any measure to praise Him, labour for Him, and live to Him. O how comfortable it is, to feel the assistance of divine grace in the performance of the duties God has enjoined us. *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*

[The same enlargement of heart and delight continued through the next day. But on the day



following it began to decline, and continued to do so the whole of the next week.]

*Lord's day, January 27.*—Had the greatest degree of inward anguish that I almost ever endured. I was perfectly overwhelmed, and so confused, that, after I began to discourse to the Indians, before I could finish a sentence, sometimes I forgot entirely what I was aiming at; or, if with much difficulty I recollected what I had before designed, still it appeared strange, and like something I had long forgotten, or had now but an imperfect remembrance of. I know it was a degree of distraction, occasioned by melancholy, spiritual desertion, and some other things that particularly pressed upon me this morning with an uncommon weight, the principal of which respected my Indians. This distressing gloom never went off the whole day; but was so far removed that I was enabled to speak with some freedom and concern to the Indians at two of their settlements; and I think there was some appearance of the presence of God with us; some seriousness and seeming concern among the Indians, at least a few of them. In the evening, this gloom continued till family prayer<sup>1</sup> about nine o'clock, and almost through this exercise, until I came

<sup>1</sup> [Though Mr. Brainerd now dwelt by himself in the fore-mentioned little cottage, which he had built for his own use, yet that was near to a family of white people with whom he had lived before, and with whom he still attended family prayer.]

near the close, when I was praying, as I usually do, for the illumination and conversion of my poor people; and then the cloud was scattered, so that I enjoyed a holy freedom, and conceived hopes that God designed mercy for some of them. The same I enjoyed afterwards in secret prayer; in which precious duty I had for a considerable time freedom and faith in praying for myself, my poor Indians, and dear friends and acquaintance in New England and elsewhere, and for the interest of Zion in general. *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

[He spent the greater part of this week in dejection. This gloominess continued till Saturday evening, when he was again relieved in family prayer; and, after it, was refreshed in secret, and felt willing to live and endure hardships in the cause of God.]

*Lord's day, February 3.*—In the morning I was somewhat relieved of that gloom and confusion, which my mind has of late been greatly exercised with, and was enabled to pray with some composure and comfort. But, however, I went to my Indians trembling; for my soul *remembered the wormwood and the gall*, I might almost say the *hell*, of Friday last; and I was greatly afraid I should be obliged to drink of that *cup of trembling*, which was inconceivably more bitter than death, and made me long for the grave more, unspeakably more, than for hid treasures, yea, inconceivably

more than the men of this world long for such treasures. But God was pleased to hear my cries, and to afford me great assistance; so that I felt peace in my own soul, and was satisfied that, if not one of the Indians should be profited by my preaching but should all be lost, yet I should be accepted and rewarded as faithful; for I am persuaded the Lord enabled me to be so. Had some good degree of help afterwards, at another place; and much longed for the conversion of the poor Indians. Was somewhat refreshed and comforted towards night; *O that my soul might praise the Lord for His goodness!*

[On the following Sabbath he preached at Greenwich, in New Jersey. In the evening he rode eight miles to visit a sick man at the point of death, and found him speechless and senseless.]

*Monday, February 11.*—About break of day, the sick man died. I was affected at the sight; spent the morning with the mourners; and, after prayer and some discourse with them, I returned to Greenwich, and preached again from Psalm lxxxix. 15, and the Lord gave me assistance. I felt a love to souls and to the kingdom of Christ; and longed that poor sinners might know the joyful sound. Several persons were much affected. After meeting, I was enabled to discourse, with freedom and concern, to some persons who applied to me under spiritual trouble. Left the place much composed,

and rode home to my house, about eight miles distant. Discoursed to friends, and inculcated divine truths upon some. In the evening, was in the most solemn frame that I almost ever remembered to have experienced. I know not that death ever appeared more real to me, or that ever I saw myself in the condition of a dead corpse, laid out, and dressed for a lodging in the silent grave, so evidently as at this time. Yet I felt exceeding comfortable; my mind was composed and calm, and death appeared without a sting. I think, I never felt such a universal mortification to all created objects as now. O how great and solemn a thing it appeared to die! O how it lays the greatest honour in the dust; and how vain and trifling did the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world appear! I could not, I dare not, so much as think of any of them; for death, death, solemn, though not frightful, death appeared at the door. I could see myself dead and laid out and enclosed in my coffin and put down into the cold grave, with the greatest solemnity but without terror. I spent most of the evening in conversing with a dear Christian friend; and, blessed be God, it was a comfortable evening to us both. What are friends, what are comforts, what are sorrows, what are distresses? *The time is short; it remains that they which weep be as though they wept not; and they which rejoice as though they rejoiced not; for the fashion of this world passeth away. O come, Lord*

*Jesus, come quickly. Amen.* Blessed be God for the comforts of the past day.

*Tuesday, February 12.*—Was exceeding weak; but in a resigned composed frame, most of the day; felt my heart freely go forth after God in prayer.

*Wednesday, February 13.*—Was much exercised with lowness, but still enabled to maintain a degree of spirituality.

*Thursday, February 14.*—Spent the day in writing on a divine subject; enjoyed health and freedom in my work. Had a solemn sense of death, as I have had indeed every day this week, in some measure; what I felt on Monday last has been abiding.

*Friday, February 15.*—Was engaged in writing again almost the whole day. In the evening, was much assisted in meditating on that precious text, John vii. 37, *Jesus stood and cried*, etc. I had then a sweet sense of the free grace of the Gospel; my soul was encouraged, warmed, and quickened, and my desires drawn out after God in prayer. My soul was watchful, and afraid of losing so delightful a Guest as I then entertained. I continued long in prayer and meditation, intermixing one with the other; and was unwilling to be diverted by anything from so sweet an exercise. I longed to proclaim the grace I then meditated upon to the world of sinners. O how *quick and powerful* is the Word of the blessed God!

*Lord's day, February 17.*—My interpreter being absent, I preached to the white people in the wilderness, upon the sunny side of a hill. Had a considerable assembly, consisting of many that lived not less than thirty miles asunder. I discoursed to them all day, from John vii. 37, *Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, etc.* In the afternoon, it pleased God to grant me great freedom and fervency in my discourse; and I was enabled to imitate the example of Christ in the text, who *stood and cried*. I think, I was scarcely ever enabled to offer the free grace of God to perishing sinners with more freedom and plainness in my life. Afterwards I earnestly invited the children of God to come renewedly, and drink of this fountain of living water, from whence they have heretofore derived unspeakable satisfaction. It was a very comfortable time to me; there were many tears in the assembly, and I doubt not but that the Spirit of God was there, convincing poor sinners of their need of Christ. In the evening I felt composed and comfortable, though much tired. I had a perception of the excellency and glory of God; and my soul rejoiced that He was *God over all, blessed for ever*. But I was too much crowded with company and conversation, and longed to be more alone with God. O that I could for ever bless God for the mercy of this day, who *answered me in the joy of my heart*.

*Lord's day, February 24.*—In the morning, was

much perplexed; my interpreter being absent, I knew not how to perform my work among the Indians. However, I rode to them, and got a Dutchman to interpret for me, though he was but poorly qualified for the business. Afterwards I came and preached to a few white people, from John vi. 67. Here the Lord seemed to unburden me in some measure, especially towards the close of my discourse. I felt freedom to open the love of Christ to His own disciples; when the rest of the world forsake Him, and are forsaken by Him, so that He calls them no more, He then turns to His own and says, *Will ye also go away?* I had a sense of the free grace of Christ to His own people in such seasons of general apostasy, and when they themselves in some measure backslide with the world. O the mercy of Christ in reminding His people of their danger of backsliding, and inviting them to persevere in their adherence to Himself. I saw that backsliding souls, who seemed disposed to *go away* with the world, might return, and welcome, to Him immediately; without anything to recommend them, notwithstanding all their former backslidings. And thus my discourse was suited to the case of my own soul, for of late I have found a great want of this sense and apprehension of divine grace; and have often been greatly distressed, because I did not suitably apprehend this fountain opened to purge away sin; and so have been too much labouring for

spiritual life, peace of conscience, and progressive holiness, in my own strength. But now God showed me, in some measure, the Arm of all strength, and the Fountain of all grace. In the evening I felt solemn and devout, resting on free grace for assistance, acceptance, and peace of conscience.

[Within the space of the next nine days, he had frequent refreshing, invigorating influences of God's Spirit; attended with complaint of dulness, and with longings after spiritual life and holy fervency.]

*Wednesday, March 6.*—Engaged most of the day in preparing for a journey to New England. Spent some time in prayer, with special reference to my intended journey. Was afraid I should forsake the *fountain of living waters*, and attempt to derive satisfaction from *broken cisterns*, my dear friends and acquaintance, whom I might meet with in my journey. I looked to God to keep me from this vanity, as well as all others. In the evening I was visited by friends, some of whom, I trust, were real Christians. They discovered an affectionate regard to me, and seemed grieved that I was about to leave them; especially seeing I did not expect to make any considerable stay among them, if I should live to return from New England.<sup>1</sup> O how kind has God been to me; how has He raised up friends in every place where His

<sup>1</sup> [It seems he had a design, by what afterwards appears, to remove and live among the Indians at Susquehanna River.]



providence has called me! Friends are a great comfort, and it is God that gives them; it is He makes them what they are. *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

[The next day he set out on his journey, and it was about five weeks before he returned. The special design of this journey he himself declares afterwards: "To raise some money among Christian friends, in order to support a colleague with me in the wilderness (I having now spent two years in a very solitary manner), that we might be together; as Christ sent out His disciples two and two. And as this was the principal concern I had in view, in taking this journey, so I took pains in it, and hope God will succeed it, if for His glory." He seems, for the most part, to have been free from melancholy in this journey; and many times to have had extraordinary assistance in public ministrations. His preaching also was attended with very hopeful appearances amongst the auditory. He also had many seasons of special comfort and spiritual refreshment, in conversation with ministers and other Christian friends, and in meditation and private prayer.]

*Saturday, April 13.*—Rode home to my own house at the Forks of Delaware; was enabled to remember the goodness of the Lord, who preserved me while riding full six hundred miles in this journey, so that none of my bones was broken. Blessed be the Lord, who has preserved and

returned me in safety to my own house. Verily it is He that has upheld and guarded my goings.

*Lord's day, April 14.*—Was disordered in body with the fatigues of my late journey; but enabled to preach with some freedom, to a considerable assembly of white people, gathered from all parts round about. I spoke from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11, *As I live, saith the Lord God*, etc. Had much more assistance than I expected.

[This week he went a journey to Philadelphia, in order to engage the Governor there to use his interest with the chief man of the Six Nations, with whom he maintained a strict friendship, that he would permit him to live at Susquehanna, and instruct the Indians within their territories. In his way to and from, he lodged with Mr. Beaty, a young Presbyterian minister.]

*Saturday, April 20.*—Rode with Mr. Beaty to Abington, to attend Mr. Treat's administration of the sacrament, according to the method of the Church of Scotland. When we arrived, we found Mr. Treat preaching; afterwards I preached a sermon from Matthew v. 3, *Blessed are the poor in spirit*. God was pleased to give me great freedom and tenderness, both in prayer and sermon; the assembly was melted, and scores were all in tears. It was, as I then hoped, and afterwards found, a *word spoken in season* to many weary souls. I was extremely tired, and my spirits were much

exhausted, so that I could scarcely speak loud ; yet I could not help rejoicing in God.

*Lord's day, April 21.*—In the morning, calm and composed, with some outgoings of soul after God in secret duties, and longing desires for His presence in the sanctuary and at His table ; that His presence might be in the assembly, and that His children might be entertained with *a feast of fat things*. In the forenoon, Mr. Treat preached. I felt some affection and tenderness during the administration of the ordinance. Mr. Beaty preached to the multitude abroad, who could not half have crowded into the meeting-house. In the season of the communion, I had comfortable apprehensions of the blissful communion of God's people, when they shall meet at their Father's table in His kingdom, in a state of perfection. In the afternoon I preached abroad to the whole assembly, from Revelation xiv. 4, *These are they that follow the Lamb*. God was pleased again to give me great freedom and clearness, but not so much warmth as before. However, there was a most amazing attention in the whole assembly ; and, as I was informed afterwards, this was a good season to many.

*Monday, April 22.*—I enjoyed some sweetness in retirement in the morning. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Beaty preached with freedom and life. Then I preached from John vii. 37, and concluded the solemnity. Had some freedom, but not equal to

what I had enjoyed before; yet, in prayer, the Lord enabled me to cry with a childlike temper, with tenderness and brokenness of heart. Came home with Mr. Beaty to his lodgings; and spent the time, while riding together and afterwards, very agreeably on divine things.

*Tuesday, April 23.* — Left Mr. Beaty's, and returned home to the Forks of Delaware; had some pleasant meditations on the road, and was enabled to lift up my heart to God in prayer and praise.

*Friday, April 26.* — Conversed with a Christian friend with some warmth; and felt a spirit of mortification to the world in a very great degree. Afterwards was enabled to pray fervently, and to rely on God for *all things pertaining to life and godliness*. In the evening, was visited by a dear Christian friend, with whom I spent an hour or two in conversation, on the very soul of religion. There are many with whom I can talk about religion; but, alas, I find few with whom I can talk religion itself. Blessed be the Lord, there are some that love to feed on the kernel rather than the shell.

[The next day he went to the Irish settlement, often before mentioned, about fifteen miles distant; where he spent the Sabbath, and preached with some considerable assistance. On Monday he returned in a very weak state to his own lodgings.]

*Tuesday, April 30.*—Was scarcely able to walk about, and was obliged to betake myself to bed much of the day. I spent the time in a very solitary manner, being neither able to read, meditate, nor pray, and had none to converse with in that wilderness. O how heavily does time pass away, when I can do nothing to any good purpose; but seem obliged to trifle away precious time! But of late I have seen it my duty to divert myself by all lawful means, that I may be fit, at least, some small part of my time, to labour for God. And here is the difference between my present diversions and those I once pursued when in a natural state. I then delighted in them to the neglect of God, and drew my highest satisfaction from them; now I use them as means to help me in living to God; fixedly delighting in Him and not in them, drawing my highest satisfaction from Him. Then they were my all; now they are only means leading to my All. And those things that are the greatest diversion, when pursued with this view, do not tend to hinder but promote my spirituality; and I see now, more than ever, that they are absolutely necessary.

*Wednesday, May 1.*—Was not able to sit up more than half the day; and yet had such recruits of strength sometimes, that I was able to write a little on a divine subject. Was grieved that I could no more live to God. In the evening, had some nearness and intenseness in secret prayer.

*Thursday, May 2.*—In the evening, being a little better in health, I walked into the woods, and enjoyed a season of meditation and prayer. My thoughts ran upon Psalm xvii. 15, *I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.* It was indeed a precious text to me, and I longed to preach to the whole world; my thoughts were exceeding clear, and my soul was refreshed. Blessed be the Lord, that in my late and present weakness, now for many days together, my mind is not gloomy as at some other times.

*Friday, May 3.*—Felt a little vigour of body and mind, in the morning; had some freedom and fervency in prayer. Visited and spent some time with my Indians. In the evening, again retiring into the woods, I enjoyed some sweet meditations on Isaiah liii. 10, *Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him.*

*Tuesday, May 7.*—Spent the day chiefly in making preparation for a journey into the wilderness. Was still weak, and concerned how I should perform so difficult a journey. Engaged in prayer for the divine blessing, direction, and protection in my intended journey; but wanted bodily strength to spend the day in fasting and supplication.

[The next day he set out on his journey to Susquehanna, with his interpreter. He endured great fatigues in his way thither through the wilderness; where, after having lodged one night in the open woods, he was overtaken with a north-

easterly storm, in which he was almost ready to perish. Not being able to make a fire in so great a rain, he could have no comfort if he stopped; therefore determined to go forward in hopes of meeting with some shelter, without which he thought it impossible he should live the night through. But their horses happening to have eaten poison (for want of other food) at a place where they lodged the night before, were so sick that they could neither ride nor lead them, but were obliged to drive them before them, and travel on foot; until, through the mercy of God, just at dusk, they came to a bark hut, where they lodged at night. After he came to Susquehanna, he travelled about a hundred miles on the river, and visited many towns and settlements of the Indians; saw some of seven or eight distinct tribes, and preached to different nations, by different interpreters. He here met with some who had formerly been his hearers at Kaunaumeeek, who saw and heard him again with great joy. He spent a fortnight among the Indians on this river, and passed through considerable labours and hardships; till at length he fell extremely ill, being seized with an ague, followed with a burning fever and extreme pains, attended with a great evacuation of blood; so that he thought he must have perished in the wilderness. But at last coming to an Indian trader's hut, he got leave to stay there; and, though without physic or food proper for him, it pleased

God, after about a week's distress, to relieve him so far that he was able to ride. He returned homewards from Juneauta, an island far down the river; where was a considerable number of Indians, who appeared more free from prejudices against Christianity. He arrived at the Forks of Delaware on Thursday, May 30, after having ridden in this journey about three hundred and forty miles.]

*Tuesday, June 4.*—Towards evening, was in distress for want of the divine presence and a sense of spiritual things. Withdrew to the woods, and spent near an hour in prayer and meditation; and the Lord had compassion on me. The season was indeed refreshing; my soul enjoyed intenseness and freedom in prayer, so that it grieved me to leave the place.

*Wednesday, June 5.*—Felt thirsting desires after God in the morning. In the evening, enjoyed a precious season of retirement; was favoured with some delightful meditations upon a sacred text. Divine things opened with clearness and certainty, and had a divine stamp upon them; my soul was also enlarged and refreshed in prayer, and I delighted to continue in the duty. I was assisted in prayer for fellow-Christians and my dear brethren in the ministry. Blessed be the Lord for such enjoyments. O how sweet and precious it is to have a clear apprehension and tender sense of the mystery of godliness, of true holiness, and likeness to the Best of beings! What a blessedness to be



as much like God as it is possible for a creature to be like his great Creator! Lord, give me more of Thy likeness; *I shall be satisfied when I awake with it.*

*Thursday, June 6.*—Was engaged a considerable part of the day in meditation and study on divine subjects. Enjoyed some special freedom and sweetness in meditation. How refreshing it is to be enabled to improve time well!

[The next day he went a journey of near fifty miles to Neshaminy, to assist at a sacramental occasion, to be attended to at Mr. Beaty's meeting-house; being invited thither by him and his people.]

*Saturday, June 8.*—Was exceeding weak and fatigued with riding in the heat yesterday; but being desired, I preached in the afternoon, to a crowded audience, from Isaiah xl. 1, *Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God.* The Lord was pleased to give me great freedom, in opening the sorrows of His people, and in setting before them comforting considerations. And, blessed be His name, it was a sweet melting season in the assembly.

*Lord's day, June 9.*—Felt some longing desires for the presence of God to be with His people on the solemn occasion of the day. In the forenoon, Mr. Beaty preached, and there appeared some warmth in the assembly. Afterwards I assisted in the administration of the Lord's Supper; and, towards the close of it, I discoursed to the multitude

extempore, with some reference to that sacred passage, Isaiah liii. 10, *Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him.* Here I had great assistance in addressing sinners, and the Word was attended with amazing power; many scores, if not hundreds, in that great assembly, consisting of three or four thousand, were much affected; so that there was *a very great mourning, like the mourning of Hadadrimmon.* In the evening I could hardly look anybody in the face, because of the imperfections I saw in my performances the day past.

*Monday, June 10.*—Preached with a good degree of clearness and warmth, from Psalm xvii. 15, *I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.* And, blessed be God, there was a great solemnity and attention in the assembly, and some refreshment among God's people.

*Tuesday, June 11.*—Spent the day chiefly in conversation with Christian friends, and enjoyed some sweet sense of divine things. O how desirable it is to keep company with God's dear children! These are the *excellent of the earth*, in whom, I can truly say, is all my delight. O what delight will it afford, to meet them all in a state of perfection! Lord, prepare me for it.

[The next day he left Mr. Beaty's and went to Maidenhead, in New Jersey; and spent the next seven days in a comfortable state of mind, visiting several ministers in those parts.]

*Tuesday, June 18.*—Set out from New Brunswick

with a design to visit some Indians<sup>1</sup> at a place called Crossweeksung, in New Jersey, towards the sea. In the afternoon, came to a place called Cranberry, and, meeting with a serious minister, Mr. Macknight, I lodged there with him. Had some enlargement and freedom in prayer with a number of people.

## PART VII.

### HIS RETURN TO SUSQUEHANNA, AND LAST ILLNESS.

[WE are now come to that part of Mr. Brainerd's life wherein he had the greatest success in his labours for the good of souls, and in his particular business as a missionary to the Indians. After all his agonising in prayer, and all the interchanges of his raised hopes and expectations and then disappointments and discouragements; and after waiting as it were through a long night, at length

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Brainerd having, when at Boston, written and left with a friend a brief Relation of Facts concerning his labours with the Indians, and reception among them, during the space of time between November 5, 1744, and June 19, 1745, concludes the same with this passage: "As my body was very feeble, so my mind was scarce ever so much damped and discouraged about the conversion of the Indians as at this time. And in this state of body and mind I made my first visit to the Indians in New Jersey, where God was pleased to display His power and grace in the remarkable manner that I have represented in my printed Journal."]

the day dawns. He went forth *weeping, bearing precious seed*, and now he comes with *rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him*. The desired event is brought to pass at last; but at a time, in a place, and upon subjects that scarcely ever entered into his heart. An account of this would undoubtedly gratify the Christian reader, and it should have been here inserted as it stands in his Diary, had not a particular account of this glorious and wonderful success been drawn up by Mr. Brainerd himself, pursuant to the order of the Honourable Society in Scotland, and published by him in his lifetime.<sup>1</sup>]

*Wednesday, June 19, 1745.*—Rode to the Indians at Crossweeksung; found few at home; discoursed to them, however, and observed them very serious and attentive. At night I was extremely worn out, and scarcely able to walk or sit up. O how tiresome is earth! how dull the body!

*Thursday, June 20.*—Towards night, preached to the Indians again, and had more hearers than before. In the evening, enjoyed some peace and serenity of mind, some composure and comfort in prayer alone; and was enabled to lift up my head with some degree of joy, under an apprehension that my redemption draws nigh. Blessed be God that there remains a rest to His poor weary people.

*Friday, June 21.*—Rode to Freehold to see Mr.

<sup>1</sup> [The reader will find this Journal added. See Volume II. of the present edition.]

William Tennent, and spent the day comfortably with him. My sinking spirits were a little raised and encouraged; and I felt my soul breathing after God, in the midst of Christian conversation. In the evening, was refreshed in secret prayer; saw myself a poor worthless creature, without wisdom to direct or strength to help myself. Blessed be God, who lays me under a happy, a blessed, necessity of living upon Himself.

*Saturday, June 22.*—About noon, rode to the Indians again; and near night preached to them. Found my body much strengthened, and was enabled to speak with abundant plainness and warmth. The power of God evidently attended the Word; several persons were brought under great concern for their souls, and made to shed many tears, and to wish for Christ to save them. I was much refreshed and quickened in my work, and could not but spend much time with them, in order to open both their misery and remedy. This was indeed a sweet afternoon to me. While riding, before I came to the Indians, my spirits were refreshed, and my soul enabled to cry to God almost incessantly, for many miles together. In the evening also I found the consolations of God were not small. I was then willing to live, and in some respects desirous of it, that I might do something for the kingdom of Christ. Yet death appeared pleasant, so that I was in some measure in a strait between two, having a desire to depart.

I am often weary of this world, and want to leave it; but it is desirable to be drawn rather than driven out of it.

*Thursday, June 27.*—Rejoiced to find that God enabled me to be faithful, and that He was pleased to awaken these poor Indians by my means. O how heart-reviving to see the fruit of my labours!

*Friday, June 28.*—In the evening, my soul was revived and lifted up to God in prayer for my poor Indians, myself and friends, and the Church of God. How refreshing, how sweet was this! *Bless the Lord, O my soul,* and forget not His goodness and tender mercy.

*Saturday, June 29.*—Preached twice to the Indians, and could not but wonder at their seriousness and the strictness of their attention. Blessed be God, who has inclined their hearts to hear. O how refreshing it is to see them attend with such uncommon diligence and affection, with tears in their eyes and concern in their hearts! In the evening, could not but lift up my soul to God in prayer, while riding to my lodgings; and, blessed be His name, had assistance and freedom. The presence of God is better than life.

*Tuesday, July 2.*—Rode from the Indians to Brunswick, near forty miles, and lodged there. Felt my heart drawn out after God in prayer, almost all the forenoon, especially while riding. In the evening, could not help crying to God for

these poor Indians; and, after I went to bed, my heart continued to go out for them, till I dropped asleep. Blessed be God that I may pray.

[He was so exhausted by constant preaching to these poor Indians, that he found it necessary to take some relaxation. He therefore spent about a week in New Jersey, before he went to the Forks of Delaware. And though very weak in body, yet he seems to have been strong in spirit. On Friday, July 12, he arrived at his own house.]

*Thursday, July 18.*—Longed to spend the little inch of time I have in the world more for God. Felt a spirit of seriousness, tenderness, and devotion, and wished to spend the whole night in prayer and communion with God.

*Friday, July 19.*—In the evening, walked abroad for prayer and meditation, and enjoyed composure and freedom in these exercises, especially in meditation on Revelation iii. 12, *Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God.* This was a delightful theme to me, and it refreshed my soul to dwell upon it. O, when shall I go *no more out* from the service and enjoyment of the dear Lord? Lord, hasten the blessed day.

[Within the space of the next six days, he speaks of much inward refreshment and enlargement, from time to time.]

*Friday, July 26.*—In the evening, God was pleased to help me in prayer, beyond what I have

experienced for some time. My soul was especially drawn out for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom, and for the conversion of my poor people; and I relied on God for the accomplishment of that great work. O how sweet were the thoughts of death to me at this time! How I longed to be with Christ, to be employed in the glorious work of angels, and with an angel's freedom, vigour, and delight! Yet how willing was I to stay a while on earth, that I might do something, if the Lord pleased, for His interest in the world! My soul, my very soul, longed for the ingathering of the poor heathen; and I cried to God for them most willingly and heartily, and yet because I could not but cry. This was a delightful season; for I had some lively taste of heaven, and a temper of mind suited in some measure to the employments and entertainments of it. My soul was grieved to leave the place; but my body was weak and worn out, and it was near nine o'clock. I longed that the remaining part of my life might be filled up with more fervency and activity in the things of God. O the inward peace, composure, and Godlike serenity of such a frame!—heaven must needs differ from this only in degree and not in kind. *Lord, ever give me this bread of life.*

*Lord's day, July 28.*—In the evening my heart was melted and broken with a sense of past barrenness and deadness. O how I then longed



to live to God, and bring forth much fruit to His glory!

*Monday, July 29.*—Was much exercised with a sense of vileness, with guilt and shame before God.

[For other things remarkable, while he was this time at the Forks of Delaware, the reader must be referred to his public Journal. As particularly for his labours and success there among the Indians.

On Wednesday, July 31, he set out on his return to Crossweeksung, and arrived there the next day. In his way thither he had longing desires that he might come to the Indians in the *fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ*; attended with a sense of his own great weakness, dependence, and worthlessness.]

*Friday, August 2.*—In the evening I retired, and my soul was drawn out in prayer to God, especially for my poor people, to whom I had sent word that they might gather together that I might preach to them the next day. I was much enlarged in praying for their saving conversion, and scarcely ever found my desires for anything of this nature so sensibly and clearly disinterested and free from selfish views. It seemed to me I had no care or hardly any desire to be the instrument of so glorious a work, as I wished and prayed for among the Indians; if the blessed work might be accomplished to the honour of God and the enlargement of the dear Redeemer's kingdom,

this was all my desire and care; and for this mercy I hoped, but with trembling, for I felt what Job expresses, chap. ix. 16. My rising hopes respecting the conversion of the Indians have been so often dashed, that my spirit is as it were broken, and courage wasted, and I hardly dare hope.

[Concerning his labours and marvellous success amongst the Indians, for the following ten days, let the reader see his public Journal. The things worthy of note in his Diary, not there published, are his earnest and importunate prayers for the Indians, and the travail of his soul for them from day to day; his great refreshment and joy in beholding the wonderful mercy of God, and the glorious manifestations of His power and grace in His work among them; his ardent thanksgivings to God; his heart's rejoicing in Christ, as King of his Church, and King of his soul, in particular at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at Mr. Macknight's meeting-house; a sense of his own exceeding unworthiness, which sometimes was attended with dejection and melancholy.]

*Monday, August 19.*—Near noon I rode to Freehold, and preached to a considerable assembly, from Matthew v. 3. It pleased God to leave me to be very dry and barren, so that I do not remember to have been so straitened for a whole twelvemonth past. God is just, and He has made my soul acquiesce in His will in this respect. It is contrary to flesh and blood, to be cut off from all

freedom in a large auditory, where their expectations are much raised; but so it was with me; and God helped me to say Amen to it; *good is the will of the Lord*. In the evening I felt quiet and composed, and had freedom and comfort in secret prayer.

*Tuesday, August 20.*—Was composed and comfortable, still in a resigned frame. Travelled from Mr. Tennent's in Freehold to Elizabeth Town. Was refreshed to see friends, and relate to them what God had done, and was still doing, among my poor people.

*Wednesday, August 21.*—Spent the forenoon in conversation with Mr. Dickinson, contriving something for the settlement of the Indians together in a body, that they might be under better advantages for instruction. In the afternoon, spent some time agreeably with other friends; wrote to my brother at College; but was grieved that time passed away, while I did so little for God.

*Friday, August 23.*—In the morning, was very weak; but favoured with some freedom and sweetness in prayer; was composed and comfortable in mind. After noon, rode to Crossweeksung to my poor people.

*Saturday, August 24.*—Had composure and peace, while riding from the Indians to my lodgings; was enabled to pour out my soul to God for dear friends in New England. Felt a tender frame of spirit, much composed and refreshed. Had like-

wise freedom and earnestness in praying for my dear people; blessed be God. *O the peace of God, that passeth all understanding!*—it is impossible to describe the peace of conscience and tenderness of soul I then enjoyed. O the blessed foretastes of heaven!

*Lord's day, August 25.*—I rode to my lodgings in the evening, blessing the Lord for His gracious visitation of the Indians and the soul-refreshing things I had this day seen, and praying that God would still carry on His work among them.

*Monday, August 26.*—I went from the Indians to my lodgings, rejoicing in the goodness of God to my poor people. Enjoyed freedom in prayer and other duties in the evening; *bless the Lord, O my soul.*

[The next day he set out on a journey towards the Forks of Delaware, designing to go from thence to Susquehanna, by the way of Philadelphia. He waited on the Governor of Pennsylvania, to get a recommendation from him to the chiefs of the Indians, which he obtained. He speaks of much comfort and spiritual refreshment in this journey.]

*Lord's day, September 1.*—At the Forks of Delaware. God gave me the spirit of prayer, and it was a blessed season. My soul cried to God for mercy in an affectionate manner, and in the evening rejoiced in God.

*Wednesday, September 4.*—Rode fifteen miles to

an Irish settlement, and preached there from Luke xiv. 22, *And yet there is room.* God was pleased to afford me some tenderness and enlargement in the first prayer, and much freedom and warmth in preaching. There were many tears in the assembly; the people of God seemed to melt, and others to be in some measure awakened. Blessed be the Lord, who lets me see His work going on in one place and another.

*Friday, September 6.*—Enjoyed some freedom and intensesness of mind in prayer alone, and longed to have my soul more warmed with divine and heavenly things. Was somewhat melancholy towards night, and longed to die and quit a scene of sin and darkness; but was a little supported in prayer.

*Lord's day, September 8.*—In the evening, God was pleased to assist me in prayer, and give me freedom at the Throne of Grace. I cried for the enlargement of His kingdom in the world, and in particular among my dear people; was also enabled to pray for many dear ministers and acquaintances, both in these parts and in New England. My soul was so engaged and enlarged in the exercise, that I spent near an hour in it, and knew not how to leave the mercy-seat. O how I delighted to pray and cry to God! I saw that He was both able and willing to do all that I desired, for myself and friends and His Church in general. I was likewise much enlarged and assisted in family

prayer. And afterwards, when I was just going to bed, God helped me to renew my petitions with ardency and freedom. It was to me a blessed evening of prayer. *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*

[The next day he set out from the Forks of Delaware to go to Susquehanna; and, on the fifth day of his journey, he arrived at Shaumoking, a large Indian town on Susquehanna River. He performed the journey under a considerable degree of melancholy, occasioned at first by his hearing that the Moravians were gone before him to the Susquehanna Indians.]

*Saturday, September 14.* — At Shaumoking. In the evening, my soul was enlarged and sweetly engaged in prayer; especially, that God would set up His kingdom in this place, where the devil now reigns in the most eminent manner. And I was enabled to ask this for God's glory, and because I longed for the enlargement of His kingdom, to the honour of His blessed name. I could appeal to God with the greatest freedom that He knew it was His dear cause, and not my own, that engaged my heart; and my soul cried, "Lord, set up Thy kingdom, for Thine own glory. Glorify Thyself; and I shall rejoice. Get honour to Thy blessed name, and this is all I desire. Do with me just what Thou wilt. Blessed be Thy name for ever, that Thou art God, and that Thou wilt glorify Thyself. O that the whole world might glorify Thee! O let these poor people be brought

to know Thee, and love Thee, for the glory of Thy dear and blessed name!" I could not but hope that God would bring in these miserable wicked Indians; though there appeared little human probability of it, for they were then dancing and revelling, as if possessed by the devil. Yet I hoped, though against hope, that God would be glorified by those poor Indians. I continued long in prayer and praise; had great freedom and enlargement in remembering dear friends in New England, as well as the people of my charge. Was entirely free from that dejection of spirit with which I am frequently exercised; blessed be God.

[His Diary from this time to September 22 (the last day of his continuance among the Indians at Susquehanna) is not legible, by reason of the badness of the ink. It was probably written with the juice of some berries found in the woods, having no other ink in that wilderness.]

*Wednesday, September 25.*—Rode still homeward. In the forenoon, enjoyed freedom and intenseness of mind in meditating on Job xlii. 5, 6, *I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.* The Lord gave me clearness to penetrate into the truths contained in that text; it was a comfortable season to me.

*Thursday, September 26.*—Was still much disordered in body, and able to ride but slowly, yet continued my journey. Near night, arrived at the

Irish settlement, about fifteen miles from my own house. This day, while riding, I was much exercised with a sense of my barrenness, and verily thought there was no creature that had any true grace but what was more spiritual and fruitful than I; could not think that any of God's children made so poor a hand of living to God as I.

*Friday, September 27.*—Spent considerable time, in the morning, in prayer and praise. My mind was somewhat intense in the duty, and in some degree warmed with a sense of divine things; I was melted to think that *God had accounted me faithful, putting me into the ministry*, notwithstanding all my barrenness and deadness. My soul was also in some measure enlarged in prayer for the people of my charge, as well as for other dear friends. In the afternoon, visited some Christian friends, and spent the time, I think, profitably; my heart was warmed and more engaged in the things of God. In the evening I enjoyed enlargement, warmth and comfort in prayer; relied on God for assistance and grace to enable me to do something in His cause. My heart was drawn out in thankfulness to God for what He had done for His own glory among my poor people of late; and I felt encouraged to proceed in His work, being persuaded of His power, and hoping His arm might be further revealed for the enlargement of His kingdom. My soul *rejoiced in hope of the glory of God*, in hope of the advancement of His



declarative glory in the world, as well as of enjoying Him in a world of glory. O blessed be God, the living God, for ever!

[He continued in this comfortable frame the two next days. On the following Thursday he travelled towards Crossweeksung, where he arrived on Saturday, October 5.]

*Monday, October 7.*—Being called by the church and people of East Hampton on Long Island, as a member of a council, to assist and advise in affairs of difficulty in that church, I set out on my journey this morning, before it was well light, and travelled to Elizabeth Town, and there lodged. Enjoyed some comfort on the road in conversation with Mr. William Tennent, who was sent for on the same business.

[He prosecuted his journey with the other ministers that were sent for, and did not return till October 24. While he was at East Hampton, the importance of the business that the council were come upon lay with such weight on his mind, and he was so concerned for the interest of religion in that place, that he slept but little for several nights successively.]

*Monday, October 28.*—Had an evening of sweet refreshing; my thoughts were raised to a blessed eternity; my soul was melted with desires of perfect holiness and perfectly glorifying God.

*Tuesday, October 29.*—About noon, rode and viewed the Indian lands at Cranberry; was much

dejected and greatly perplexed in mind; knew not how to see anybody again, my soul was so sunk within me. O that these trials might make me more humble and holy! O that God would keep me from giving way to sinful dejection, which may hinder my usefulness!

*Wednesday, October 30.*—My soul was refreshed with a view of the continuance of God's blessed work among the Indians.

*Thursday, October 31.*—Spent most of the day in writing; enjoyed not much spiritual comfort, but was not so much sunk with melancholy as at some other times.

*Saturday, November 2.*—Spent the day with the Indians, and wrote some things of importance. Longed to do more for God than I did, or could do in this present feeble and imperfect state.

[Tuesday, November 5, he left the Indians, and spent the remaining part of this week in travelling to various parts of New Jersey, in order to get a collection for the use of the Indians, and to obtain a schoolmaster to instruct them. In the meantime, *his heart burned within him, while he went by the way, and the Lord opened to him the Scriptures.*]

*Lord's day, November 10.*—At Elizabeth Town. Was comfortable in the morning, both in body and mind; preached in the forenoon from 2 Corinthians v. 20. God was pleased to give me freedom and fervency in my discourse, and His presence seemed to be in the assembly; numbers were affected, and

many tears were shed. In the afternoon, preached from Luke xiv. 22, *And yet there is room.* Was favoured with divine assistance in the first prayer, and I poured out my soul with filial freedom; the living God also assisted me in preaching.

[The next day he went to New Town, on Long Island, to a meeting of the Presbytery. He speaks of some sweet meditations he had while there, on "Christ's delivering up the kingdom to the Father"; and of his soul's being much refreshed and warmed with the consideration of that blissful day.]

*Friday, November 15.*—Could not cross the ferry by reason of the violence of the wind, nor could I enjoy any place of retirement at the ferry-house, so that I was in perplexity. Yet God gave me some satisfaction and sweetness in meditation, and lifting up my heart to Him in the midst of company. And although some were drinking and talking profanely, which was indeed a grief to me, yet my mind was calm and composed; and I could not but bless God that I was not likely to spend an eternity in such company. In the evening I sat down and wrote with composure and freedom; and, through grace, I was enabled to spend the time in the service of God.

*Saturday, November 16.*—Crossed the ferry about ten o'clock; arrived at Elizabeth Town near night. Was in a calm composed frame of mind, and felt an entire resignation with respect to a loss I had lately sustained, in having my horse stolen

from me the last Wednesday night at New Town. Had some longings of soul for the dear people of Elizabeth Town, that God would pour out His Spirit and revive His work amongst them.

[He spent the four next days at Elizabeth Town, for the most part in a free and comfortable state of mind, intensely engaged in the service of God. On Thursday he rode to Freehold, and spent the day under considerable dejection.]

*Friday, November 22.*—Rode to Mr. Tennent's, and from thence to Crossweeksung. Had little freedom in meditation while riding, which was a grief and burden to me. O that I could fill up all my time for God, whether in the house or by the way! Was enabled, I think, this day to give up my soul to God and place all my concerns in His hands; found some real consolation in the thought of being entirely at the divine disposal, and having no will or interest of my own. I have received my all from God: O that I could return my all to Him! Surely God is worthy of my highest affection and most devout adoration; He is infinitely worthy that I should make Him my last end, and live for ever to Him. O that I might never more, in any one instance, live to myself!

*Saturday, November 23.* — Visited my people; spent the day with them; wrote some things of importance, but was dejected most of the day.

*Thursday, November 28.*—I enjoyed some divine comfort and fervency in the public exercise, and

afterwards. While riding to my lodgings, was favoured with some sweet meditations on Luke ix. 31, *Who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.* My thoughts ran with freedom, and I saw and felt what a glorious subject the death of CHRIST is for glorified souls to dwell upon in their conversation. O the death of Christ; how infinitely precious!

*Monday, December 2.*—Was much affected with grief that I had not lived more to God; and felt strong resolutions to double my diligence in my Master's service.

[After this he went to a meeting of the Presbytery, at a place in New Jersey, called Connecticut Farms; which occasioned his absence from his people the rest of this week. He speaks of some seasons of solemnity and spiritual affection during his absence.]

*Monday, December 9.*—Spent most of the day in procuring provisions, in order to my setting up housekeeping among the Indians. Enjoyed little satisfaction through the day, being very much out of my element.

*Tuesday, December 10.*—Was engaged in the same business as yesterday. Towards night, got into my own house.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [This is the third house that he built to dwell in by himself among the Indians: the first at Kaunaumeeck, in the county of Albany; the second at the Forks of Delaware, in Pennsylvania; and this at Crossweeksung, in New Jersey.]

*Wednesday, December 11.*—Spent the forenoon in necessary labour about my house. In the afternoon, rode out upon business, and spent the evening with some satisfaction among friends in conversation on a serious and profitable subject.

*Friday, December 13.*—Spent the day chiefly in labour about my house. In the evening, spent some time in writing; but was much wearied with the labour of the day.

*Saturday, December 14.*—Rose early, and wrote by candle-light some considerable time; spent most of the day in writing, but was somewhat dejected. In the evening, was exercised with a pain in my head.

*Saturday, December 21.*—After my labours with the Indians, I spent some time in writing, and was much wearied with the labours of the day; found that my spirits were extremely spent and that I could do no more. I am conscious to myself that my labours are as great and constant as my nature will bear, and that ordinarily I go to the extent of my strength; so that I do all I can; but the misery is, I do not labour with that heavenly temper, that single eye to the glory of God, that I long for.

*Monday and Tuesday, December 23, 24.*—Spent these days in writing, with the utmost diligence. Felt on the whole a sweet mortification to the world, and a desire to live and labour only for God; but wanted more warmth and spirituality, a more

sensible and affectionate regard to the glory of God.

*Thursday and Friday, December 26, 27.*—Laboured in my studies to the utmost of my strength; and though I felt a steady disposition of mind to live to God, and that I had nothing in this world to live for, yet I did not find that sensible affection in the service of God that I wanted to have; my heart seemed barren, though my head and hands were full of labour.

*Wednesday, January 1, 1745-6.*—I am this day beginning a New Year; and God has carried me through numerous trials and labours in the past. He has amazingly supported my feeble frame; and, *having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.* O that I might live nearer to God this year than I did the last! The business I have been called to, and enabled to go through, I know has been as great as nature could bear up under, and what would have sunk and overcome me quite, without special support. But, alas, though I have done the labours and endured the trials, with what spirit have I done the one and borne the other? How cold has been the frame of my heart oftentimes; and how little have I sensibly eyed the glory of God in all my doings and sufferings! I have found that I could have no peace without filling up all my time with labours; and thus *necessity has been laid upon me*; yea, in that respect, I have loved to labour; but the misery is, I could

not sensibly labour for God as I would have done. May I for the future be enabled more sensibly to make the glory of God my all.

*Monday, January 6.*—Being very weak in body, I rode out for my health. While riding, my thoughts were sweetly engaged for a time upon *the Stone cut out of the mountain without hands, which brake in pieces all before it, and waxed great, and became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.* I longed that Jesus should take to Himself His great power and reign ; and O how sweet were the moments, wherein I felt my soul warm with hopes of the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom ! I wanted nothing else but that Christ should reign, to the glory of His blessed name.

*Wednesday, January 8.*—In the evening my heart was drawn out after God in secret ; was refreshed and quickened, and, I trust, faith was in exercise. I had great hopes of the ingathering of precious souls to Christ ; not only among my own people, but others also. I was sweetly resigned and composed under my bodily weakness ; and was willing to live or die, and desirous to labour for God to the utmost of my strength.

*Thursday, January 9.*—Was still very weak, and much exercised with lowness of spirits. In the evening, enjoyed some enlargement and spirituality in prayer. O that I could always spend my time profitably, both in health and weakness !

*Friday, January 10.*—My soul was in a calm



composed frame, filled with love to all the world; Christian simplicity and tenderness seemed to prevail and reign within me. Near night, visited a serious Baptist minister, and had some agreeable conversation with him; found that I could taste God in friends.

*Wednesday, January 15.*—My spirits were very low and flat, and could not but think I was a burden to God's earth. I could scarcely look anybody in the face, through shame and sense of barrenness. God pity a poor unprofitable creature!

*Lord's day, January 26.*—At Connecticut Farms. Was calm and composed. Was made sensible of my utter inability to preach without divine help; and was in some good measure willing to leave it with God, to give or withhold assistance, as He saw would be most for His own glory. Was favoured with a considerable degree of assistance in my work. After public worship, I was in a sweet and solemn frame of mind, thankful to God that He had made me in some measure faithful in addressing precious souls, but grieved that I had no more fervency. I was tenderly affected towards all the world, longing that every sinner might be saved, and could not have entertained any bitterness towards the worst enemy living. In the evening, rode to Elizabeth Town. While riding, was almost constantly engaged in lifting up my heart to God, lest I should lose that heavenly solemnity and composure I then enjoyed. After-

wards was pleased to think that God reigneth, and that I could never be uneasy with any of His dispensations; but must be entirely satisfied, whatever trials He should cause me or His Church to encounter. Never felt more sedateness, divine serenity and composure of mind; could freely have left the dearest earthly friend for the society of angels and spirits of just men made perfect. My affections soared aloft to the blessed Author of every dear enjoyment; I viewed the emptiness and unsatisfactory nature of the most desirable earthly objects, any further than God is seen in them; and longed for a life of spirituality and inward purity, without which I saw there could be no true happiness.

*Saturday, February 1.*—Towards night, enjoyed some of the clearest thoughts on 1 Corinthians xv. 13–16 that ever I remember to have had upon any subject whatsoever, and spent two or three hours in writing them. I was refreshed with this intensesness. My mind was so engaged in these meditations that I could scarcely turn it to anything else; and indeed I could not be willing to part with so delightful an entertainment.

*Lord's day, February 2.*—After public worship, my bodily strength being much spent, my spirits sank amazingly; and especially on hearing that I was so generally taken to be a Roman Catholic, sent by the Papists to draw the Indians into an insurrection against the English, that some were

in fear of me, and others were for having me taken up by authority and punished. Alas, what will not Satan do to bring a slur and disgrace on the work of God? O how holy and circumspect had I need to be! Through divine goodness, I have been enabled to *mind my own business* in these parts, as well as elsewhere; and to let all men and all denominations of men alone, as to their party notions; and only preached the plain and necessary truths of Christianity, neither inviting to nor excluding from my meeting any persons of any persuasion whatever. Towards night,<sup>1</sup> the Lord gave me freedom at the Throne of Grace, in my first prayer before my catechetical lecture; and, in opening the Forty-sixth Psalm to my people, my soul confided in God, although the wicked world should slander and persecute me, or even condemn and execute me as a traitor to my king and country. Truly God is a *present help in the time of trouble*. In the evening, my soul was in measure comforted, having some hope that one poor soul was brought home to God this day. O that I could fill up every moment of time, during my abode here below, in the service of my God and King!

*Monday, February 3.*—My spirits were still much sunk with what I heard the day before, of my being suspected to be engaged in the Pretender's interest. It grieved me that, after there had been so much evidence of a glorious work of grace among these

poor Indians as that the most carnal men could not but take notice of the great change made among them, so many poor souls should still suspect the whole to be only a Popish plot, and so cast an awful reproach on this blessed work of the Holy Spirit, and at the same time wholly exclude themselves from receiving any benefit by this divine influence. This put me upon searching whether I had ever dropped anything inadvertently, that might give occasion to any to suspect that I was stirring up the Indians against the English; and could think of nothing, unless it was my attempting sometimes to vindicate the rights of the Indians, and complaining of the horrid practice of making the Indians drunk, and then cheating them out of their lands and other properties. Once, I remembered I had done this with too much warmth of spirit, and it greatly distressed me; thinking that this might possibly prejudice them against this work of grace, to their everlasting destruction. God, I believe, did me good by this trial; which served to humble me, and show me the necessity of watchfulness, and of being *wise as a serpent* as well as *harmless as a dove*. This exercise led me often to the Throne of Grace; and there I found some support, though I could not get the burden wholly removed. Was assisted in prayer, especially in the evening.

[He was still exercised in mind about this affair, which caused him to humble himself; but

soon found himself much more relieved and supported. He was this week in an extremely weak state, and obliged, as he expresses it, "to consume considerable time in diversions for his health."

The Monday after, he set out on a journey to the Forks of Delaware, to visit the Indians there. He arrived at his own house at the Forks on Friday. During the week he felt composure of mind, thankfulness to God for His mercies to him and others, resignation to the divine will, comfort in prayer and religious conversation; his heart drawn out after God, and affected with a sense of his own barrenness as well as the fulness and freeness of divine grace.]

*Lord's day, February 16.*—In the evening, was in a composed frame of mind. It was refreshing and comfortable to think that God had been with me, affording some good measure of assistance. I then found freedom and sweetness in prayer and thanksgiving; my soul was sweetly engaged and enlarged in prayer for dear friends and acquaintance. Blessed be the name of the Lord, that ever I am enabled to do anything for His interest and kingdom. Blessed be God, who enables me to be faithful. Enjoyed more resolution and courage for God, and more refreshment of spirit, than I have been favoured with for many weeks past.

*Monday, February 17.*—I was refreshed and encouraged; found a spirit of prayer in the

evening, and earnest longings for the illumination and conversion of these poor Indians.

*Wednesday, February 19.*—My heart was comforted and refreshed, and filled with longings for the conversion of the Indians here.

*Thursday, February 20.*—God was pleased to support and refresh my spirits, by affording me assistance this day and so hopeful a prospect of success. I returned home rejoicing, and blessing the name of the Lord. Found freedom afterwards in secret prayer, and had my soul drawn out for dear friends. How blessed it is to labour for God faithfully and with the hope of success! Blessed be the Lord for ever and ever, for the assistance and comfort granted me this day.

*Friday, February 21.*—My soul was refreshed and comforted, and I could not but bless God, who had enabled me in some good measure to be faithful in the day past. How pleasant it is to be spent and worn out for God!

*Saturday, February 22.*—My spirits were much supported, though my bodily strength was much wasted. O that God would be gracious to the souls of these poor Indians! He has been very gracious to me this week, in enabling me to preach every day; and has given me some assistance and encouraging prospect of success in almost every sermon. Blessed be His name. Divers of the white people have been awakened this week, and

several of the Indians much cured of the prejudices and jealousies they had conceived against Christianity, and some seem to be really awakened.

[The next day he left the Forks of Delaware, to return to Crossweeksung, and spent the whole week till Saturday before he arrived there. He preached by the way every day, excepting one, and was several times greatly assisted; had much inward comfort and earnest longings to fill up all his time in the service of God. He utters such expressions as these, after preaching: "O that I may be enabled to plead the cause of God faithfully to my dying moment! O how sweet it would be to spend myself wholly for God, and in His cause, and to be freed from selfish motives in my labours!" ]

*Thursday, March 6.*—I walked alone in the evening, and found freedom and comfort in prayer, beyond what I have of late enjoyed. My soul rejoiced in my pilgrimage state, and was delighted with the thoughts of labouring and enduring hardness for Christ; felt some longing desires to preach the Gospel to immortal souls, and confided in God that He would be with me in my work, and that He would never leave nor forsake me to the end of my race. O that I may obtain mercy of God to be faithful to my dying moment!

*Friday, March 7.*—In the afternoon, went on in my work with freedom and cheerfulness, God assisting me; and enjoyed comfort in the evening.

*Monday, March 10.*—My soul was refreshed and enlarged, and had, I hope, the lively exercise of faith in secret prayer this night. My will was sweetly resigned to the divine will, and my hopes respecting the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ somewhat raised. I could commit Zion's cause to God as His own.

[In the former part of the week following he was very ill, and under great dejection; being, as he apprehended, rendered unserviceable by his illness, and fearing that he should never be serviceable any more; he therefore longed for death. He was afterwards encouraged, and life appeared more desirable; because, as he says, he "had a little dawn of hope that he might be useful in the world." In the latter part of the week he was in some measure relieved of his illness, in the use of means prescribed by a physician.]

*Monday, March 24.*—After the Indians were gone to their work to clear their lands, I got alone, and poured out my soul to God, that He would smile upon these feeble beginnings, and that He would settle an Indian town that might be a *mountain of holiness*. My soul was much refreshed in these petitions, and much enlarged for Zion's interest, and for numbers of dear friends in particular. My sinking spirits were revived and raised, and I felt animated in the service God has called me to. This was the happiest hour I have enjoyed for many days, if not weeks. I found an encouraging



hope that something would be done for God, and that He would use and help me in His work. And O how sweet were the thoughts of labouring for God when I felt any spirit and courage and had any hope that ever I should be succeeded!

[The next day his schoolmaster was taken ill of a pleurisy, and he spent great part of the remainder of this week in tending him. In his weak state this was almost too much for him, being obliged constantly to wait upon him from day to day, and to lie on the floor at night. His spirits sank in a considerable degree, with his bodily strength, under this burden.]

*Monday, March 31.*—Towards night, enjoyed some sweet meditations on those words: *It is good for me to draw near to God.* My soul, I think, had some sweet sense of what is intended in these words.

*Wednesday, April 2.*—Was somewhat exercised with a spiritless frame of mind. Was a little relieved and refreshed in the evening, with meditation alone in the woods. But, alas, my days pass as the chaff; it is but little I do or can do that turns to any account, and it is my constant misery and burden that I am so fruitless in the vineyard of the Lord. O that I were spirit, that I might be active for God. This, I think, more than anything else, makes me long that *this corruptible might put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality.* God deliver me from clogs, fetters, and a body of death, that impede my service for Him.

*Friday, April 4.*—Spent most of the day in writing on Revelation xxii. 17, *And whosoever will*, etc. Enjoyed some freedom and encouragement in my work, and some comfort and composure in prayer.

*Saturday, April 5.*—After public worship, a number of my dear Christian Indians came to my house, with whom I felt a sweet union of soul. My heart was knit to them; and I cannot say that I have felt such a fervent *love to the brethren* for some time past. I also saw in them appearances of the same love. This gave me something of a view of the heavenly state; and particularly that part of the happiness of heaven which consists in the communion of saints. This was affecting to me.

[On Tuesday he went to a meeting of the Presbytery, appointed at Elizabeth Town. In his way thither he enjoyed some sweet meditations; but, after he came there, he was under an awful gloom which oppressed his mind. This continued till Saturday evening, when he began to have some relief and encouragement. He spent the Sabbath at Staten Island, where he preached to an assembly of Dutch and English, and enjoyed considerable refreshment and comfort, both in public and private. In the evening he returned to Elizabeth Town.]

*Monday, April 14.*—My spirits this day were raised and refreshed, and my mind composed, so that I was in a comfortable frame most of the day.

In the evening my head was clear, and my mind serene; I enjoyed sweetness in secret prayer and meditation on Psalm lxxiii. 28. O how free, how cheerful and yet solemn, do I feel, when in a good measure freed from those damps and melancholy glooms that I often labour under! And, blessed be the Lord, I find myself relieved in this respect.

*Tuesday, April 15.*—My soul longed for more spirituality, and it was my burden that I could do no more for God. My barrenness is my daily affliction and heavy load. O how precious is time; and how it pains me to see it slide away, while I do so very little to any good purpose! O that God would make me more fruitful and spiritual!

*Thursday, April 17.*—Enjoyed some comfort in prayer, some freedom in meditation and composure in my studies. Spent time in writing, in the forenoon. In the afternoon, engaged in conversation with several dear ministers. In the evening, preached from Psalm lxxiii. 28, *But it is good for me to draw near to God.* God helped me to feel the truth of my text, both in the first prayer and sermon. I was enabled to pour out my soul with great freedom and affection; and, blessed be the Lord, it was a comfortable season to me. I was enabled to speak with tenderness and yet with faithfulness; and divine truths seemed to fall with weight and influence upon the hearers. My heart was melted for the whole assembly, and I loved every one in it. My soul cried, “O that these dear people

might be saved; O that God would have mercy on them!"

*Lord's day, April 20.*—Enjoyed some freedom, and, I hope, exercise of faith in prayer, in the morning; especially when I came to pray for Zion. I was free from that gloomy discouragement which so often oppresses me; my soul rejoiced in the hopes of Zion's prosperity, and the enlargement of the kingdom of the great Redeemer. O that His kingdom might come!

*Monday, April 21.*—Was composed and comfortable most of the day, and mercifully freed from gloomy apprehensions. Had freedom and comfort in prayer several times, and especially some rising hopes of Zion's enlargement and prosperity. O how refreshing were these hopes to my soul! O that the kingdom of the Lord might come, and that the poor Indians might quickly be gathered in, in great numbers!

*Tuesday, April 22.*—My mind was remarkably free this day from melancholy, and animated in my work. I found such fresh vigour and resolution in the service of God, that the *mountains* seemed to become a *plain* before me. Blessed be God for an interval of refreshment, and fervent resolution in my Lord's work! In the evening I was refreshed in secret prayer, and my heart drawn out for divine blessings; especially for the Church of God, and His interest among my own people, and for dear friends in remote places. O that

Zion might prosper, and precious souls be brought home to God!

[In this comfortable fervent frame of mind he remained the next two days. On the following Tuesday he went to Elizabeth Town, to attend the meeting of the Presbytery there.]

*Saturday, May 3.*—Rode from Elizabeth Town home to my people, at or near Cranberry; whither they are now removed, and where I hope God will settle them as a Christian congregation. Was refreshed in lifting up my heart to God, while riding; and enjoyed a thankful frame of spirit, for divine favours received the week past. Was somewhat uneasy and dejected in the evening, having no house of my own to go into in this place; but God was my support.

*Tuesday, May 6.*—Enjoyed some spirit and courage in my work; was in a good measure free from melancholy. Blessed be God for freedom from this death.

*Wednesday, May 7.*—Spent most of the day in writing, as usual. Enjoyed freedom in my work, and was favoured with some comfortable meditations this day. In the evening, was in a composed frame of mind; pleased and delighted to leave all with God respecting myself, for time and eternity, and respecting the people of my charge and dear friends. Had no doubt but that God would take care of me, and of His own interest among my people; and was enabled to use freedom in prayer,

as a child with a tender Father. O how sweet is such a frame!

*Thursday, May 8.*—In the evening, was somewhat refreshed with divine things, and enjoyed a tender melting frame in secret prayer. My soul was drawn out for the interest of Zion, and comforted with the lively hope of the appearing of the kingdom of the great Redeemer. These were sweet moments; I felt almost loth to go to bed, and grieved that sleep was necessary. However, I lay down with a tender reverential fear of God, sensible that *His favour is life*, and His smiles better than all that earth can give, infinitely better than life itself.

*Saturday, May 10.*—Rode to Allen's Town, to assist in the administration of the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon, preached from Titus ii. 14, *Who gave Himself for us*, etc. God was pleased to carry me through with some competency of freedom, and yet to deny me that enlargement and power I longed for. In the evening my soul mourned, and could not but mourn, that I had treated so excellent a subject in so defective a manner, that I had borne so broken a testimony for so worthy and glorious a Redeemer. And, if my discourse had met with the utmost applause from all the world (as I accidentally heard it applauded by some persons of judgment), it would not have given me any satisfaction. It grieved me to think that I had had no more holy warmth and fervency,

that I had been no more melted in discoursing of Christ's death and the end and design of it. Afterwards enjoyed some freedom and fervency in secret and family prayer, and longed much for the presence of God to attend His Word and ordinances the next day.

*Lord's day, May 11.*—Assisted in the administration of the Lord's Supper, but enjoyed little enlargement; was grieved and sunk with some things I thought undesirable. In the afternoon, went to the house of God weak and sick in soul, as well as feeble in body. I longed that the people might be entertained and edified with divine truths, and that an honest fervent testimony might be borne for God; but knew not how it was possible for me to do anything of that kind, to any good purpose. Yet God, who is rich in mercy, was pleased to give me assistance both in prayer and preaching. He helped me to wrestle for His presence in prayer, and to tell Him that He had promised, *Where two or three are met together in His name, there He would be in the midst of them*; and that we were, at least some of us, so met. I therefore pleaded that for His truth's sake He would be with us; and, blessed be His name, it was sweet thus to plead and rely upon the promises. Discoursed from Luke ix. 30, 31, *And behold, there talked with Him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem.* Enjoyed special freedom, from the

beginning to the end of my discourse, without interruption. Things pertinent to the subject were abundantly presented to my view, and such a fulness of matter that I scarcely knew how to dismiss the various heads and particulars I had occasion to touch upon. Blessed be the Lord, I was favoured with some fervency and power as well as freedom; so that the Word seemed to awaken the attention of a stupid audience to a considerable degree. I was inwardly refreshed with the consolations of God, and could with my whole heart say, *Though there be no fruit in the vine, yet will I rejoice in the Lord.* After public service, was refreshed with the conversation of some Christian friends.

*Friday, May 16.*—Near night, enjoyed some agreeable and edifying conversation with a dear minister, which I trust was blessed to me. My heart was warmed, and engaged to live to God, so that I longed to exert myself with more vigour than ever I had done. Those words quickened me: *Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit.* My soul longed and prayed to be enabled to live to God with the utmost constancy and ardour. In the evening God was pleased to shine upon me in secret prayer, and draw out my soul after Himself. I had freedom in supplication for myself, but much more in intercession for others; so that I was sweetly constrained to say, “Lord, use me as Thou wilt; do as Thou wilt with



me; but O promote Thine own cause! Zion is Thine; O visit Thine heritage! Let Thy kingdom come; O let Thy blessed interest be advanced in the world!" When I attempted to look to God respecting my worldly circumstances, and His providential dealings with me in regard to settling with my congregation, which seems to be necessary and yet very difficult, and contrary to my fixed intention for years past, as well as my disposition, which has been and still is, at times especially, to go forth and spend my life in preaching the Gospel from place to place, and gathering souls afar off to JESUS the great Redeemer; when I attempted to look to God with regard to these things, and His designs concerning me, I could only say, *The will of the Lord be done*; it is no matter for me. The same frame of mind I felt with respect to another important affair I have lately reflected on, and could say with the utmost calmness and composure, "Lord, if it be most for Thy glory, let me proceed in it; but, if Thou seest that it will in any wise hinder my usefulness in Thy cause, O prevent my proceeding!" All I want respecting this life is, such circumstances as may best capacitate me to do service for God in the world. Blessed be His name, I enjoyed liberty in prayer for my dear flock, and was enabled to pour out my soul into the bosom of a tender Father. My heart within me was melted when I came to plead for my dear people, and for the kingdom of Christ in general.

How sweet was this evening to my soul! I knew not how to go to bed; and, when got to bed, longed for some way to improve time for God to some excellent purpose. *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*

*Saturday, May 17.*—Walked out in the morning, and felt much of the same frame I enjoyed the evening before. Had my heart enlarged in praying for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and found the utmost freedom in leaving all my concerns with God. I find discouragement to be a great hindrance to spiritual fervency and affection; but, when God enables me sensibly to find that I have done something for Him, this refreshes and animates me, so that I could break through all hardships, undergo any labours, and nothing seems too much either to do or to suffer. But O what a death it is, to strive and strive; to be always in a hurry and yet do nothing, or, at least, nothing for God! Alas, alas, that time flies away, and I do so little for God!

*Lord's day, May 18.*—I felt my own utter insufficiency for my work. God made me to see that I was a child, yea, that I was foolish. I discoursed both parts of the day, from Revelation iii. 20, *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.* God gave me freedom and power in the latter part of my forenoon's discourse; although, in the former part of it, I felt peevish and provoked with the unmannerly behaviour of the white people, who crowded in between my people and me; which proved a great

temptation to me. Blessed be God, I got these shackles off before the middle of my discourse, and was favoured with a sweet frame of spirit in the latter part of the exercise; was full of love, warmth, and tenderness, in addressing my dear people. In the interval I could not but discourse to my people on the kindness and patience of Christ in "standing and knocking at the door." In the evening I was grieved that I had done so little for God: O that I could be "a flame of fire" in His service!

*Thursday, May 22.*—In the evening, was in a frame somewhat remarkable. I had apprehended for several days before, that it was the design of Providence I should settle among my people here, and had in my own mind begun to make provision for it, and to contrive means to hasten it. I also found my heart engaged in it, hoping I might then enjoy more agreeable circumstances of life in several respects; and yet was never fully determined, never quite pleased with the thoughts of being settled and confined to one place. Nevertheless it now appeared more desirable, because the congregation I thought of settling with was one that God had enabled me to gather from amongst pagans. For I never, since I began to preach, could feel satisfied to *enter into other men's labours*, and settle down in the ministry where the Gospel was preached before. I could not make that appear to be my province. When I felt any disposition to consult my ease and worldly comfort, God has never suffered me to feel

happy, either before or since I began to preach. But God having succeeded my labours, and made me instrumental in gathering a Church for Him among the Indians, I was ready to think it might be His design to give me a quiet settlement and a stated home of my own. And, considering the late frequent sinking and failure of my spirits, the need I had of some agreeable society, and my great desire of enjoying conveniences and opportunities for profitable studies, this was not altogether disagreeable to me, although I still wanted to go about far and wide, in order to spread the blessed Gospel among benighted heathen. For more than five years past, however, I had not been so willing to settle in any one place, as I was in the foregoing part of this week. But now these thoughts seemed to be wholly dashed to pieces; not by necessity but of choice; for it appeared to me that God's dealings towards me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardship. It appeared also that I had nothing to lose, nothing to do with earth, and consequently nothing to lose by a total renunciation of it; it was therefore right that I should be destitute of house and home, and many comforts of life, which I rejoiced to see others of God's people enjoy. At the same time I saw so much of the excellency of Christ's kingdom, and the infinite desirableness of its advancement in the world, that it swallowed up all my other thoughts; and made me willing, yea, even rejoice, to be made

a pilgrim or hermit in the wilderness to my dying moment, if I might thereby promote the blessed interest of the great Redeemer. And if ever my soul presented itself to God for His service, without any reserve of any kind, it did so now. The language of my thoughts and disposition, although I spake no words, now was, "Here I am, Lord, send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough, the savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort on earth; send me even to death itself, if it be but in Thy service, and to promote Thy kingdom." At the same time I had as quick and lively a sense of the value of worldly comforts as ever I had; but saw them infinitely overmatched by the worth of Christ's kingdom and the propagation of His blessed Gospel. The quiet settlement, the certain place of abode, the tender friendship which I thought I might be likely to enjoy in consequence of such circumstances, appeared as valuable to me, considered absolutely and in themselves, as ever before; but, considered comparatively, they appeared nothing; compared with the value and preciousness of an enlargement of Christ's kingdom, they vanished like the stars before the rising sun. And sure I am that, although the comfortable accommodations of life appeared valuable and dear to me, yet I did surrender and resign myself, soul and body, to the service of God and the promotion of Christ's kingdom, though it should be in the

loss of them all. And I could not do any other, because I could not will or choose any other. I was constrained, and yet chose to say, "Farewell, friends and earthly comforts, the dearest of them all, the very dearest, if the Lord calls for it; adieu, adieu; I'll spend my life to my latest moments *in caves and dens of the earth*, if the kingdom of Christ may thereby be advanced." I found extraordinary freedom at this time in pouring out my soul to God for His cause, and especially that His kingdom might be extended among the Indians far remote; and I had great hope that God would do it. I continued wrestling with God in prayer for my dear little flock here, and for the Indians elsewhere, as well as for dear friends in one place and another, till it was bed-time, and I feared I should hinder the family. But O with what reluctancy did I find myself obliged to consume time in sleep! I longed to be as a flame of fire, continually glowing in the divine service, preaching and building up Christ's kingdom, to my latest moments.

*Friday, May 23.*—In the morning, was in the same frame of mind as the evening before. The glory of Christ's kingdom so much outshone the pleasure of earthly accommodations and enjoyments that they appeared comparatively nothing, though in themselves good and desirable. My soul was melted in secret meditation and prayer, and I found myself divorced from any part in this world; so that, in those affairs that seemed of the greatest

importance respecting the present life, and those wherein the tender powers of the mind are most sensibly touched, I could only say, *The will of the Lord be done.* What I felt the evening before, I felt now; and found the same freedom in prayer for the people of my charge, for the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, for the enlargement and spiritual welfare of Zion in general, and for my dear friends in particular. I longed to burn out in one continued flame for God. Retained much of the same frame through the day. In the evening, was visited by my brother John Brainerd; the first visit I have ever received from any near relative since I have been a missionary. Felt the same frame of spirit in the evening as in the morning, and found that *it was good for me to draw near to God,* and leave all my concerns and burdens with Him. Was enlarged and refreshed in pouring out my soul for the propagation of the Gospel of the Redeemer among the distant tribes of Indians. Blessed be God. If ever I filled up a day with studies and devotion, I was enabled so to fill up this day.

*Saturday, May 24.*—Enjoyed this day something of the same frame of mind as I felt the day before.

*Monday, June 2.*—In the evening, enjoyed some freedom in secret prayer and meditation.

*Tuesday, June 3.*—My soul rejoiced, early in the morning, to think that all things were at God's disposal. It delighted me to leave them there.

Felt afterwards much as I did on Thursday evening, May 22; and continued in this frame for several hours. Walked out into the wilderness, and enjoyed freedom, fervency, and comfort, in prayer; and again enjoyed the same in the evening.

*Wednesday, June 4.*—Spent the day in writing, and had some satisfaction and freedom in my work. In the evening I was favoured with a sweet refreshing frame of soul in secret prayer and meditation. Prayer was now wholly turned into praise, and I could do little else but try to adore and bless the living God. The wonders of His grace, displayed in gathering to Himself a Church among the poor Indians here, were the subject-matter of my meditation, and the occasion of exciting me to praise and bless His holy name. My soul was scarcely ever more disposed to enquire *what I should render to God for all His benefits* than at this time. I was brought into a strait, a sweet and happy strait, to know what to do. I longed to make some returns to God, but found I had nothing to return. I could only rejoice that God had done the work Himself, and that none in heaven or earth might pretend to share the honour with Him. I could only be glad that God's declarative glory was advanced by the conversion of these souls, and that it was to the enlargement of His kingdom in the world; but saw I was so poor that I had nothing to offer to Him. My soul and body,



through grace, I could cheerfully surrender; but this appeared to be rather a cumber than a gift, and nothing could I do to glorify His dear and blessed name. Yet I was glad at heart that He was unchangeably possessed of glory and blessedness. O that He might be adored and praised by all His intelligent creatures, to the utmost of their power and capacities. My soul would have rejoiced to see others praise Him, though I could do nothing towards it myself.

*Saturday, June 7.*—Rode to Freehold to assist Mr. Tennent in the administration of the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon, preached from Psalm lxxiii. 28. God gave me some freedom and warmth in my discourse; and, I trust, His presence was in the assembly. Was comfortably composed, and enjoyed a thankful frame of spirit; but was grieved that I could not render something to God for His benefits bestowed. O that I could be swallowed up in His praise!

*Lord's day, June 8.*—Spent much time, in the morning, in secret duties; but between hope and fear respecting the enjoyment of God in the business of the day then before us. Was agreeably entertained, in the forenoon, by a discourse from Mr. Tennent, and felt somewhat melted and refreshed. In the season of communion, enjoyed some comfort; and especially in serving one of the tables. Blessed be the Lord, it was a time of refreshing to me, and I trust to many others. A

number of my dear people sat down by themselves at the last table; at which time God seemed to be in the midst of them. The thoughts of what God had done among them were refreshing and melting to me. In the afternoon, the Lord enabled me to preach with uncommon freedom, from 2 Corinthians v. 20. Through great goodness, I was favoured with a constant flow of pertinent matter and proper expressions from the beginning to the end of my discourse. In the evening I could not but rejoice in God, and bless Him for the manifestations of grace in the day past. It was a sweet and solemn day and evening; a season of comfort to the godly and of awakening to some souls. O that I could praise the Lord!

*Monday, June 9.*—Enjoyed some sweetness in secret duties. Preached the concluding sermon from Genesis v. 24, *And Enoch walked with God.* God gave me enlargement and fervency in my discourse, so that I was enabled to speak with plainness and power, and His presence seemed to be in the assembly. Praised be the Lord, it was a most desirable opportunity. I found my strength renewed and lengthened out, even to a wonder; so that I felt much stronger at the conclusion than in the beginning of the sacramental solemnity. I have great reason to bless God for this season, in which I have found assistance in addressing others, and sweetness in my own soul.

[On Tuesday he found himself spent, and his

spirits exhausted by his late labours; and, on Wednesday, complains of dejection of spirit.]

*Thursday, June 12.*—In the evening, had freedom and nearness in secret prayer. It was a desirable season; my soul was enlarged for my own dear people, for the coming of Christ's kingdom, and especially for the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians back in the wilderness. Was refreshed in prayer for dear friends in New England and elsewhere; and truly I could say with all my heart, *It is good for me to draw near to God.*

*Friday, June 13.*—I came away from the meeting of the Indians, rejoicing and blessing God for His grace manifested at this season.

*Saturday, June 14.*—Rode to Kingston, to assist the Rev. Mr. Wales in the administration of the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon, preached, but almost fainted in the pulpit; yet God strengthened me when I was just gone, and enabled me to speak His Word with freedom, fervency, and application to the conscience. Praised be the Lord; *out of weakness I was made strong.* I enjoyed some sweetness, in and after public worship, but was extremely tired. How many are the Lord's mercies! *To them that have no might He increaseth strength.*

*Lord's day, June 15.*—Was in a dejected spiritless frame; could not hold up my head, nor look anybody in the face. Administered the Lord's Supper at Mr. Wales's desire, and found myself in a good measure unburdened and relieved of my pressing

load, when I came to ask a blessing on the elements; here God gave me enlargement, and a tender affectionate sense of spiritual things; so that it was a season of comfort in some measure to me, and I trust more so to others. In the afternoon, preached to a vast multitude, from Revelation xxii. 17. God helped me to offer a testimony for Himself, and to leave sinners inexcusable in neglecting His grace. I was enabled to speak with such freedom, fluency, and clearness, as commanded the attention of the great. Was extremely tired in the evening, but happily composed.

*Monday, June 16.*—Preached again, and God helped me amazingly, so that this was a refreshing season to myself and others. Blessed be God for help afforded at this time, when my body was so weak, and while there was so large an assembly to hear. Spent the afternoon in a comfortable agreeable manner.

[On Friday he was very much indisposed, but preached to his people on Saturday. His illness continued on the Sabbath, but he preached notwithstanding, both parts of the day. After public worship, he endeavoured to apply divine truths to the consciences of some, and addressed them personally; several were in tears. He was extremely wearied with the services of the day, and so ill at night that he could have no bodily rest; but remarks that "God was his support, and he was not left destitute of comfort in Him." On

Monday, he continued very ill; but speaks of being resigned to the divine dispensations and content with his feeble state. And, by the account he gives of himself, the remaining part of this week he continued very feeble.]

*Lord's day, June 29.*—Preached, both parts of the day, from John xiv. 19, *Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more.* God was pleased to afford me both freedom and power, especially towards the close of my discourses, both forenoon and afternoon. God's power appeared in the assembly in both exercises. Numbers of God's people were refreshed and melted with divine things, and one or two comforted who had long been under distress. Convictions in divers instances were powerfully revived; and one man in years much awakened, who had not long frequented our meeting, and appeared before as stupid as a stock. God amazingly renewed and lengthened out my strength. I was so spent at noon that I could scarcely walk, and all my joints trembled; so that I could not sit, nor so much as hold my hand still. Yet the Lord strengthened me to preach with power in the afternoon, although I had given out word to my people that I did not expect to be able to do it. Spent some time afterwards in conversing, particularly, with several persons, about their spiritual state; and had some satisfaction concerning one or two. Prayed afterwards with a sick child, and gave a word of exhortation. Was

assisted in all my work ; blessed be God. Returned home with more health than I went out with, although my linen was wringing wet upon me, from a little after ten in the morning till past five in the afternoon. My spirits also were considerably refreshed, and my soul rejoiced in hope that I had through grace done something for God. In the evening, walked out, and enjoyed a good season in secret prayer and praise. But O, I found the truth of the Psalmist's words: *My goodness extendeth not to Thee.* I could not make any returns to God ; I longed to live only to Him, and to be in tune for His praise and service for ever. O for spirituality and holy fervency, that I might spend and be spent for God to my latest moment !

*Monday, June 30.*—Employed the day in writing, but under much weakness and disorder. Felt the labours of the preceding day, although my spirits were so refreshed the evening before that I was not then sensible of my being spent.

*Tuesday, July 1.*—In the afternoon, visited, and preached to my people, from Hebrews ix. 27, on occasion of some persons lying at the point of death in my congregation. God afforded me assistance, and His Word made some impressions on the audience in general. This was a comfortable evening ; my spirits were refreshed with a small degree of freedom and help enjoyed in my work.

*Lord's day, July 6.*—At Elizabeth Town. Enjoyed

some composure and serenity of mind in the morning; heard Mr. Dickinson preach in the forenoon, and was refreshed and melted with his discourse. Partook of the Lord's Supper, and enjoyed some sense of divine things in that ordinance. In the afternoon I preached from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11, *As I live, saith the Lord God*, etc. I was favoured with freedom and fervency, and the Lord helped me to plead His cause beyond my own power.

*Monday, July 7.*—My spirits were considerably refreshed and raised in the morning. There is no comfort, I find, in anything, without enjoying God and being engaged in His service. In the evening, had the most agreeable conversation that I ever remember upon God's being All in all, and all enjoyments being just that to us which God makes them, and no more. It is good to begin and end with God. O how does a sweet solemnity lay the foundation for true pleasure and happiness!

*Tuesday, July 8.*—Rode home, and enjoyed some agreeable meditations by the way.

*Wednesday, July 9.*—Spent the day in writing; enjoyed some comfort and refreshment in my evening retirement.

*Thursday, July 10.*—Employed most of the day in writing. Towards night, rode to Mr. Tennent's, and had some agreeable conversation. Went home in the evening, in a solemn frame of mind; was refreshed in secret duties, longed to live wholly

and only for God, and saw plainly there was nothing in the world worthy of my affection. My heart was dead to all below, not through dejection, as at some times, but from views of a better inheritance.

*Friday, July 11.*—Was in a calm composed frame in the morning, especially in the season of secret retirement. I think I was well pleased with the will of God, whatever it was or should be, in all respects. Intending to administer the Lord's Supper the next Lord's day, I looked to God for His presence and assistance upon that occasion; but felt a disposition to say, *the will of the Lord be done*, whether it be to give me assistance or not. Spent some little time in writing; visited the Indians, and engaged in serious conversation with them; thinking it not best to preach, because many of them were absent.

*Saturday, July 12.*—This day was spent in fasting and prayer by my congregation, as preparatory to the sacrament. I discoursed both parts of the day from Romans iv. 25, *Who was delivered for our offences*. God gave me some assistance in my discourses, and something of divine power attended the Word; this was a good season. Afterwards led the people to a solemn renewal of their covenant, and fresh dedication of themselves to God. This was a season of great solemnity, and God seemed to be in the midst of us. Returned to my lodgings in the evening, in a comfortable frame of mind.



*Lord's day, July 13.*—In the forenoon, discoursed on *the Bread of life*. God gave me some assistance, in part of my discourse especially; and there appeared some tender affection in the assembly, under divine truths; my soul also was somewhat refreshed. Administered the Lord's Supper to thirty-one of the Indians. God seemed to be present in this ordinance; the communicants were most of them melted and refreshed. They were greatly affected when the elements were first uncovered; there was scarcely a dry eye among them, when I showed them the symbols of Christ's broken body. Having rested a little, after the administration of the sacrament, I visited the communicants, and found them generally in a sweet loving frame; not unlike what appeared among them on the former sacramental occasion. In the afternoon, discoursed upon coming to Christ, and the satisfaction of those who do so, from the same verse I insisted on in the forenoon. This was likewise a season of much tenderness, affection, and enlargement in divine service; and God, I am persuaded, crowned our assembly with His presence. I returned home much spent, yet rejoicing in the divine goodness.

*Monday, July 14.*—Went to my people, and discoursed to them from Psalm cxix. 106, *I have sworn, and I will perform it*. Observed, 1. That all God's judgments or commandments are righteous; 2. That God's people have sworn to keep them;

and this they do especially at the Lord's Table. There appeared to be a powerful divine influence on the assembly, and considerable melting under the Word. Afterwards I led them to a renewal of their covenant before God, that they would watch over themselves and one another, lest they should fall into sin, and dishonour the name of Christ. This transaction was attended with great solemnity. God seemed to own it by exciting in them a fear and jealousy of themselves, lest they should sin against Him, and His presence seemed to be amongst us in the conclusion of this sacramental solemnity.

*Lord's day, July 20.*—Preached twice to my people from John xvii. 24, *Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me.* Was helped to discourse with great clearness and plainness in the forenoon. In the afternoon, enjoyed some tenderness and spake with some influence. Divers were in tears; and some, to appearance, in distress.

*Monday, July 21.*—Preached to the Indians, chiefly for the sake of some strangers. Then proposed my design of taking a journey speedily to Susquehanna; exhorted the people to pray that God would be with me in my journey, and chose divers persons of the congregation to travel with me. Afterwards spent time in discoursing to the strangers, and felt encouraged. Took care

of my people's secular business, and was not a little exercised with it. Had some degree of composure and comfort in secret retirement.

*Tuesday, July 22.*—Was in a dejected frame, most of the day. Wanted to wear out life, and have it at an end; but had some desires of living to God and wearing out life for Him. O that I could indeed do so!

*Saturday, July 26.*—Was comfortable in the morning; my countenance and heart were not sad, as in days past; enjoyed some sweetness in lifting up my heart to God. Rode home to my people, and was in a pleasant frame by the way; my spirits were much relieved of their burden, and I felt free to go through all difficulties and labours in my Master's service.

*Lord's day, July 27.*—Discoursed to my people in the forenoon from Luke xii. 37, on the duty and benefit of watching. God helped me in the latter part of my discourse, and His power appeared in the assembly. In the afternoon, discoursed from Luke xiii. 25. Here also I enjoyed some assistance, and the Spirit of God seemed to attend what was spoken. There was a great solemnity, and some tears among the Indians and others.

*Monday, July 28.*—Was very weak, and scarcely able to perform any business at all; but enjoyed liberty in prayer, both morning and evening, and was composed and comfortable through the day. My mind was intense, and my heart fervent, at

least in some degree, in secret duties ; and I longed to spend and be spent for God.

*Tuesday, July 29.*—My mind was cheerful and free from melancholy ; had freedom in looking up to God at sundry times in the day. In the evening I enjoyed a comfortable season in prayer ; was helped to plead with God for my own dear people, that He would carry on His blessed work among them ; was assisted also in praying for the divine presence to attend me in my journey to Susquehanna, and remembered my dear brethren and friends in New England. I scarcely knew how to leave the Throne of Grace, and it grieved me that I was obliged to go to bed. I longed to do something for God, but knew not how. Blessed be God for this freedom from dejection.

*Wednesday, July 30.*—Was unusually comfortable, both in body and mind, in the forenoon especially. I was greatly assisted in my work, and God seemed to be near to me ; so that the day was as comfortable as most I have enjoyed for some time. In the evening, was favoured with assistance in secret prayer, and felt much as I did the evening before. Blessed be God for that freedom I then enjoyed at the Throne of Grace, for myself, my people, and my dear friends. *It is good for me to draw near to God.*

*Friday, August 1.*—In the evening, enjoyed a sweet season in secret prayer ; clouds of darkness and perplexing care were scattered, and nothing anxious remained. O how serene was my mind at

this season; how free from that distracting concern I have often felt! *Thy will be done*, was a petition sweet to my soul; and, if God had bidden me choose for myself in any affair, I should have chosen rather to refer all to Him; for I saw He was infinitely wise and could not do anything amiss, as I was in danger of doing. Was assisted in prayer for my dear flock, that God would promote His own work among them, and that He would go with me in my intended journey to Susquehanna; was helped to remember dear friends in New England and my dear brethren in the ministry. I found enough in the duty of prayer to have engaged me to continue in it the whole night, if my bodily state would have admitted. O how sweet it is to be enabled heartily to say, *Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!*

*Saturday, August 2.*—Near night, preached from Matthew xi. 29. Was considerably helped, and the presence of God seemed remarkably in the assembly; divine truth made powerful impressions both upon saints and sinners. Blessed be God for such a revival amongst us. In the evening, was very weary, but found my spirits supported and refreshed.

*Lord's day, August 3.*—Discoursed to my people in the forenoon from Colossians iii. 4, showing that Christ is the believer's life. God helped me, and it was a season of considerable power in the assembly. In the afternoon, preached from Luke

xix. 41, 42. I enjoyed some assistance, though not so much as in the forenoon. In the evening, I had great freedom in secret prayer; God enlarged my heart, and gave me satisfaction in drawing near to Himself. O that my soul could magnify the Lord for these seasons of composure and resignation to His will!

*Monday, August 4.*—Spent the day in writing; enjoyed much freedom and assistance in my work; was in a composed and comfortable frame most of the day; and in the evening enjoyed some sweetness in prayer. Blessed be God, my spirits were yet up, and I was kept from sinking, as I have been in general ever since I came from Elizabeth Town. O what a mercy is this!

*Tuesday, August 5.*—Towards night, preached at the funeral of one of my Christian Indians, from Isaiah lvii. 2. Was oppressed with nervous headache and considerably dejected; however, had a little freedom some part of the time I was discoursing. Was extremely weary in the evening, but notwithstanding enjoyed some liberty and cheerfulness of mind in prayer; and found the dejection that I feared much removed, and my spirits considerably refreshéd.

*Thursday, August 7.*—Rode to my house, where I spent the last winter, in order to bring some things I needed for my Susquehanna journey; was refreshed to see that place, which God so marvellously visited with the showers of His grace.

O how amazingly did the power of God often appear there! *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

*Saturday, August 9.*—In the afternoon, visited my people; set their affairs in order as much as possible, and contrived for them the management of their worldly business; discoursed to them in a solemn manner, and concluded with prayer. Was composed and comfortable in the evening, and somewhat fervent in secret prayer; had a view of the eternal world, and felt a serenity of mind. O that I could magnify the Lord for any freedom He affords me in prayer!

*Lord's day, August 10.*—Discoursed to my people, both parts of the day, from Acts iii. 19. In treating of repentance, in the forenoon, God helped me, so that my discourse was searching; some were in tears, both of the Indians and white people, and the Word of God was attended with power. In the interval of worship, I was engaged in discoursing to some in order to their baptism; as well as with one who had then lately met with some comfort, after spiritual trouble and distress. In the afternoon, was somewhat assisted again, though weak and weary. Afterwards baptized six persons—three adults and three children. Was in a comfortable frame in the evening, and enjoyed some satisfaction in secret prayer. I scarcely ever felt myself so full of tenderness as this day.

*Monday, August 11.*—Being about to set out on a

journey to Susquehanna the next day, with leave of Providence, I spent some time this day in prayer with my people, that God would bless and succeed my intended journey; that He would send forth His blessed Spirit with His Word, and set up His kingdom among the poor Indians in the wilderness. While I was opening and applying part of the 110th and 2nd Psalms, the power of God seemed to descend on the assembly in some measure; and, while I was offering the first prayer, numbers were melted. Preached from Acts iv. 31. God helped me and my interpreter also; there was a shaking and melting among us, and divers, I doubt not, were in some measure *filled with the Holy Ghost*. Afterwards Mr. Macknight prayed. I then opened the two last stanzas of the 72nd Psalm; at which time God was present with us, especially while I insisted upon the promise of *all nations blessing the great Redeemer*. My soul was refreshed in thinking that this day, this blessed glorious season, should surely come; and, I trust, numbers of my dear people were also refreshed. Afterwards prayed with freedom, but was almost spent. I then walked out, and left my people to carry on religious exercises among themselves; they prayed repeatedly and sang, while I rested and refreshed myself. Afterwards went to the meeting; prayed with and dismissed the assembly. Blessed be God, this has been a day of grace. There were many sighs and tears amongst us this day. In the



evening, my soul was refreshed in prayer ; enjoyed liberty at the Throne of Grace, in praying for my people and friends, and the Church of God in general. *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*

[The next day he set out on his journey towards Susquehanna, and six of his Christian Indians with him, whom he had chosen out of his congregation as those that he judged most fit to assist him in the business he was going upon. He took his way through Philadelphia, intending to go as far as Susquehanna River, and to travel up the river to the Indian habitations. For though this was much farther about, yet hereby he avoided the huge mountains and hideous wilderness that must be crossed in the nearer way. He rode this week as far as Charlestown, about thirty miles westward of Philadelphia, where he arrived on Friday.]

*Saturday, August 16.*—At Charlestown. It being a day kept by the people of the place where I now was, as preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, I tarried ; heard Mr. Treat preach, and then preached myself. God gave me a good degree of freedom, and helped me to discourse with warmth and power to the conscience. Afterwards I was refreshed in spirit, though much tired ; and spent the evening agreeably, having some freedom in prayer, as well as Christian conversation.

*Lord's day, August 17.*—Enjoyed liberty, composure, and satisfaction, in the secret duties of the morning ; had my heart somewhat enlarged in

prayer for dear friends as well as for myself. In the forenoon, attended Mr. Treat's preaching, partook of the Lord's Supper, five of my people also communicating in this holy ordinance; I enjoyed some enlargement and outgoing of soul in this season. In the afternoon, preached from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. Enjoyed not so much sensible assistance as the day before; however, was helped to some fervency in addressing immortal souls. Was somewhat confounded in the evening, because I thought I had done little or nothing for God; yet enjoyed some refreshment of spirit in Christian conversation and prayer. Spent the evening, till near midnight, in religious exercises; and found my bodily strength, which was much spent when I came from the public worship, something renewed before I went to bed.

*Monday, August 18.*—Rode on my way towards Paxton, upon Susquehanna River. Felt my spirits sink towards night, so that I had little comfort.

*Tuesday, August 19.*—Rode forward still; and at night lodged by the side of Susquehanna. Was weak and disordered both this and the preceding day, and found my spirits considerably damped, meeting with none that I thought godly people.

*Wednesday, August 20.*—Having lain in a cold sweat all night, I coughed much bloody matter this morning, and was under great disorder of body and not a little melancholy; but what gave me some encouragement was, I had a secret hope that

I might speedily get a dismissal from earth and all its toils and sorrows. Rode this day to one Chambers's, upon Susquehanna, and there lodged. Was much afflicted in the evening with an ungodly crew, drinking, swearing. O what a hell would it be, to be numbered with the ungodly! Enjoyed some agreeable conversation with a traveller, who seemed to have a relish of true religion.

*Thursday, August 21.*—Rode up the river about fifteen miles, and there lodged in a family that appeared quite destitute of God. Laboured to discourse with the man about the life of religion, but found him very artful in evading such conversation. O what a death it is to some, to hear of the things of God! Was out of my element, but not so dejected as at some times.

*Friday, August 22.*—Continued my course up the river. My people now being with me, who before were parted from me, we travelled above all the English settlements. At night, lodged in the open woods, and slept with more comfort than while among an ungodly company of white people. Enjoyed some liberty in secret prayer this evening; was helped to remember dear friends, as well as my dear flock, and the Church of God in general.

*Saturday, August 23.*—Arrived at the Indian town called Shaumoking, near night. Was not so dejected as formerly, though somewhat exercised. Felt more composed in the evening, and enjoyed some freedom in leaving my all with God. Through

great goodness I was not distressed with despondency, as frequently heretofore.

*Lord's day, August 24.*—Towards noon, visited some of the Delawares and discoursed to them about Christianity. In the afternoon, discoursed to the king and others upon divine things; they seemed disposed to hear. Spent most of the day in these exercises. In the evening, enjoyed some comfort and satisfaction, especially in secret prayer; this duty was made so agreeable to me that I loved to walk abroad and repeatedly engage in it. O how comfortable is a little glimpse of God!

*Monday, August 25.*—Spent most of the day in writing. Sent out my people that were with me to talk with the Indians, and contract a friendship and familiarity with them, that I might have a better opportunity of treating with them about Christianity. Some good seemed to be done by their visits this day; divers appeared willing to hearken to the Gospel. My spirits were a little refreshed this evening, and I found some liberty and satisfaction in prayer.

*Tuesday, August 26.*—About noon, discoursed to a considerable number of Indians. God helped me to speak with much plainness, warmth, and power. The discourse had impression upon some, and made them appear very serious. I thought things now appeared as encouraging as they did at Crossweeksung. At the time of my first visit to those Indians, I was a little encouraged. I

pressed things with all my might, and called out my people who were then present, to give in their testimony for God; which they did. Towards night, was refreshed; felt a heart to pray for the setting up of God's kingdom here, as well as for my dear congregation and friends elsewhere.

*Wednesday, August 27.*—There having been a thick smoke in the house where I lodged all night before, by which I was almost choked, I was this morning distressed with pains in my head and neck, and could have no rest. In the morning, the smoke was still the same; and a cold easterly storm gathering, I could neither live within doors nor without any long time together. I was pierced with the rawness of the air abroad; in the house distressed with the smoke. I was this day very low, and lived in great distress; had not health enough to do anything to purpose.

*Thursday, August 28.*—In the forenoon was under great concern of mind about my work. Being visited by some who desired to hear me preach, I discoursed to them in the afternoon with some fervency, and laboured to persuade them to turn to God. Was full of concern for the kingdom of Christ, and found some enlargement in prayer, both in secret and in my family. Scarcely ever saw more clearly than this day that it is God's work to convert souls, and especially poor heathen. I knew I could not touch them; I saw I could only speak to *dry bones*, but could give them no

sense of what I said. My eyes were up to God for help: I could say, the work was His; and, if done, the glory would be His.

*Friday, August 29.*—Felt the same concern of mind as the day before. Enjoyed some freedom in prayer, and a satisfaction to leave all with God. Travelled to the Delawares, found few at home; felt poorly, but was able to spend some time alone in reading God's Word and in prayer, and enjoyed some sweetness in these exercises. In the evening, was assisted repeatedly in prayer, and found some comfort in coming to the Throne of Grace.

*Saturday, August 30.*—Spent the forenoon in visiting a trader, who came down the river sick. He appeared as ignorant as any Indian. In the afternoon, spent some time in writing, reading, and prayer.

*Lord's day, August 31.*—Spent much time in the morning in secret duties; found a weight upon my spirits, and could not but cry to God with concern and engagement of soul. Spent some time also in reading and expounding God's Word to my family that were with me, as well as in singing and praying with them. Afterwards spake the Word of God to a few of the Susquehanna Indians. In the afternoon felt very weak and feeble. Near night, was a little refreshed in mind, with some views relating to my great work. O how heavy is my work, when faith cannot take hold of an almighty arm for the performance of

it! Many times have I been ready to sink in this case. Blessed be God, that I may repair to a full fountain.

*Monday, September 1.*—Set out on a journey towards a place called The Great Island, about fifty miles distant from Shaumoking, in the north-western branch of Susquehanna. Travelled some part of the way, and at night lodged in the woods. Was exceeding feeble this day, and sweated much the night following.

*Tuesday, September 2.*—Rode forward, but no faster than my people went on foot. On this as well as the preceding days, I was so feeble and faint that I feared it would kill me to lie out in the open air. Some of our company also were parted from us, so that we had now no axe with us; and I had no way left but to climb into a young pine-tree, and with my knife to lop the branches, and so made a shelter from the dew. But the evening being cloudy, and very likely for rain, I was still under fears of being extremely exposed. I sweated much in the night, so that my linen was almost wringing wet all night. I scarcely ever was more weak and weary than this evening, when I was able to sit up at all. This was a melancholy situation to be in; but I endeavoured to quiet myself with considerations of the possibility of my being in much worse circumstances, amongst enemies.

*Wednesday, September 3.*—Rode to the Delaware

town ; found several persons drinking and drunken. Discoursed with some of the Indians about Christianity ; observed my interpreter much engaged and assisted in his work ; some few seemed to hear with great earnestness. About noon, rode to a small town of Shauwaunoes, about eight miles distant ; spent an hour or two there, and returned to the Delaware town, and lodged there. Was seldom more confounded with a sense of my own unfruitfulness and unfitness for my work than now. O what a dead, heartless, barren, unprofitable wretch did I now see myself to be ! My spirits were so low, and my bodily strength so wasted, that I could do nothing at all. At length, being much overdone, I lay down on a buffalo skin ; but sweated much the whole night.

*Thursday, September 4.* — Discoursed with the Indians in the morning about Christianity. My interpreter afterwards carried on the discourse to a considerable length ; some few appeared well disposed and somewhat affected. Left this place, and returned towards Shaumoking ; and at night lodged in the place as on the Monday night before. Was in very uncomfortable circumstances in the evening, my people being belated, and not coming to me till past ten at night ; so that I had no fire to dress any victuals, or to keep me warm or keep off wild beasts. I was never more weak and worn out in all my life. However, I lay down and slept before my people came up, expecting nothing



else but to spend the whole night alone, and without a fire.

*Friday, September 5.*—Was so weak that I could scarcely ride; it seemed sometimes as if I must fall off from my horse, and lie in the open woods. However, I got to Shaumoking towards night, and felt thankful that God had so far returned me. I was also refreshed to see one of my Christians, whom I left here in my late excursion.

*Saturday, September 6.*—Spent the day in a very weak state, coughing and spitting blood, and having little appetite to any food I had with me. Could do very little, except discourse awhile of divine things to my own people and to some few I met with. Had by this time very little life or heart to speak for God, through feebleness of body and flatness of spirits. Was much ashamed and confounded in myself. I was sensible that there were numbers of God's people, who knew I was then out upon a design, or at least the pretence, of doing something for God and in His cause among the poor Indians; and they were ready to suppose that I was *fervent in spirit*. But O the heartless frame of mind that I felt filled me with confusion. O if God's people knew me as God knows, they would not think so highly of my zeal and resolution for God as perhaps now they do. I could not but desire they should see how heartless and irresolute I was, that they might be undeceived and *not think of me above what they ought to think*.

And yet I thought, if they saw the utmost of my flatness and unfaithfulness, the smallness of my courage and resolution for God, they would be ready to shut me out of their doors as unworthy of the company or friendship of Christians.

*Lord's day, September 7.*—Was much in the same weak state of body and afflicted frame of mind as in the preceding day; my soul was grieved and mourned that I could do nothing for God. Read and expounded some part of God's Word to my own dear family, and spent some time in prayer with them. Discoursed also a little to the pagans, but spent the Sabbath with a little comfort.

*Monday, September 8.*—Spent the forenoon among the Indians; in the afternoon left Shaumoking, and returned a few miles down the river. Had proposed to tarry a considerable time longer among the Indians upon Susquehanna; but was hindered from pursuing my purpose by the sickness that prevailed there, the weakly circumstances of my own people that were with me, and especially my own extraordinary weakness, having been exercised with great nocturnal sweats and a coughing up of blood, in almost the whole of the journey. Great part of the time I was so feeble and faint, that it seemed as though I never should be able to reach home; and at the same time destitute of the comforts and even necessaries of life; at least, what was necessary for one in so weak a state. In this journey I was sometimes enabled to speak the

Word of God with power, and divine truth made some impression on divers that heard me. Several men and women, both old and young, seemed to *cleave to us*, and to be well disposed towards Christianity; but others mocked and shouted, which damped some of those who before seemed friendly. Yet God at times was evidently present, assisting me and my interpreter and other dear friends who were with me. I sometimes had a good degree of freedom in prayer for the ingathering of souls there, and could not but entertain a strong hope that the journey would not be wholly fruitless. Whether it will issue in the setting up Christ's kingdom there, or only the drawing of some few persons down to my congregation in New Jersey; or whether they were now only preparing for some further attempts that might be made among them, I did not determine; but I was persuaded the journey would not be lost. Blessed be God, that I had any encouragement and hope.

*Tuesday, September 9.*—Rode down the river, near thirty miles. Was extremely weak, much fatigued, and wet with a thunderstorm. Discoursed with some warmth and closeness to a few poor ignorant souls on the life and power of religion; what were, and what were not, the evidences of it. They seemed much astonished when they saw my Indians ask a blessing and give thanks at dinner; concluding that to be a very

high evidence of grace in them; but were astonished when I insisted that neither that, nor yet secret prayer, was any sure evidence of grace. O the ignorance of men! How are some empty outward forms, that may all be entirely selfish, mistaken for true religion and infallible evidences of it! The Lord pity a deluded world.

*Wednesday, September 10.* — Rode near twenty miles homeward. Was much solicited to preach, but utterly unable through bodily weakness. Was overdone with heat and showers this day, and coughed up much blood.

*Thursday, September 11.* — Rode homeward, but was very weak, and sometimes scarcely able to ride. Had a very importunate invitation to preach at a meeting-house I came by, the people being then gathering; but I could not. Was resigned and composed under my weakness, but much exercised with concern for my companions in travel, whom I had left with much regret, some lame, and some sick.

*Friday, September 12.* — Rode about fifty miles, and came just at night to a Christian friend's house, about twenty-five miles west of Philadelphia. Was courteously received and kindly entertained, and found myself much refreshed in the midst of my weakness and fatigues.

*Saturday, September 13.* — Was still agreeably entertained with Christian friendship, and all things suited to my circumstances. In the afternoon,

heard Mr. Treat preach, and was refreshed in conversation with him in the evening.

*Lord's day, September 14.*—At the desire of Mr. Treat and the people, I preached both parts of the day, but short, from Luke xiv. 23. God gave me some freedom and warmth in my discourse; and, I trust, helped me in some measure to labour in *singleness of heart*. Was much tired in the evening, but comforted with the most tender treatment I ever met with. My mind, through the whole of this day, was exceeding calm. I could ask for nothing in prayer with any encouragement of soul, but that *the will of God might be done*.

*Monday, September 15.*—Spent the whole day in concert with Mr. Treat, endeavouring to compose a difference subsisting between certain persons in the congregation where we now were; there seemed to be a blessing on our endeavours. In the evening, baptized a child; was in a calm composed frame, and enjoyed a spiritual sense of divine things, while administering the ordinance. Afterwards spent the time in religious conversation, till late in the night. This was indeed a pleasant evening.

*Tuesday, September 16.*—Continued still at my friend's house, about twenty-five miles west of Philadelphia. Was very weak, unable to perform any business, and scarcely able to sit up.

*Wednesday, September 17.*—Rode into Philadelphia. Still very weak, and my cough and

spitting of blood continued. Enjoyed some agreeable conversation with friends, but wanted more spirituality.

*Thursday, September 18.*—Went from Philadelphia to Mr. Treat's; was agreeably entertained on the road, and was in a sweet composed frame in the evening.

*Friday, September 19.*—Rode from Mr. Treat's to Mr. Stockton's at Prince Town; was extremely weak, but kindly received and entertained. Spent the evening with some degree of satisfaction.

*Saturday, September 20.*—Arrived among my own people just at night. Found them praying together; went in and gave them some account of God's dealings with me and my companions in the journey, which seemed affecting to them. I then prayed with them, and thought the divine presence was amongst us; several were melted into tears, and seemed to have a sense of divine things. Being very weak, I was obliged soon to repair to my lodgings, and felt much worn out in the evening. Thus God has carried me through the fatigues and perils of another journey to Susquehanna, and returned me again in safety, though under a great degree of bodily indisposition. O that my soul were truly thankful for renewed instances of mercy! Many hardships and distresses I endured in this journey; but the Lord supported me under them all.

## PART VIII.

THE JOURNEY TO BOSTON, AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF HIS DEATH.

[HITHERTO Mr. Brainerd had kept a constant Diary, giving an account of what passed from day to day with little interruption; but henceforward his Diary is very much interrupted by his illness. He was often brought so low as either not to be capable of writing, or not well able to bear the burden of a care so constant as was requisite to recollect every evening what had passed in the day, and set down an orderly account of it in writing. However, his Diary was not wholly neglected; but he took care, from time to time, to take some notice of the most material things concerning himself and the state of his mind, even till within a few days of his death, as the reader will see afterwards.]

*Lord's day, September 21, 1746.*—I was so weak I could not preach, nor pretend to ride over to my people in the forenoon. In the afternoon, rode out; sat in my chair, and discoursed to my people from Romans xiv. 7, 8. I was strengthened and helped in my discourse, and there appeared something agreeable in the assembly. I returned to my lodgings extremely tired, but thankful that I had been enabled to speak a word to my poor

people, from whom I had been so long absent. Was able to sleep very little this night, through weariness and pain. O how blessed should I be, if the little I do were all done with right views! O that, *whether I live I might live to the Lord, or whether I die I might die to the Lord.*

*Saturday, September 27.*—Spent this day, as well as the whole week past, under a great degree of bodily weakness, attended with a violent cough and fever. Had no appetite to any kind of food, and frequently brought up what I ate, as soon as it was down; and oftentimes had little rest in my bed, by reason of pains in my breast and back. I was able, however, to ride over to my people, about two miles, every day, and take some care of those who were then at work upon a small house for me to reside in amongst the Indians.<sup>1</sup> I was sometimes hardly able to walk, and never able to sit up the whole day, through the week. Was calm and composed, and but little exercised with melancholy, as in former seasons of weakness. Whether I should ever recover or no, seemed very doubtful; but this was many times a comfort to me, that life and death did not depend upon my choice. I was pleased to think that He who is infinitely wise had the determination of this

<sup>1</sup> [This was the fourth house he built for his residence among the Indians. Besides that at Kaunaumeek, and that at the Forks of Delaware, and another at Crossweeksung, he built one now at Cranberry.]



matter; and that I had no trouble to consider and weigh things upon all sides, in order to make the choice whether I would live or die. Thus my time was consumed. I had little strength to pray, none to write or read, and scarcely any to meditate; but through divine goodness I could with great composure look death in the face, and frequently with sensible joy. O how blessed it is to be habitually prepared for death! The Lord grant that I may be actually ready also!

*Lord's day, September 28.*—Rode to my people; and, though under much weakness, attempted to preach from 2 Corinthians xiii. 5. Discoursed about half an hour; at which season divine power seemed to attend the Word; but, being extremely weak, I was obliged to desist; and, after a turn of faintness, with much difficulty rode to my lodgings; where betaking myself to my bed I lay in a burning fever, and almost delirious for several hours; till towards morning my fever went off with a violent sweat. I have often been feverish and unable to rest quietly after preaching; but this was the severest illness that preaching ever brought upon me. Yet I felt perfectly at rest in my own mind, because I had made my utmost attempt to speak for God, and knew I could do no more.

*Tuesday, September 30.*—Yesterday and to-day, was in the same weak state, or rather weaker than in days past, hardly able to sit up half the day.

Was in a composed frame of mind, remarkably free from dejection and melancholy. God has been pleased in great measure to deliver me from these unhappy glooms, in the general course of my present weakness hitherto, and also from a peevish froward spirit. O how great a mercy is this! O that I might always be perfectly quiet in seasons of the greatest weakness, although nature should sink and fail! O that I may always be able with the utmost sincerity to say, *Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!* This, through grace, I can say at present with regard to life or death. *The Lord do with me as seems good in His sight;* that, whether I live or die, I may glorify Him, who is worthy to receive blessing and honour and dominion for ever. Amen.

*Saturday, October 4.*—Spent the former part of this week under great infirmity and disorder, as I had done several weeks before. Was able, however, to ride a little every day, although unable to sit up half the day, till Thursday. Took some care daily of some persons at work upon my house. On Friday afternoon found myself wonderfully revived and strengthened; and having some time before given notice to my people, and those of them at the Forks of Delaware in particular, that I designed, with leave of Providence, to administer the Lord's Supper upon the first Sabbath in October, the Sabbath now approaching, on Friday afternoon I preached, preparatory to the sacrament, from

2 Corinthians xiii. 5, finishing what I had proposed to offer upon the subject the Sabbath before. The sermon was blessed to the stirring up religious affection and a spirit of devotion in the people of God; and to the greatly affecting one who had backslidden from God, which caused him to judge and condemn himself. I was surprisingly strengthened in my work while speaking; but was obliged immediately after to repair to bed, being now removed into my own house among the Indians. This gave me such speedy relief and refreshment, as I could not well have lived without. Spent some time on Friday night in conversing with my people about divine things, as I lay upon my bed; and found my soul refreshed, though my body was weak. This being Saturday, I discoursed particularly with divers of the communicants; and this afternoon, preached from Zechariah xii. 10. There seemed to be a tender melting and hearty mourning for sin, in numbers of the congregation. My soul was in a comfortable frame, and I enjoyed freedom and assistance in public service; was myself, as well as most of the congregation, much affected with the humble confession and apparent broken-heartedness of the forementioned backslider. I could not but rejoice that God had given him such a sense of his sin and unworthiness. Was extremely tired in the evening, but lay on my bed, and discoursed to my people.

*Lord's day, October 5.*—Was still very weak ; and in the morning, considerably afraid I should not be able to go through the work of the day ; having much to do both in private and public. Discoursed before the administration of the sacrament, from John i. 29, *Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.* Where I considered, *first*, In what respects Christ is called *the Lamb of God* ; and observed that He is so called, (1) From the purity and innocency of His nature ; (2) From His meekness and patience under sufferings ; (3) From His being that atonement which was pointed out in the sacrifice of lambs, and in particular by the Paschal lamb. *Secondly*, Considered how and in what sense He *takes away the sin of the world* ; and observed that the means by which He takes away the sins of men was His giving Himself for them, doing and suffering in their room and stead. And He is said to take away the sin of “the world,” not because all the world shall actually be redeemed from sin by Him ; but because (1) He has done and suffered sufficient to answer for the sins of the world, and so to redeem all mankind ; (2) He actually does take away the sins of the elect world. And, *thirdly*, Considered how we are to *behold* Him, in order to have our sins taken away. (1) Not with our bodily eyes. Nor, (2) By imagining Him on the Cross. But by a spiritual view of His glory and goodness, engaging the soul to rely on Him. The divine presence attended

this discourse, and the assembly was considerably melted with it. After sermon, baptized two persons. Then administered the Lord's Supper to near forty communicants of the Indians, besides several Christians of the white people. It seemed to be a season of divine power and grace, and numbers appeared to rejoice in God. O the sweet union and harmony then prevailing among believers! My soul was refreshed, and my religious friends of the white people with me. After the sacrament, could scarcely get home, though it was not more than twenty rods; but was supported and led by my friends, and laid on my bed. I lay in pain till some time in the evening, and then was able to sit up and discourse with friends. O how was this day spent in prayers and praises among my dear people! One might hear them all the morning before public worship, and in the evening till near midnight, praying and singing praises to God, in one or other of their houses. My soul was refreshed, though my body was weak.

[This week he went in a very low state to Elizabeth Town, to attend the meeting of the Synod there; but was disappointed by its removal to New York. He continued in a very composed comfortable frame of mind.]

*Saturday, October 11.*—Towards night was seized with an ague, which was followed with a hard fever and considerable pain. Was treated with great kindness, and was ashamed to see so much

concern about so unworthy a creature as I knew myself to be. Was in a comfortable frame of mind, wholly submissive with regard to life or death. It was indeed a peculiar satisfaction to me to think that it was not my concern or business to determine whether I should live or die. I likewise felt satisfied while under this uncommon degree of disorder, being fully convinced of my weakness and inability to perform my work; whereas at other times my mind was perplexed with fears that I was a misimprover of time, by conceiving I was sick when I was not in reality so. O how precious is time, and how guilty it makes me feel, when I think I have trifled away and misimproved it, or neglected to fill up each part of it with duty to the utmost of my ability and capacity!

*Lord's day, October 12.*—Was scarcely able to sit up in the forenoon; in the afternoon, attended public worship, and was in a composed comfortable frame.

*Lord's day, October 19.*—Unable to do anything the week past, except that on Thursday I rode out about four miles; at which time I took cold. As I was able to do little or nothing, so I did not enjoy much spirituality. I longed indeed to be more fruitful and full of heavenly affection, and was grieved to see the hours slide away, while I could do nothing for God. Was able this week to attend public worship. Was composed and comfortable, willing either to die or live; but found it hard to

be reconciled to the thoughts of living useless. O that I might never live to be a burden to God's creation; but that I might be allowed to repair home, when my sojourning work is done!

[This week he went back to his Indians at Cranberry, to take some care of their spiritual and temporal concerns; and was much spent with journeying, though he rode but a little way in a day.]

*Thursday, October 23.*—Went to my own house, and set things in order. Was very weak, and somewhat melancholy; laboured to do something, but had no strength, and was forced to lie down on my bed very solitary.

*Friday, October 24.*—Spent the day in overseeing and directing my people about mending their fence and securing their wheat. Found that all their concerns of a secular nature depended upon me. Was somewhat refreshed in the evening, having been able to do something valuable in the daytime. O how it pains me to see time pass away, when I can do nothing to any purpose!

*Saturday, October 25.*—Visited some of my people; spent time in writing, and felt much better in body than usual. When it was near night, I felt so well that I had thoughts of expounding; but in the evening was much disordered again, and spent the night in coughing and spitting of blood.

*Lord's day, October 26.*—In the morning, was

exceeding weak ; spent the day, till near night, in pain to see my poor people wandering *as sheep having no shepherd*, waiting and hoping to see me able to preach to them before night. It could not but distress me to see them in this case, and to find myself unable to attempt anything for their spiritual benefit. But towards night, finding myself a little better, I called them together to my house, and sat down, and read and expounded Matthew v. 1-16. This discourse, though delivered in much weakness, was attended with power to many of the hearers, especially what was spoken upon the last of these verses ; where I insisted on the infinite wrong done to religion, by having our light become darkness, instead of *shining before men*. As many in the congregation were now deeply affected with a sense of their deficiency, in regard to a spiritual conversation that might recommend religion to others, so also a spirit of concern and watchfulness seemed to be excited in them. One in particular, who had fallen into the sin of drunkenness some time before, was now deeply convinced of his sin, and the great dishonour done to religion by his misconduct, and discovered a great degree of grief and concern on that account. My soul was refreshed to see this. And though I had no strength to speak so much as I would have done, but was obliged to lie down on the bed ; yet I rejoiced to see such a humble melting in the congregation, and that divine truth, though faintly



delivered, was attended with so much efficacy upon the auditory.

*Monday, October 27.*—Spent the day in overseeing and directing the Indians about mending the fence around their wheat; was able to walk with them, and contrive their business all the forenoon. In the afternoon, was visited by two dear friends, and spent some time in conversation with them. Towards night, was able to walk out and take care of the Indians again. In the evening, enjoyed a very peaceful frame.

*Tuesday, October 28.*—Rode to Prince Town in a very weak state; had such a violent fever by the way that I was forced to alight at a friend's house, and lie down for some time. Near night, was visited by Mr. Treat, Mr. Beaty and his wife, and another friend. My spirits were refreshed to see them; but I was surprised, and even ashamed, that they had taken so much pains as to ride thirty or forty miles to see me. Was able to sit up most of the evening, and spent the time in a very comfortable manner with my friends.

*Wednesday, October 29.*—Rode about ten miles with my friends, who came yesterday to see me; and then parted with them all but one, who stayed on purpose to keep me company and cheer my spirits. Was very weak and feverish, especially towards night; but enjoyed comfort and satisfaction.

*Thursday, October 30.*—Rode three or four miles

to visit Mr. Wales; spent some time in agreeable conversation; and, though extremely weak, I enjoyed a comfortable frame of mind.

*Friday, October 31.*—Spent the day among friends comfortably, though exceeding weak and under a considerable fever.

*Saturday, November 1.*—Took leave of friends, after having spent the forenoon with them, and returned home to my own house. Was much disordered in the evening, and oppressed with my cough; which has now been constant for a long time, with a hard pain in my breast, and fever.

*Lord's day, November 2.*—Was unable to preach, and scarcely able to sit up the whole day. Was grieved and almost sunk to see my poor people destitute of the means of grace; especially considering they could not read, and so were under great disadvantages for spending the Sabbath comfortably. O, I thought, I could be contented to be sick, if my poor flock had a faithful pastor to feed them with spiritual knowledge! A view of their want of this was more afflictive to me than all my bodily illness.

*Monday, November 3.*—Being now in so weak and low a state that I was utterly incapable of performing my work, and having little hope of recovery, unless by much riding, I thought it my duty to take a long journey into New England, and to divert myself among my friends, whom I had not seen for a long time. Accordingly I took leave of

my congregation this day. Before I left my people, I visited them all in their respective houses, and discoursed to each one, as I thought most proper and suitable to their circumstances, and found great freedom and assistance in so doing. I scarcely left one house but some were in tears; and many were not only affected with my being about to leave them, but with the solemn addresses I made them upon divine things; for I was helped to be *fervent in spirit* while I discoursed to them. When I had thus gone through my congregation, which took me most of the day, and had taken leave of them and of the school, I left home, and rode about two miles, to the house where I lived in the summer past, and there lodged. Was refreshed this evening, in that I had left my congregation so well disposed and affected, and that I had been so much assisted in making my farewell addresses to them.

*Tuesday, November 4.*—Rode to Woodbridge, and lodged with Mr. Pierson; continuing still in a very weak state.

*Wednesday, November 5.*—Rode to Elizabeth Town, intending as soon as possible to prosecute my journey into New England; but was, in an hour or two after my arrival, taken much worse.

After this, for near a week, was confined to my chamber, and most of the time to my bed; and then so far revived as to be able to walk about the house, but still confined within doors.

In the beginning of this extraordinary turn of disorder after my coming to Elizabeth Town, I was enabled through mercy to maintain a calm, composed, and patient spirit, as I had been before from the beginning of my weakness. After I had been in Elizabeth Town about a fortnight, and had so far recovered that I was able to walk about the house, upon a day of thanksgiving kept in this place, I was enabled to recall and recount the mercies of God in such a manner as greatly affected me and filled me with thankfulness and praise. Especially my soul praised God for His work of grace among the Indians, and the enlargement of His own kingdom. I blessed God for what He is in Himself, and adored Him that He ever would display Himself to creatures. I rejoiced that He was God, and longed that all should know it and feel it and rejoice in it. *Lord, glorify Thyself*, was the cry of my soul. O that all people might love and praise the blessed God, that He might have all possible honour and glory from the intelligent world!

After this comfortable thanksgiving season, I frequently enjoyed freedom and engagedness of soul in prayer, and was enabled to intercede with God for my dear congregation, very often for every family, and every person in particular. It was also a great comfort to me that I could pray heartily to God for those to whom I could not speak, and whom I was not allowed to see. At other times my

spirits were so flat and low, and my bodily vigour so much wasted, that I had scarcely any affections at all.

In December, I had revived so far as to be able to walk abroad and visit friends, and seemed to be on the gaining hand with regard to my health, until Lord's day, December 21. At which time I went to the public worship; and, it being sacrament day, I laboured much at the Lord's Table to bring forth a certain corruption and have it slain, as being an enemy to God and my own soul; and could not but hope that I had gained some strength against this as well as other corruptions, and felt some brokenness of heart for sin.

After this, having perhaps taken some cold, I began to decline as to bodily health; and continued to do so till the latter end of January 1746-7. And having a violent cough, fever, and asthma, and no appetite for any manner of food nor any power of digestion, I was reduced to so low a state that my friends generally despaired of my life; and some of them, for some time together, thought I could scarcely live a day. In this time I could think of nothing with any application of mind, and seemed in a great measure void of all affection, and was exercised with great temptations; yet I was not, ordinarily, afraid of death.

*Lord's day, February 1.*—Though in a very weak and low state, I enjoyed considerable comfort and sweetness in divine things; and was enabled to

plead and use arguments with God in prayer, I think, with a childlike spirit. That passage of Scripture occurred to my mind, and gave me great assistance: *If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!* This text I was helped to plead and insist upon, and saw the divine faithfulness engaged to deal with me better than any earthly parent can do with his child. This season so refreshed my soul that my body seemed also to be a gainer by it; and from this time I began gradually to amend. And as I recovered some strength and spirit, I found at times some freedom and life in the exercises of devotion, and some longings after spirituality and a life of usefulness to the interests of the great Redeemer. At other times I was awfully barren and lifeless and out of frame for the things of God; so that I was ready often to cry out, *O that it were with me as in months past!* O that God had taken me away in the midst of my usefulness, with a sudden stroke, that I might not have been under a necessity of trifling away time in diversions! O that I had never lived to spend so much precious time in so poor a manner and to so little purpose! Thus I often reflected, was grieved, ashamed, and even confounded, sunk, and discouraged.

*Tuesday, February 24.*—I was able to ride as far as Newark, having been confined within Elizabeth Town almost four months; and the next day re-

turned to Elizabeth Town. My spirits were somewhat refreshed with the ride, though my body was weary.

*Saturday, February 28.*—Was visited by an Indian of my own congregation, who brought me letters, and good news of the sober and good behaviour of my people in general. This refreshed my soul; I could not but soon retire and bless God for His goodness; and found, I trust, a truly thankful frame of spirit, that God seemed to be building up that congregation for Himself.

*Wednesday, March 4.*—I met with reproof from a friend, which, although I thought I did not deserve it from him, was, I trust, blessed of God to make me more tenderly afraid of sin, more jealous over myself, and more concerned to keep both heart and life pure and unblameable. It likewise caused me to reflect on my past deadness and want of spirituality, and to abhor myself, and look on myself as most unworthy. This frame of mind continued the next day; and, for several days after, I grieved to think that in my necessary diversions I had not maintained more seriousness, solemnity, heavenly affection and conversation. Thus my spirits were often depressed and sunk; and yet, I trust, that reproof was made beneficial to me.

*Wednesday, March 11.*—Being kept in Elizabeth Town as a day of fasting and prayer, I attended public worship; which was the first time I was able so to do since December 21. O how much weak-

ness and distress did God carry me through in this space of time! But, having obtained help from Him, I yet live: O that I could live more to His glory!

*Lord's day, March 15.*—Was able again to attend public worship, and felt some earnest desires of being restored to the ministerial work.

*Wednesday, March 18.*—Rode out with a design to visit my people, and the next day arrived among them; was under great dejection in my journey.

On Friday morning I rose early, walked about among my people, and enquired into their state and concerns; found an additional weight and burden on my spirits upon hearing some things disagreeable. I endeavoured to go to God with my distresses, and made some kind of lamentable complaint. In a broken manner I spread my difficulties before Him; but my mind still continued very gloomy. About ten o'clock, I called my people together; and, after having explained and sung a psalm, I prayed with them. There was a considerable degree of affection among them; I doubt not, in some instances, that which was more than merely natural.

[This was the last interview that he ever had with his people. About eleven o'clock the same day he left them, and the next day came to Elizabeth Town. His melancholy still remained, and he continued for a considerable time under great dejection.]



*Saturday, March 28.*—Was taken this morning with constant violent pains, so that it seemed impossible for me, without a miracle, to live twenty-four hours in such distress. I was confined to my bed the whole day, and in distressing pain all the former part of it; but it pleased God to bless means for my relief. Was exceedingly weakened by this pain, and continued so for several days, attended with a cough and fever. In this distressed case death appeared agreeable to me; I looked on it as the end of toils, and an entrance into a place *where the weary are at rest*. I think also I had some relish of the entertainments of the heavenly state; so that by these I was allured and drawn, as well as driven by the fatigues of life. How happy it is to be drawn by desires of a state of perfect holiness!

*Saturday, April 4.*—Was sunk and dejected, very restless and uneasy, by reason of the misimprovement of time. Yet I knew not what to do; I longed to spend time in fasting and prayer, that I might be delivered from indolence and coldness in the things of God; but, alas, I had not bodily strength for these exercises. O how blessed a thing is it to enjoy peace of conscience; but how dreadful is the want of inward peace and composure! It is impossible, I find, to enjoy this happiness without redeeming time and maintaining a spiritual frame of mind.

*Lord's day, April 5.*—It grieved me to find myself so inconceivably barren. My soul thirsted for

grace ; but, alas, how far was I from obtaining what I saw so exceeding excellent ! I was ready to despair of ever being holy ; yet my soul was desirous of *following hard after God*. Never did I see myself so far from *having apprehended or being already perfect*, as at this time. The Lord's Supper being this day administered, I attended the ordinance ; and though I saw in myself a dreadful emptiness and want of grace, and saw myself as it were at an infinite distance from that purity which is becoming the Gospel, yet, in the season of communion, especially in the time of the distribution of the bread, I enjoyed some warmth of affection and felt a tender love to the brethren, and, I think, to the glorious Redeemer, the First-born among them. I endeavoured then to bring forth mine and His enemies and slay them before Him ; and found great freedom in begging deliverance from this spiritual death, as well as in asking divine favours for my friends, and congregation, and the Church of Christ in general.

*Tuesday, April 7.* — In the afternoon, rode to Newark, in order to marry the Rev. Mr. Dickinson ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The late learned and very excellent Mr. Jonathan Dickinson, pastor of a church in Elizabeth Town, President of the College of New Jersey, and one of the Correspondents of the Honourable Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. He had a great esteem for Mr. Brainerd, and had kindly entertained him in his house during his sickness in the winter past ; and, after a short illness, died in the next ensuing October, two days before Mr. Brainerd.]

and, in the evening, performed the ceremony. Afterwards rode home to Elizabeth Town in a pleasant frame, full of composure and sweetness.

*Thursday, April 9.*—Attended the ordination of Mr. Tucker,<sup>1</sup> and afterwards the examination of Mr. Smith; was in a comfortable frame of mind this day, and enjoyed a degree of spirituality.

*Friday, April 10.*—Spent the forenoon in Presbyterial business. In the afternoon, rode to Elizabeth Town; found my brother John<sup>2</sup> there, and spent some time in conversation with him; but was extremely weak and my mind dejected.

*Monday, April 13.*—Assisted in examining my brother. In the evening, was in a solemn devout frame; but much overdone and oppressed with a violent headache.

*Tuesday, April 14.*—Was able to do very little; spent some time with Mr. Byram and other friends. This day my brother went to my people.

*Wednesday, April 15.*—Found some freedom at the Throne of Grace, several times this day. In the afternoon was very weak, and spent the time

<sup>1</sup> [A worthy pious young gentleman, who lived in the ministry but a very short time. He died at Stratfield, in Connecticut, the December following his ordination, being a little while after Mr. Brainerd's death at Northampton.]

<sup>2</sup> [This brother of his had been sent for by the Correspondents, to take care of and instruct Mr. Brainerd's congregation of Indians; he being obliged by his illness to be absent from them.]

to very little purpose; but in the evening, had some warmth and spiritual desires in prayer. My soul seemed to go forth after God, and take complacency in His divine perfections. But alas, afterwards, awfully let down my watch, and grew careless and secure.

*Thursday, April 16.*—Was in bitter anguish of soul in the morning, such as I have seldom felt, with a sense of sin and guilt. I continued in distress the whole day, attempting to pray wherever I went, and indeed could not help so doing; but appeared to myself so vile that I dared not look anybody in the face. I was even grieved that anybody should show me any respect, at least that they should be so deceived as to think I deserved it.

*Friday, April 17.*—In the evening, could not but think that God helped me to draw near to the Throne of Grace, though most unworthy, and gave me a sense of His favour. This afforded me inexpressible support and encouragement, though I scarcely dared to hope the mercy was real, it appeared so great; yet could not but rejoice that ever God should discover His reconciled face to such a vile sinner. Shame and confusion covered me, then hope and joy, and admiration of divine goodness gained the ascendent. Sometimes I could not but admire that the Lord had not let me fall into all the grossest acts of sin and open scandal that could be thought of, and felt myself

so necessitated to praise God that this was ready for a little while to swallow up my shame and pressure of spirit on account of my sins.

*Monday, April 20.*—Was in a very disordered state, and kept my bed most of the day; but enjoyed a little more comfort than in several of the preceding days. This day I arrived at the age of twenty-nine years.

*Tuesday, April 21.*—I set out on my journey for New England, in order (if it might be the will of God) to recover my health by riding; travelled to New York, and there lodged.

[This proved his final departure from New Jersey. He travelled slowly, and arrived among his friends at East Haddam about the beginning of May. There is very little account in his Diary of the time that passed from his setting out on his journey to May 10. He speaks of his sometimes rejoicing in the glorious perfections of God and longing to live to Him, but complains of the unfixedness of his thoughts and their being easily diverted from divine subjects; and cries out of his leanness, as testifying against him in the loudest manner. Concerning those diversions he was obliged to use for his health, he says that he sometimes found he could use them with “singleness of heart,” aiming at the glory of God; but that he also found there was need of great care and watchfulness lest he should lose that spiritual temper of mind in his diversions, and lest they should degenerate into

what was merely selfish, without any supreme aim at the glory of God in them.]

*Lord's day, May 10.*—At Had Lime. I could not but feel some measure of gratitude to God at this time (wherein I was much exercised) that He had always disposed me in my ministry to insist on the great doctrines of *regeneration, the new creature, faith in Christ, progressive sanctification, supreme love to God, living entirely to the glory of God, being not our own*, and the like. God has helped me to see in the surest manner, from time to time, that these and other doctrines necessarily connected with them are the only foundation of safety for perishing sinners; and those dispositions which correspond with them are that *holiness without which no man shall see the Lord*. The exercise of these heavenly tempers, wherein the soul acts in a kind of concert with God, and would be and do everything that is pleasing to Him: this I saw would stand by the soul in a dying hour; for God must, I think, deny Himself, if He cast away His own image, even the soul that is one in desires with Himself.

*Lord's day, May 17.*—At Millington. Spent the forenoon at home, being unable to attend public worship. At this time, God gave me some affecting sense of my own vileness and the exceeding sinfulness of my heart: that there seemed to be nothing but sin and corruption within me. *Innumerable evils compassed me about*: my want of spirituality and holy living, my neglect of God, and living to myself.

All the abominations of my heart and life seemed to be open to my view; and I had nothing to say but *God be merciful to me a sinner*. Towards noon, I saw that the grace of God in Christ is infinitely free towards sinners, and such sinners as I was; I also saw that God is the supreme good, that in His presence is life; and I began to long to die that I might be with Him, in a state of freedom from all sin. O how a small glimpse of His excellency refreshed my soul! O how worthy is the blessed God, to be loved, adored, and delighted in, for Himself, for His own divine excellencies!

Though I felt much dulness and want of a spirit in prayer this week, yet I had some glimpses of the excellency of divine things. Especially one morning, in secret meditation and prayer, the excellency and beauty of holiness, as a likeness to the glorious God, was so discovered to me that I began to long earnestly to be in that world where holiness dwells in perfection; and I seemed to long for this perfect holiness, not so much for the sake of my own happiness (although I saw clearly that this was the greatest, yea, the only happiness of the soul), as that I might please God, live entirely to Him, and glorify Him to the utmost stretch of my rational powers and capacities.

*Lord's day, May 24.* — At Long Meadow, in Springfield. Could not but think, as I have often remarked to others, that much more of true religion consists in deep humility, brokenness of heart, and

an abasing sense of barrenness and want of grace and holiness, than most who are called Christians imagine; especially those who have been esteemed the converts of the late day, many of whom seem to know of no other religion but elevated joys and affections, arising only from some flights of imagination, or some suggestion made to their mind, of Christ's being theirs, God's loving them, and the like.

[Thursday, May 28, he came from Long Meadow to Northampton, appearing much better than by his own account he had been in the winter; indeed so well that he was able to ride twenty-five miles in a day, and to walk half a mile. He also appeared cheerful and free from melancholy; yet undoubtedly at that time in a confirmed, incurable consumption.

I had much opportunity before this of particular information concerning him, from many who were well acquainted with him; and had myself once an opportunity of considerable conversation and some acquaintance with him at New Haven, near four years before, in the time of the Commencement, when he offered his confession to the rector of the College, already mentioned in this history. He was pleased indeed several times to consult me on that affair; but now I became more fully acquainted with him. I found him remarkably sociable, pleasant and entertaining in his conversation; yet solid, savoury, spiritual, and very profitable; appearing meek, modest and



humble, far from any stiffness, moroseness, superstitious demureness, or affected singularity in speech or behaviour, and seeming to nauseate all such things. We enjoyed not only the benefit of his conversation, but had the comfort and advantage of hearing him pray in the family from time to time. His manner of praying was very agreeable, most becoming a worm of the dust and a disciple of Christ; addressing an infinitely great and holy God and the Father of mercies, not with florid expressions or a studied eloquence, not with any intemperate vehemence or indecent boldness; at the greatest distance from any appearance of ostentation, and from everything that might look as though he meant to recommend himself to those who were about him, or set himself off to their acceptance; free too from vain repetitions, without impertinent excursions, or needless multiplying of words. He expressed himself with the strictest propriety, with weight and pungency; and yet what his lips uttered seemed to flow from the fulness of his heart, as deeply impressed with a great and solemn sense of our necessities, unworthiness, and dependence, and of God's infinite greatness, excellency, and sufficiency, rather than merely from a warm and fruitful brain, pouring out good expressions. And I know not that ever I heard him so much as ask a blessing or return thanks at table, but there was something remarkable to be observed both in the matter and manner

of the performance. In his prayers, he dwelt much on the prosperity of Zion, the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, and the propagation of religion among the Indians. He generally made it one petition in his prayer, "that we might not outlive our usefulness."]

*Lord's day, May 31.*—At Northampton. I had little inward sweetness in religion, during the week past; not realising and beholding spiritually the glory of God and the blessed Redeemer, from whence always arise my comforts and joys in religion, if I have any at all; and if I cannot so behold the excellencies and perfections of God as to cause me to rejoice in Him for what He is in Himself, I have no solid foundation for joy. To rejoice, only because I apprehend I have an interest in Christ, and shall be finally saved, is a poor mean business indeed.

[This week he consulted Dr. Mather at my house concerning his illness; who plainly told him that there were great evidences of his being in a confirmed consumption, and that he could give him no encouragement that he should ever recover. But it seemed not to occasion the least discomposure in him, nor to make any manner of alteration as to the cheerfulness and serenity of his mind, or the freedom and pleasantness of his conversation.]

*Lord's day, June 7.*—My attention was greatly engaged, and my soul so drawn forth this day, by what I heard of the "exceeding preciousness of

the saving grace of God's Spirit," that it almost overcame me in my weak state. I saw that true grace is exceeding precious indeed, that it is very rare, and that there is but a small degree of it, even where the reality of it is to be found; at least, I saw this to be my case.

In the preceding week, I enjoyed some comfortable seasons of meditation. One morning, the cause of God appeared exceeding precious to me. The Redeemer's kingdom is all that is valuable on earth, and I could not but long for its promotion. I saw also that this cause is God's; that He has an infinitely greater regard and concern for it than I could possibly have; that, if I have any true love to this blessed interest, it is only a drop derived from that ocean; hence I was ready to lift up my head with joy, and conclude, "Well, if God's cause be so dear and precious to Him, He will promote it." Thus I rested as it were on God, that surely He would promote what was so agreeable to His own will, though the time when must still be left to His sovereign pleasure.

[He was advised by physicians still to continue riding, as what would tend above any other means to prolong his life. He was at a loss for some time which way to bend his course, but finally determined to ride from hence to Boston; we having concluded that one of our family should go with him, and be helpful to him in his weak and low state.]

*Tuesday, June 9.*—I set out on a journey from Northampton to Boston. Travelled slowly, and got acquainted with some ministers on the road. Having continued to ride for some considerable time, I felt myself much better than I had formerly done; and found that in proportion to the prospect I had of being restored to a state of usefulness, so I desired the continuance of life. Death, however, appeared inconceivably more desirable to me than a useless life; yet, blessed be God, I found my heart at times fully resigned and reconciled to this greatest of afflictions, if God saw fit thus to deal with me.

*Friday, June 12.*—I arrived in Boston this day, somewhat fatigued with my journey. Observed that there is no rest but in God. Fatigues of body and anxieties of mind attend us, both in town and country; no place is exempted.

*Lord's day, June 14.*—I enjoyed some enlargement and sweetness in family prayer, as well as in secret exercises. God appeared excellent, His ways full of pleasure and peace, and all I wanted was a spirit of holy fervency to live to Him.

*Wednesday, June 17.*—This and the two preceding days I spent chiefly in visiting the ministers of the town, and was treated with great respect by them.

*Thursday, June 18.*—I was taken very ill and brought to the gates of death, by the breaking of small ulcers in my lungs, as my physician supposed.

In this extreme weak state I continued for several weeks, and was frequently reduced so low as to be utterly speechless, and not able so much as to whisper a word; and even after I had so far revived as to walk about the house, and to step out of doors, I had every day a fainting fit, which continued usually four or five hours. Though I was not utterly speechless at those times, but could say yes or no, yet I could not converse at all nor speak one sentence without making stops for breath. My friends often gathered round my bed to see me breathe my last, which they looked for every moment, as I myself also did.

How I was the first day or two of my illness, with regard to the exercise of reason, I scarcely know; but believe I was something shattered with the violence of the fever at times. But the third day of my illness, and constantly afterwards, for four or five weeks together, I enjoyed as much serenity of mind and clearness of thought as perhaps I ever did in my life; and think I never penetrated with so much ease and freedom into divine things, and never felt so capable of demonstrating the truth of many important doctrines of the Gospel as now. And as I saw clearly the truth of those great doctrines, which are justly styled the doctrines of grace, so I saw with no less clearness that the essence of religion consisted in the soul's conformity to God, and acting above all selfish views, for His

glory, longing to be for Him, to live to Him and please and honour Him in all things; and this from a clear view of His infinite excellency and worthiness in Himself, to be loved, adored, worshipped, and served by all intelligent creatures. Thus I saw that, when a soul loves God with a supreme love, he therein acts like the blessed God Himself, who most justly loves Himself in that manner. So when God's interest and his are become one, and he longs that God should be glorified, and rejoices to think that He is unchangeably possessed of the highest glory and blessedness, herein also he acts in conformity to God. In like manner, when the soul is fully resigned to, and rests satisfied and contented with, the divine will, here it is also conformed to God.

I saw further that, as this divine temper by which the soul exalts God and treads self in the dust is the effect of God's discovering His own glorious perfections *in the face of Jesus Christ*, by the special influences of the Holy Spirit, so He cannot but have regard to it as His own work; and as it is His image in the soul, He cannot but take delight in it. Then I saw again that, if God should slight and reject His own moral image, He must needs deny Himself; which He cannot do. And thus I saw the stability and infallibility of this religion, and that those who are truly possessed of it have the most complete and satisfying evidence of their being interested in all the

benefits of Christ's redemption, having their hearts conformed to Him; and that these, and these only, are qualified for the employments and entertainments of God's kingdom of glory. None but these have any relish for the business of heaven, which is to ascribe glory to God and not to themselves; and that God (though I would speak it with great reverence of His name and perfections) cannot, without denying Himself, finally cast such away.

The next thing I had then to do was to enquire whether this was *my* religion. Here God was pleased to help me to the most easy remembrance and critical review of what had passed, during several of the latter years of my life; and although I could discover much corruption attending my best duties, and many selfish views and carnal ends, much spiritual pride and self-exaltation, and innumerable other evils which compassed me about; yet God was pleased, as I was reviewing, quickly to put this question out of doubt, by showing me that I had from time to time acted above the utmost influence of mere self-love, and had longed to please and glorify Him as my highest happiness. This review was through grace attended with a present feeling of the same divine temper of mind. I now felt pleased to think of the glory of God, and longed for heaven as a state wherein I might glorify Him perfectly, rather than as a place of happiness for myself.

This feeling of the love of God in my heart, which I trust the Holy Spirit excited in me afresh, was sufficient to give me full satisfaction, and make me long, as I had many times before done, to be with Christ. I did not want any of the sudden suggestions which many are so pleased with, "That Christ and His benefits are mine, that God loves me," in order to give me satisfaction about my state. No; my soul now abhorred those delusions of Satan, which are thought to be the immediate witness of the Spirit, while there is nothing but an empty suggestion of a certain fact, without any gracious discovery of the divine glory, or of the Spirit's work in their own hearts. I saw the awful delusion of this kind of confidence, as well as of the whole of that religion which they usually spring from, or at least are the attendants of—the false religion of the late day, though a day of wondrous grace; the imaginations and impressions made only on the animal affections, together with the sudden suggestions made on the mind by Satan, transformed into an angel of light, of certain facts not revealed in Scripture. These and many like things, I fear, have made up the greater part of the religious appearance in many places.

These things I saw with great clearness, when I was thought to be dying. And God gave me great concern for His Church and interest in the world at this time, not so much because the late



remarkable influence upon the minds of people was abated and almost wholly gone, as because that false religion, those heats of imagination and wild and selfish commotions of the animal affections, which attended the work of grace, had prevailed so far. This was what my mind dwelt upon almost day and night; and this to me was the darkest appearance respecting religion in the land; for it was this chiefly that had prejudiced the world against true religion. I observed the great misery of all was, that so few saw any manner of difference between those exercises that were spiritual and holy and those which have self-love only for their beginning, centre, and end.

As God was pleased to afford me clearness of thought and composure of mind, almost continually, for several weeks together under my great weakness, so He enabled me in some measure to improve my time, as I hope, to valuable purposes. I was enabled to write a number of important letters to friends in remote places; and sometimes I wrote when I was speechless, or unable to maintain conversation with anybody, though perhaps I was able to speak a word or two so as to be heard. At this season also, while I was confined at Boston, I read with care and attention some papers of old Mr. Shepard's lately come to light, and designed for the press; and, being desired and greatly urged, I made some corrections, where the sense was left dark for

want of a word or two. Besides this, I had many visitants; with whom, when I was able to speak, I always conversed of the things of religion; and was peculiarly disposed and assisted in distinguishing between the true and false religion of the times. There was scarcely any subject that has been lately a matter of debate, but what I was at one time or other brought to a sort of necessity to discourse upon and to show my opinion, and that frequently before numbers of people; and especially I discoursed repeatedly on the nature and necessity of that humiliation, self-emptiness, or full conviction of a person's being utterly undone in himself, which is necessary in order to a saving faith; and the extreme difficulty of being brought to this, as well as the great danger there is of persons taking up with some self-righteous appearances of it. The danger of this I especially dwelt upon, being persuaded that multitudes perish in this hidden way, and because so little is said from most pulpits to discover any danger here; so that persons being never effectually brought to die in themselves are never truly united to Christ, and so perish. I also discoursed much on what I take to be the essence of true religion, endeavouring plainly to describe that God-like temper and disposition, that holy conversation and behaviour, which may justly claim the honour of having God for its Original and Patron. And I have reason to hope

that my way of discoursing and distinguishing was blessed to some, both ministers and people; so that my time was not wholly lost.

[He was visited, while in Boston, by many eminent characters, and by some of the first rank; who showed him uncommon respect. And as he took all opportunities to discourse on the peculiar nature and distinguishing characters of true vital religion, and to bear his testimony against the various false appearances of it, consisting in or arising from impressions on the imagination, and sudden and supposed immediate suggestions of truths, and that faith which consists primarily in a person's "believing that Christ died for him in particular"; so what he said was for the most part heard with uncommon attention and regard.

Also the Honourable Commissioners in Boston of the Incorporated Society in London for Propagating the Gospel in New England and parts adjacent, having newly had committed to them a legacy of the late reverend and famous Dr. Daniel Williams of London, for the support of two missionaries to the heathen, were pleased, while he was in Boston, to consult him about a mission to those Indians called the Six Nations, particularly about the qualifications requisite in a missionary to those Indians; and were so satisfied with his sentiments on this head, that they desired him to undertake to find and recommend two persons fit to be employed in this business.

Likewise certain pious and generously disposed gentlemen in Boston, being moved by the wonderful narrative of his labours and success among the Indians in New Jersey, and more especially by their conversation with him on the same subject, took opportunity to enquire more particularly into the state and necessities of his congregation, and the school among the Indians, with a charitable intention of contributing to the excellent design of advancing the interests of Christianity among the Indians; and, understanding that there was a want of Bibles for the school, three dozen were immediately procured, and £14, in bills of the old tenor, given over and above. Large benefactions were made afterwards.

Mr. Brainerd's restoration from his extremely low state in Boston, so as to go abroad again and to travel, was very unexpected to him and his friends. My daughter, who was with him, writes thus in a letter dated June 23: "On Thursday he was ill with a violent fever, and extreme pain in his head and breast, and at times delirious. So he remained till Saturday evening, when he seemed to be in the agonies of death; the family was up with him till, one or two o'clock, expecting every hour would be his last. On Sabbath day he was a little revived, his head was better, but very full of pain, and exceeding sore at his breast, much put to it for breath. Yesterday he was better; last night he slept but little, and this morning he is

much worse. Dr. Pynchon says he has no hopes of his life, nor does he think it likely he will ever come out of the chamber; though he says he may possibly be able to come to Northampton."

In another letter, dated June 29, she says as follows: "Mr. Brainerd has not so much pain nor fever since I last wrote, as before; yet he is extremely weak and low, and very faint, expecting every day will be his last. He says, It is impossible for him to live, for want of life. He has hardly vigour enough to draw his breath. I went this morning into town, and when I came home, Mr. Bromfield said, he never expected I should see him alive; for he lay two hours, as they thought, dying. One could scarcely tell whether he was alive or not; he was not able to speak for some time, but now is much as he was before. The doctor thinks he will drop away in one of these fainting fits. Mr. Brainerd says he never felt anything so much like dissolution as what he felt to-day; and that he never had any conception of its being possible for any creature to be alive, and yet so weak as he is from day to day. Dr. Pynchon says he should not be surprised, if he should so far recover as to live half a year; nor would it surprise him, if he should die in half a day. Since I began to write, he is not so well, having had a fainting again; yet patient and resigned, having no distressing fears, but the contrary."

So it was ordered in divine providence; the

strength of nature held out through this great conflict, so as just to escape the grave at that time ; and then he revived, to the astonishment of all that knew his case. After he began to revive, he was visited by his youngest brother, Mr. Israel Brainerd, a student at Yale College ; who, having heard of his extreme illness, went from thence to Boston in order to see him, if he might find him alive, which he but little expected.

This visit was attended with a mixture of joy and sorrow to Mr. Brainerd. He greatly rejoiced to see his brother, especially because he had desired an opportunity of some religious conversation with him before he died. But this meeting was attended with sorrow, as his brother brought him the sorrowful tidings of his sister Spencer's death at Haddam. A peculiarly tender affection and much religious intimacy had long subsisted between Mr. Brainerd and his sister, and he used to make her house his home, whenever he went to Haddam, his native place. He had heard nothing of her sickness till this report of her death. But he had these comforts together with the tidings—a confidence of her being gone to heaven, and an expectation of his soon meeting her there. His brother continued with him till he left the town, and came with him from thence to Northampton, and stayed there a week.

Concerning the last Sabbath Mr. Brainerd spent in Boston, he writes in his Diary as follows.]

*Lord's day, July 19.*—I was just able to attend public worship, being carried to the house of God in a chaise. Heard Dr. Sewell preach in the forenoon, and partook of the Lord's Supper. In this sacrament I saw astonishing divine wisdom displayed, such wisdom as required the tongues of angels and glorified saints to celebrate. It seemed to me that I never should do anything in adoring the infinite wisdom of God, discovered in the contrivance of man's redemption, until I arrived at a world of perfection. Yet I could not help striving to *call upon my soul, and all within me, to bless His holy name.* In the afternoon heard Mr. Prince preach. I saw more of God in the wisdom discovered in the plan of man's redemption than I saw of any other of His perfections, through the whole day.

[He left Boston the next day. But before he came away he had occasion to bear a full and open testimony against that opinion, that the essence of saving faith lies in believing that Christ died for me in particular, and that this is the first act of faith in a true believer's closing with Christ. He did it in a long conference with a gentleman, who has very publicly and strenuously appeared to defend that tenet. In this debate he made this plain declaration, at the same time confirming what he said by many arguments,—That the essence of saving faith was wholly left out of the definition which that gentleman has published; that the

faith which he had defined had nothing of God in it, nothing above nature, nor indeed above the power of devils; and that all such as had this faith, and had no better, though they might have this to never so high a degree, would surely perish. He declared, also, that he never had greater assurance of the falseness of the principles of those that maintained such a faith, and of their dangerous and destructive tendency, or a more affecting sense of the great delusion and misery of those who depended on getting to heaven by such a faith, while they had no better, than he lately had when he was supposed to be at the point to die and expected every minute to pass into eternity.

When this conversation was ended, having bid an affectionate farewell to his friends, he set out in the cool of the afternoon on his journey to Northampton, attended by his brother, and my daughter that went with him to Boston. He would have been accompanied out of the town by a number of gentlemen, besides that honourable person who gave him his company for some miles on that occasion, as a testimony of their esteem and respect, had not his aversion to anything of pomp and show prevented it.]

*Saturday, July 25.*—I arrived here at Northampton; having set out from Boston on Monday, about four o'clock p.m. In this journey I rode about sixteen miles a day, one day with another. Was sometimes extremely tired and faint on the road,



so that it seemed impossible for me to proceed any farther; at other times I was considerably better, and felt some freedom both of body and mind.

*Lord's day, July 26.*—This day I saw clearly that I should never be happy, yea, that God Himself could not make me so, unless I could be in a capacity to please and glorify Him for ever. Take away this, and admit me into all the fine heavens that can be conceived of by men or angels, and I should still be miserable for ever.

[Though he was so revived as to be able to travel thus far, yet he manifested no expectation of recovery; he supposed, as his physician did, that his being brought so near to death at Boston was owing to the breaking of ulcers in his lungs. He told me that he had several such attacks before, and that he was brought lower and lower every time. He had not the least expectation of surviving the next return of this breaking of ulcers; but still appeared perfectly calm in the prospect of death.

While he was here, his conversation from first to last was much on the same subjects as it had been when in Boston. He spoke much of the nature of true religion in heart and practice, as distinguished from its various counterfeits; expressing his great concern that the latter so much prevailed in many places. He often manifested his great abhorrence of all such notions as seemed to diminish the necessity of holiness of life, or to abate men's regard to the

commands of God, and a strict, diligent, and universal practice of virtue and piety, under a pretence of depreciating our works and magnifying God's free grace. He spake often, with much detestation, of such experiences and pretended discoveries and joys as have nothing of the nature of sanctification in them, and do not tend to strictness, tenderness, and diligence in religion, and meekness and benevolence towards mankind, and a humble behaviour. He spake often, with abhorrence, of the spirit and practice that appears among the greater part of separatists at this day in the land, particularly those in the Eastern parts of Connecticut, in their condemning and separating from the standing ministry and Churches, their crying down learning and a learned ministry, their notion of an immediate call to the work of the ministry, and the forwardness of laymen to set up themselves as public teachers. He manifested a great dislike of a disposition in persons to much noise and show in religion, affecting to be abundant in proclaiming and publishing their own experiences; though at the same time he did not condemn, but approved of, Christians speaking of their own experiences on some occasions and to some persons, with due modesty and discretion. He himself sometimes, while at my house, spake of his own experiences; but it was always with apparent reserve, and in the exercise of care and judgment with respect to occasions, persons, and circum-

stances. He mentioned some remarkable things of his own religious experience to two young gentlemen, candidates for the ministry, who watched with him, each at a different time, when he was very low and not far from his end; but he desired both of them not to speak of what he had told them till after his death.

The things which were the subject of the debate before mentioned, with a certain gentleman the day he left Boston, seemed to lie with much weight on his mind after he came hither; and he began to write a letter to that gentleman. But he had not strength to finish his letter.

After he came hither, he spoke much of the future prosperity of Zion, so often foretold and promised in the Scripture. This was a theme he delighted to dwell upon; and his mind seemed to be carried forth with earnest concern and intense desire that religion might speedily and abundantly revive and flourish, though he had not the least expectation of recovery; yea, the nearer death advanced, and the more the symptoms of its approach increased, still the more did his mind seem to be taken up with this subject. He told me, when near his end, that "he never in all his life had his mind so led forth in desires and earnest prayers for the flourishing of Christ's kingdom on earth, as since he was brought so exceeding low at Boston." He seemed much to wonder that there appeared no more of a disposition in ministers and

people to pray for the spread of the Gospel through the world; that so little of their prayers was generally taken up about it, in their families, and elsewhere. In particular, he several times expressed his wonder that there appeared no more forwardness to comply with the proposal lately made, in a memorial from a number of ministers in Scotland, and sent over into America, for united extraordinary prayers among Christ's ministers and people for the coming of Christ's kingdom; and he sent it as his dying advice to his own congregation, that they should practise agreeably to that proposal.

Though he was constantly exceeding weak, yet there appeared in him a continual desire to improve time, and fill it up with something that might be for the glory of God or the good of men. He seemed never to be easy, however ill, if he was not doing something for God or in His service.

After he came hither, he wrote a Preface to a Diary of the famous Mr. Shepard's, having been much urged to it by those gentlemen in Boston who had the care of the publication. This Diary, with his Preface, has since been published.

In his Diary for Lord's day, August 9, he speaks of longing desires after death, through a sense of the excellency of a state of perfection.

In his Diary for Lord's day, August 16, he speaks of his having so much refreshment of soul in the house of God, that it seemed also to refresh his

body. And this is not only noted in his Diary, but was very observable to others; it was apparent, not only that his mind was exhilarated with inward consolation, but also that his animal spirits and bodily strength seemed to be remarkably restored, as though he had forgot his illness. This, however, was the last time that ever he attended public worship on the Sabbath.

On Tuesday morning that week, while I was absent on a journey, he prayed with my family, but not without much difficulty for want of bodily strength. This was the last family prayer that he ever offered.

He had been wont, till now, frequently to ride out two or three miles; but this week, on Thursday, was the last time he ever did so.]

*Lord's day, August 23.*—This morning I was considerably refreshed with the thought, yea, the hope and expectation of the enlargement of Christ's kingdom; and I could not but hope the time was at hand, when Babylon the Great would fall and rise no more. This led me to some spiritual meditations, that were very refreshing to me. I was unable to attend public worship, either part of the day; but God was pleased to afford me fixedness and satisfaction in divine thoughts. Nothing so refreshes my soul as when I can go to God, yea, *to God my exceeding joy*. When He is so, sensibly to my soul, O how unspeakably delightful is this!

In the week past I had various seasons of inward

refreshing, though my body was inexpressibly weak, followed continually with agues and fevers. Sometimes my soul centred in God as my only portion; and I felt that I should be for ever unhappy, if He did not reign. I saw the glory and happiness of being His subject, at His disposal. This made all my difficulties quickly vanish.

From Lord's day, August 23, I was troubled very much with lowness of spirit; could neither write nor read, and could scarcely live. Yet, through mercy, I was not so much oppressed with heaviness and gloom as at many other times.

[Till this week he had been used to lodge in a room above stairs; but he now grew so weak that he was no longer able to go up stairs and down. Friday, August 28, was the last time he ever went above stairs; henceforward he betook himself to a lower room.

Wednesday, September 2, being the day of our public lecture, he seemed to be refreshed with seeing the neighbouring ministers who came hither to the lecture, and expressed a great desire once more to go to the house of God on that day. He accordingly rode to the meeting and attended divine service, while the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge of Hatfield preached. He signified that he supposed it to be the last time that ever he should attend the public worship; and so it proved. Indeed it was the last time that ever he went out at our gate alive.

On the Saturday evening following, he was visited by his brother Mr. John Brainerd, who came to see him from New Jersey. He was much refreshed by this unexpected visit, this brother being peculiarly dear to him; and he seemed to rejoice in a devout and solemn manner to see him, and to hear the comfortable tidings he brought concerning the state of his dear congregation of Christian Indians. A circumstance of this visit, which he was exceeding glad of, was that his brother brought him some of his private writings from New Jersey, and particularly his Diary that he had kept for many years past.]

*Lord's day, September 6.*—I began to read some of my private writings, which my brother brought me; and was considerably refreshed with what I found in them.

*Monday, September 7.*—I proceeded further in reading my old private writings, and found they had the same effect upon me as before. I could not but rejoice and bless God for what passed long ago, which without writing had been entirely lost. This evening, when I was in great distress of body, my soul longed that God should be glorified; I saw there was no heaven but this. I could not but speak to the bystanders of the only happiness—that of pleasing God. O that I could for ever live to Him! The day, I trust, is at hand, the perfect day: O the day of deliverance from all sin!

*Lord's day, September 13.*—I was much refreshed

and engaged in meditation and writing, and found a heart to act for God. My spirits were refreshed, and my soul delighted to do something for His name.

[On the evening following that Lord's day, his feet began to swell, and thenceforward swelled more and more—a symptom of his approaching dissolution.

The next day, his brother John left him, being obliged to return to New Jersey on business of great necessity; intending to return again with all possible speed, hoping to see his brother yet once more in the land of the living.

Mr. Brainerd having now with much deliberation considered of the important affair forementioned, which had been left with him by the Honourable Commissioners in Boston of the Corporation in London for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and parts adjacent, namely, the fixing upon and recommending two persons proper to be employed as missionaries to the Six Nations, he about this time wrote a letter recommending two young gentlemen of his acquaintance to those Commissioners—Mr. Elihu Spencer of East Haddam, and Mr. Job Strong of Northampton. The Commissioners, on the receipt of this letter, unanimously agreed to employ the persons he had recommended.

He also, this week, wrote a letter to a particular gentleman in Boston, relative to the growth of the



Indian school, and the need of another schoolmaster. This gentleman, and others, on the receipt of this letter, agreed with great cheerfulness to give £200 for the support of another schoolmaster. They also agreed to allow £75 to defray some special charges that were requisite to encourage the mission to the Six Nations, besides the salary allowed by the Commissioners, which was also done on some intimations given by Mr. Brainerd.

Mr. Brainerd spent himself much in writing those letters, being exceeding weak; but it seemed to be much to his satisfaction that he had been enabled to do it, hoping that it was something done for God, and which might be for the advancement of Christ's kingdom and glory. In writing the last of these letters, he was obliged to use the hand of another, not being able to write himself.

On the Thursday of this week, September 17, was the last time that ever he went out of his lodging-room. That day he was again visited by his brother Israel, who continued with him till his death. On this occasion he expressed himself thus: "O the glorious time is now coming! I have longed to serve God perfectly; now God will gratify those desires." And from time to time, at the several steps and new symptoms of the sensible approach of his dissolution, he was so far from being sunk or damped that he seemed to

be animated and more cheerful, as being glad at the appearances of death's approach. He often used the epithet *glorious*, when speaking of the day of his death, calling it "that glorious day." And as he saw his dissolution gradually approaching, he talked much about it, dwelling with perfect calmness on the subject of a future state. He also settled all his affairs, very particularly and minutely giving directions concerning what he would have done in one respect and another, after he was dead. He several times spake of the different kinds of willingness to die; and spoke of it as an ignoble mean kind of willingness to die to be willing to leave the body only to get rid of pain, or to go to heaven only to get honour and advancement there.]

*Saturday, September 19.* — Near night, while I attempted to walk a little, my thoughts turned thus: "How infinitely sweet is it to love God and be all for Him!" Upon this it was suggested to me, "You are not an angel, not lively and active." To which my whole soul immediately replied, "I as sincerely desire to love and glorify God as any angel in heaven." It was then suggested again, "But you are filthy, not fit for heaven." Instantly appeared the blessed robes of Christ's righteousness, which I could not but exult and triumph in. I viewed the infinite excellency of God, till my soul even broke with longings that He should be glorified. I thought of dignity in heaven; but

instantly the thought returned, "I do not go to heaven to get honour, but to give all possible glory and praise." O how I longed that God should be glorified on earth also! O, I was made for eternity, if God might be glorified! Bodily pains I regarded not. Though I was then in extremity, I never felt easier. I felt willing to glorify God in that state of bodily distress, as long as He pleased I should continue in it. The grave appeared really sweet, and I longed to lodge my weary bones in it. But O that God might be glorified: this was the burden of all my cry. I knew I should be active as an angel in heaven, and that I should be stripped of my *filthy garments*; so that there was no objection. But O to love and praise God more, to please Him for ever: this my soul panted after, and even now pants for while I write. O that God might be glorified in the whole earth. *Lord, let Thy kingdom come.* I longed for a spirit of preaching to descend and rest on ministers, that they might address the consciences of men with closeness and power. I saw that God *had the residue of the Spirit*; and my soul longed it should be *poured from on high*. I could not but plead with God for my dear congregation, that He would preserve it, and not suffer His great name to lose its glory in that work; my soul still longing that God might be glorified.

[The extraordinary frame he was in that evening could not be hid. *His mouth spake out of the*

*abundance of his heart*, expressing in a very affecting manner much the same things as are written in his Diary. Among very many other extraordinary expressions which he then uttered, were such as these: "My heaven is to please God, and glorify Him; to give all to Him, and to be wholly devoted to His glory; that is the heaven I long for, that is my religion, and that is my happiness, and always was, ever since I suppose I had any true religion; and all those that are of that religion shall meet me in heaven. I do not go to heaven to be advanced, but to give honour to God. It is no matter where I shall be stationed in heaven, whether I have a high or a low seat there; but to love and please and glorify God is all. Had I a thousand souls, if they were worth anything, I would give them all to God; but I have nothing to give, when all is done. It is impossible for any rational creature to be happy without acting all for God; God Himself could not make him happy any other way. I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with the holy angels; all my desire is to glorify God. My heart goes out to the burying-place; it seems to me a desirable place: but O to glorify God! that is it; that is above all. It is a great comfort to me to think that I have done a little for God in the world. It is but a very small matter; yet I have done a little; and I lament it that I have not done more for Him. There is nothing in the world worth

living for, but doing good and finishing God's work, doing the work that Christ did. I see nothing else in the world that can yield any satisfaction, besides living to God, pleasing Him, and doing His whole will. My greatest joy and comfort has been to do something for promoting the interest of religion, and the souls of particular persons: and now, in my illness, while I am full of pain and distress from day to day, all the comfort I have is in being able to do some little *char* (or small piece of work) for God; either by something that I say, or by writing, or some other way."

He intermingled with these and other like expressions many pathetic counsels to those about him; particularly to my children and servants. He applied himself to some of my younger children at this time, calling them to him and speaking to them one by one; setting before them in a very plain manner the nature and essence of true piety, and its great importance and necessity; earnestly warning them not to rest in anything short of that true and thorough change of heart, and a life devoted to God; counselling them not to be slack in the great business of religion, nor in the least to delay it; enforcing his counsels with this, that his words were the words of a dying man. "I shall die here," said he, "and here I shall be buried; here you will see my grave, and do you remember what I have said to you. I am going into eternity, and it is sweet to me to think

of eternity; the endlessness of it makes it sweet. But O, what shall I say to the eternity of the *wicked*? I cannot mention it nor think of it; the thought is too dreadful. When you see my grave, then remember what I have said to you while I was alive; then think with yourself, how that man who lies in that grave counselled and warned me to prepare for death."

His body seemed to be marvellously strengthened, through the inward vigour and refreshment of his mind; for though before he was so weak that he could hardly utter a sentence, yet now he continued his most affecting and profitable discourse to us for more than an hour, with scarcely any intermission; and said of it when he had done, "It was the last sermon that ever he should preach."

This extraordinary frame of mind continued the next day; of which he says in his Diary as follows.]

*Lord's day, September 20.*—Was still in a sweet and comfortable frame; again melted with desires that God might be glorified, and with longings to love and live to Him. Longed for the influences of the divine Spirit to descend on ministers in a special manner. And O, I longed to be with God, to behold His glory and to bow in His presence!

[It appears from his Diary, both of this day and the evening preceding, that his mind at this time was much impressed with a sense of the importance of the work of the ministry; of the need of the

grace of God and His special spiritual assistance in this work. This also appeared in what he expressed in conversation, particularly in his discourse to his brother Israel, who was then a member of Yale College, and had been prosecuting his studies and academical exercises there in order that he might be fitted for the work of the ministry.<sup>1</sup> He from time to time, in this dying state, recommended to his brother a life of self-denial, of weanedness from the world, and devotedness to God, and an earnest endeavour to obtain much of the grace of God's Spirit and of His gracious influences on his heart; representing the great need which ministers have of them, and the unspeakable benefit of them from his own experience. Among many other expressions, he said thus: "When ministers feel these special influences on their hearts, it wonderfully assists them to come at the consciences of men, and as it were to handle them with hands; whereas, without them, whatever reason and oratory we make use of, we do but make use of stumps instead of hands."]

*Monday, September 21.*—I began to correct a little volume of my private writings. God, I

<sup>1</sup> [This young gentleman was an ingenuous, serious, studious, and truly pious person; there appeared in him many qualities giving hope of his being a great blessing in his day. But it has pleased God, since the death of his brother, to take him away also. He died that winter at New Haven, on January 6, 1747-8, of a nervous fever, after about a fortnight's illness.]

believe, remarkably helped me in it; my strength was surprisingly lengthened out, and my thoughts quick and lively, and my soul refreshed, hoping it might be a work for God. O how good, how sweet, is it to labour for God!

*Tuesday, September 22.*—Was again employed in reading and correcting, and had the same success as the day before. I was exceeding weak; but it seemed to refresh my soul thus to spend time.

*Wednesday, September 23.*—I finished my corrections of the little piece forementioned, and felt uncommonly peaceful. It seemed as if I had now done all my work in this world, and stood ready for my call to a better. As long as I see anything to be done for God, life is worth having; but O how vain and unworthy it is to live for any lower end! This day I indited a letter, I think of great importance, to the Rev. Mr. Byram in New Jersey: O that God would bless and succeed what was written to the benefit of His Church.<sup>1</sup> O that He would *purify the sons of Levi*, that His glory may be advanced! This night I had a dreadful attack; my life was expected scarcely an hour or minute together. But, blessed be God, I have enjoyed considerable sweetness in divine things this week, both by night and day.

*Thursday, September 24.*—My strength began to fail exceedingly; this looked further as if I had done all my work. However, I had strength to

<sup>1</sup> [It was concerning the qualifications of ministers.]



fold and superscribe my letter. About two I went to bed, being weak and much disordered, and lay in a burning fever till night, without any proper rest. In the evening I got up, having lain down in some of my clothes; but was in the greatest distress, having an uncommon kind of hiccough, which either strangled me or threw me into a straining to vomit. O the distress of this evening! I had little expectation of living the night through, nor indeed had any about me; and I longed for the finishing moment. I was obliged to repair to bed by six o'clock; and through mercy enjoyed some rest, but was grievously distressed at turns with the hiccough. My soul breathed after God, while the watcher was with me. *When shall I come to God, even to God my exceeding joy? O for His blessed likeness!*

*Friday, September 25.*—I was unspeakably weak, and little better than speechless all the day; however, I was able to write a little, and felt comfortably some part of the day. It refreshed my soul to think of former things, of desires to glorify God, of the pleasures of living to Him. O my dear God, I am speedily coming to Thee, I hope. Hasten the day, O Lord, if it be Thy blessed will. *O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [This was the last that he ever wrote in his Diary with his own hand; though it was continued a little further in a broken manner, written by his brother Israel, but indited by his mouth, in this weak and dying state.]

*Saturday, September 26.*—I felt the sweetness of divine things this forenoon, and had a consciousness that I was doing something for God.

*Lord's day, September 27.*—This was a very comfortable day to my soul; I think, I awoke with God. I was enabled to lift up my soul to Him early this morning; and, while I had little bodily strength, I found freedom to lift up my heart to God for myself and others. Afterwards was pleased with the thoughts of speedily entering into the unseen world.

[Early this morning, as one of the family came into the room, he expressed himself thus: "I have had more pleasure this morning than all the drunkards in the world enjoy, if it were all extracted." So much did he esteem the joy of faith above the pleasures of sin.

He felt that morning an unusual appetite to food, with which his mind seemed to be exhilarated, looking on it as a sign of the very near approach of death. He remarked, "I was born on a Sabbath day, and have reason to think I was new-born on a Sabbath day, and hope I shall die on this Sabbath day. I shall look upon it as a favour, if it may be the will of God that it should be so; I long for the time. O, *why is His chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of His chariot?* I am very willing to part with all; I am willing to part with my dear brother John, and never to see

him again, to go to be ever with the Lord.<sup>1</sup> O, when I go there, how will God's dear Church on earth be upon my mind!"

Afterwards, the same morning, being asked how he did; he answered, "I am almost in eternity; I long to be there. My work is done; I have done with all my friends; all the world is nothing to me. I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with the holy angels; all my desire is to glorify God."

During the whole of the last two weeks of his life, he seemed to continue in this frame; loose from all the world, as having done his work, and done with all things here below; having nothing to do but to die, and abiding in an earnest desire and expectation of the happy moment when his soul should take its flight, and go to a state of absolute perfection. He said that the consideration of the day of death, and the day of judgment, had a long time been peculiarly sweet to him. He frequently spake of his being willing to leave the body and the world immediately, that day, that night, and that moment, if it was the will of God. He also expressed his longings that the Church of Christ on earth might flourish, and that

<sup>1</sup> [He had before this expressed a desire, if it might be the will of God, to live till his brother returned from New Jersey; who, when he went away, intended if possible to perform his journey, and return in a fortnight. The fortnight was now nearly expired; it ended the next day.]

His kingdom might be advanced, notwithstanding he should not with his eyes behold the desirable event nor be instrumental in promoting it. He said to me one morning as I came into the room, "My thoughts have been employed on the old dear theme, the prosperity of God's Church on earth. As I waked out of sleep, I was led to cry for the pouring out of God's Spirit, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom, which the dear Redeemer did and suffered so much for. It is that especially [makes me long for it." He expressed much hope that a glorious advancement of Christ's kingdom was near at hand.

He once told me that he had formerly longed for the outpouring of the Spirit of God, and the glorious times of the Church, and hoped they were coming; and should have been willing to have lived to promote religion at that time, if that had been the will of God. "But," says he, "I am willing it should be as it is. I would not have the choice to make for myself for ten thousand worlds." He expressed on his death-bed a full persuasion that he should in heaven see the prosperity of the Church on earth, and should rejoice with Christ therein; and the consideration of it seemed to be highly pleasing and satisfying to his mind.

He also still dwelt much on the great importance of the work of ministers of the Gospel, and expressed his longings that they might be *filled with the Spirit of God*. He manifested much desire to

see some of the neighbouring ministers, with whom he was acquainted, and whose sincere friendship he enjoyed, that he might converse freely with them on that subject before he died. And it so happened that he had opportunity with some of them, according to his desire.

Another thing which lay much on his heart, and which he often mentioned in these near approaches of death, was the spiritual prosperity of his own congregation of Christian Indians in New Jersey. When he spake of them, it was with peculiar tenderness; so that his speech would be presently interrupted and drowned with tears.

He also expressed much satisfaction in the disposals of Providence with regard to the circumstances of his death; particularly that God had before his death given him the opportunity he had had at Boston, with so many considerable persons, ministers and others, to give in his testimony for God, and against false religion, and many mistakes that lead to it and promote it; and there to lay before pious and charitable gentlemen the state of the Indians and their necessities, to so good effect. Also that God had since given him opportunity to write to them further concerning these affairs, and to write other letters of importance. He expressed great thankfulness to God for His mercy in these things. He also mentioned it as what he accounted a merciful circumstance of his death, that he should die here.

Speaking of these things, he said God had granted him all his desire; and signified that now he could with the greater alacrity leave the world.]

*Monday, September 28.*—I was able to read, and make some few corrections in my private writings; but found I could not write as I had done. I felt myself sensibly declined in all respects. It has been only from a little while before noon till about one or two o'clock that I have been able to do anything for some time past; yet it refreshed me that I could do anything, either public or private, that I hoped was for God.

[This evening he was supposed to be dying; he thought so himself, and was thought so by those who were about him. He seemed glad at the appearance of the near approach of death. One that sat very near him heard him utter such expressions as these: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. O, why is His chariot so long in coming?" After he revived, he blamed himself for having been too eager to be gone. And, in expressing the state of his mind at that time, he said he then found an inexpressible love to those whom he looked upon as belonging to Christ, beyond almost all that he ever felt before. To use his own words, "It seems like a little piece of heaven to have one of them near me." Being asked whether he heard the prayer that was offered at his desire, he said, "Yes, I heard every word, and had an uncommon sense of the things

that were uttered in that prayer, and every word reached my heart."

On the evening of Tuesday, September 29, as he lay in his bed, he seemed to be in an extraordinary frame; his mind greatly engaged in meditations concerning the prosperity of Zion. Two young gentlemen of his acquaintance being present at that time, who were candidates for the ministry, he desired us all to unite in singing a Psalm on that subject, even Zion's prosperity. At his desire we sang a part of the 102nd Psalm. This seemed much to refresh and revive him, and gave him new strength. Though before he could scarcely speak at all, he now proceeded, with some freedom of speech, to give his dying counsels to those two young gentlemen, relative to their preparation for and prosecution of the work of the ministry; and, in particular, earnestly recommended to them frequent secret fasting and prayer. He enforced his counsel with regard to this, from his own experience of the great comfort and benefit of it; which, said he, "I should not mention, were it not that I am a dying person." After he had finished his counsel, he prayed in the audience of us all; making supplication for this family, for his brethren and those candidates for the ministry, and for his own congregation, more especially for the reviving and flourishing of religion in the world.

Till now, he had sat up part of every day; but after this he never rose from his bed.]

*Wednesday, September 30.*—I was obliged to keep my bed the whole day, through weakness. However, I redeemed a little time, and, with the help of my brother, read and corrected about a dozen pages in my manuscript, giving an account of my conversion.

*Thursday, October 1.*—I endeavoured again to do something by way of writing, but soon found my powers of body and mind utterly fail. Did not feel so happy as when I was able to do something that I hoped would do some good. In the evening, was discomposed and wholly delirious; but it was not long before God was pleased to give me some sleep, and fully composed my mind. Blessed be God for His great goodness to me, since I was so low at Mr. Bromfield's, on Thursday, June 18. He has, except those few minutes, given me the clear exercise of my reason, and enabled me to labour much for Him in things both of a public and private nature, and perhaps to do more good than I should have done if I had been well. He has also been pleased to refresh my soul with the comfortable influences of His blessed Spirit. May His name have all the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

*Friday, October 2.*—My soul was this day sweetly set on God. I longed to be with Him, that I might behold His glory. I could commit all to Him, even my dearest friends, my dearest flock, my absent brother, and all my concerns for time and eternity. O that His kingdom might come, that all might love



and glorify Him for what He is in Himself; and that the blessed Redeemer might see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied! *O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.*<sup>1</sup>

[The next evening, we very much expected his brother John from New Jersey, it being about a week after the time he proposed to return. And though our expectations were still disappointed, yet Mr. Brainerd seemed to continue unmoved, in the same calm and peaceful frame before manifested; as having resigned all to God, and having done with his friends, and with all things here below.

On the morning of the next day, being Lord's day, October 4, as my daughter Jerusha, who chiefly tended him, came into the room, he looked on her very pleasantly and said, "Dear Jerusha, are you willing to part with me? I am quite willing to part with you; I am willing to part with all my friends; I am willing to part with my dear brother John, although I love him the best of any creature living. I have committed him and all my friends to God, and can leave them with Him. Though, if I thought I should not see you and be happy with you in another world, I could not bear to part with you. But we shall spend a happy eternity together."<sup>2</sup> In the evening, as one came into the

<sup>1</sup> [Here ends his Diary: these are the last words that are written in it, either by his own hand or by any other from his mouth.]

<sup>2</sup> [Since this, it has pleased a holy and sovereign God to take

room with a Bible in her hand, he expressed himself thus: "O that dear book! that lovely book! I shall soon see it opened; the mysteries that are in it, and the mysteries of God's providence, will be all unfolded."

His distemper now very apparently preyed on his vitals, not by a sudden breaking of ulcers in his lungs, as at Boston, but by a constant discharge of purulent matter in great quantities; so that what he brought up by expectoration seemed to be as it were mouth-

away this my dear child by death, on the 14th of February next following; after a short illness of five days, in the eighteenth year of her age. She was a person of much the same spirit with Mr. Brainerd. She had constantly taken care of and attended him in his sickness, for nineteen weeks before his death; devoting herself to it with great delight, because she considered him as an eminent servant of Jesus Christ. In this time he had much conversation with her on things of religion, and in his dying state often expressed to us, her parents, his great satisfaction concerning her true piety, and his confidence that he should meet her in heaven; and his high opinion of her, not only as a true Christian, but a very eminent saint; one whose soul was uncommonly fed and entertained with things that appertain to the most spiritual, experimental, and distinguishing parts of religion; and one who, by the temper of her mind, was fitted to deny herself for God, and to do good, beyond any young woman whatsoever that he knew of. She had manifested a heart uncommonly devoted to God, many years before her death; and said on her death-bed, that "she had not seen one minute for several years, wherein she desired to live one minute longer, for the sake of any other good in life but doing good, living to God, and doing what might be for His glory."]

fuls of almost clear *pus*, attended with great inward pain and distress.

On Tuesday, October 6, he lay for a considerable time as if he were dying. He was then heard to utter, in broken whispers, such expressions as these : " He will come, He will not tarry—I shall soon be in glory—I shall soon glorify God with the angels." But after some time he revived.

The next day, Wednesday, October 7, his brother John arrived, being returned from New Jersey ; where he had been detained much longer than he intended by a mortal sickness prevailing among the Christian Indians, and by some other things in their circumstances that made his stay with them necessary. Mr. Brainerd was affected and refreshed with seeing him, and appeared fully satisfied with the reasons of his delay, seeing the interest of religion and of the souls of his people required it.

The next day, Thursday, October 8, he was in great distress and agonies of body ; and for the greater part of the day was much disordered as to the exercise of his reason. In the evening he was more composed, and had the use of his reason well ; but the pain of his body continued and increased. He told me it was impossible for anyone to conceive of the distress he felt in his breast. He manifested much concern lest he should dishonour God by impatience under his extreme agony ; which was such that, he said, the thought of enduring it one minute longer was almost insupportable. He

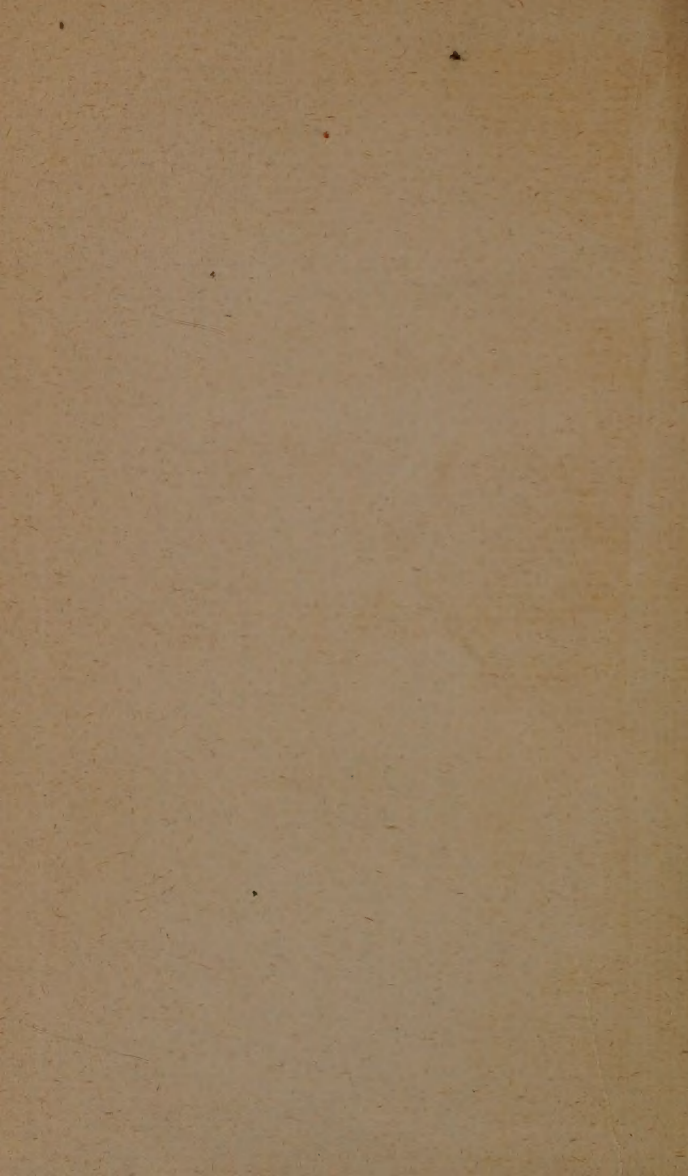
desired that others would be much in lifting up their hearts continually to God for him, that He would support him and give him patience. He signified that he expected to die that night, but seemed to fear a longer delay; and the disposition of his mind with regard to his death appeared still the same as it had been all along. And, notwithstanding his bodily agonies, yet the interest of Zion lay still with great weight on his mind; as appeared by some considerable discourse he had that evening with the Rev. Mr. Billing, one of the neighbouring ministers, concerning the great importance of the work of the ministry. Afterwards, very late at night, he had much profitable discourse with his brother John, concerning his congregation in New Jersey, and the interest of religion among the Indians. In the latter part of the night, his bodily distress seemed to rise to a greater height than ever; and he said to those then about him, that "it was another thing to die than people imagined," explaining himself to mean that they were not aware what bodily pain and anguish is undergone before death. Towards day, his eyes fixed; and he continued lying immovable, till about six o'clock in the morning, and then expired on Friday, October 9, 1747, when his soul, as we may well conclude, was received by his dear Lord and Master, as an eminently faithful servant, into that state of perfection of holiness and fruition of God, which he had so often and so ardently

longed for; and was welcomed by the glorious assembly in the upper world, as one peculiarly fitted to join them in their blessed employments and enjoyments.

Much respect was shown to his memory at his funeral, which was on the Monday following, after a sermon preached the same day on that solemn occasion. His funeral was attended by eight of the neighbouring ministers, and seventeen other gentlemen of liberal education, and a great concourse of people.]









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